

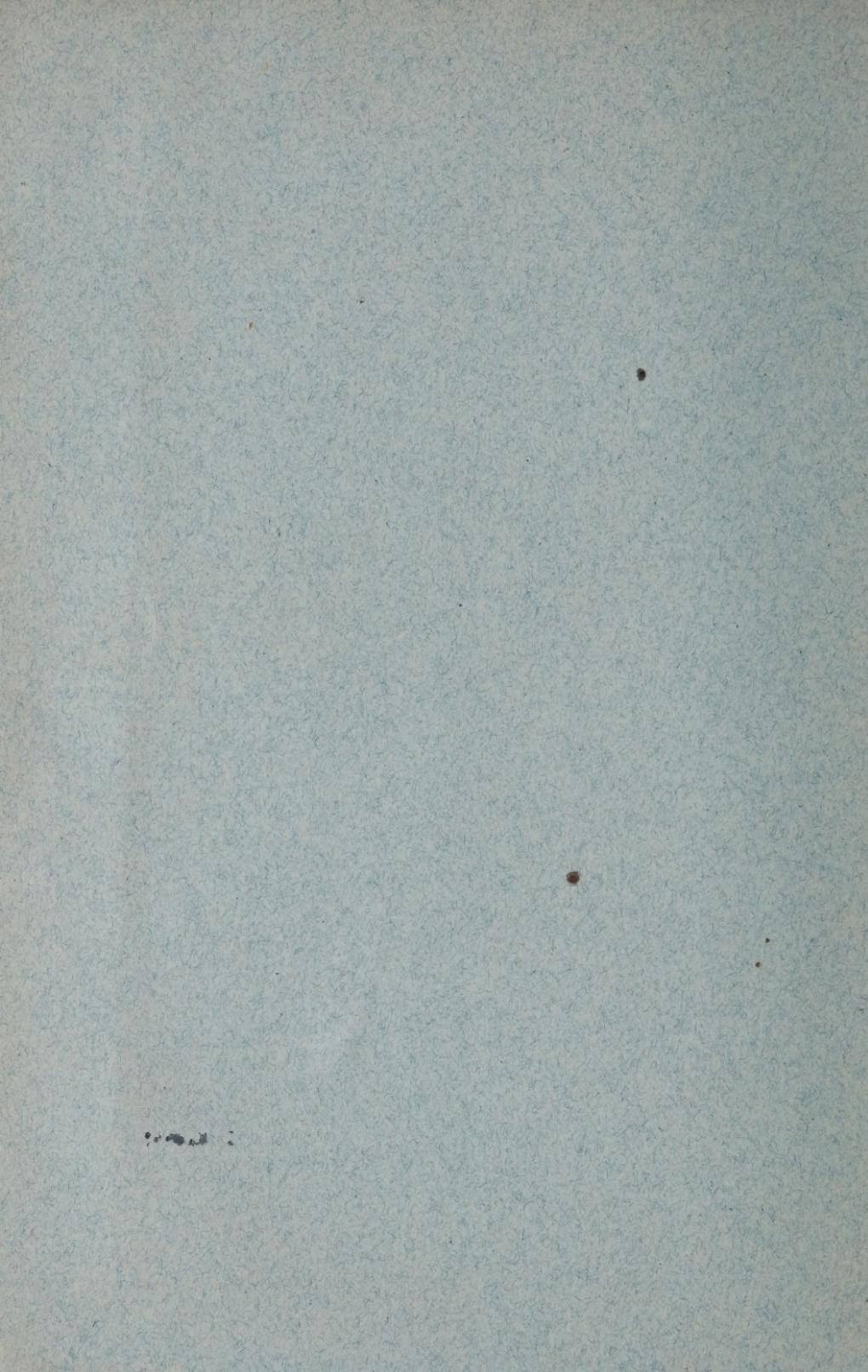
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1877

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION



SONS OF VERMONT

Nov 12 | 52



PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION /

SONS OF VERMONT.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS, &c.

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SONS OF VERMONT.

Early in January of the present year there appeared in the columns of our city papers, a "call" for a meeting of the native Vermonters residing in the city. In response to this call, a number of gentlemen assembled in the club rooms of the Sherman House on the evening of January 10th, and were called to order by Mr. Lewis Meacham, who in fitting words made known the purpose of the call, said purpose being the desire of many prominent Sons of the Green Mountain State, now living in Chicago, to form an organization for social enjoyment, also to give expression to their thoughts and feelings on the 100th anniversary of the Independence of the State—when she boldly declared herself *free*—throwing off all the yokes which had been galling her political neck.

Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, who is the oldest resident of our city, was elected President of the meeting, and Mr. Frank B. Williams, Secretary.

The purposes of the organization are best set forth in the following excellent letter from our esteemed fellow-citizen, the Hon. D. K. Pearson :

Mr. Frank B. Williams.

DEAR SIR:

The object of this Association, primarily, is to perpetuate the love and respect we bear our native State. We form this Association in memory of our fathers and mothers who lie buried in its soil. We have great reason to re-

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member our birth-place. We owe our strength, health and prosperity, to the pure air and rugged climate of our native mountains. It is well that we were raised where toil and hard work were honorable. We form this Association to perpetually commemorate in this great and growing West an abiding love for the Green Mountain State. The attachment to one's native community is among the deepest-seated and most honorable of human instincts. To have had a common birthplace has been a bond of sympathy and fraternization among men and women in all climes and ages. This bond exists among us, Sons and Daughters of Vermont, dwelling here in Illinois, and it is to strengthen it, and make it the more enduring that we have banded together in this Association. Persons who have no affection for their native State are likely to prove recreants to the State of their adoption, and we believe that we can give no better evidence of our love for Illinois than by ever evincing our love for Vermont.

Social re-unions, in which old home-ties may be re-united, old memories revived, old friendships renewed, and our love for the dear old State be kept ever green in our hearts, are what we chiefly seek to establish.

Fraternally yours,

D. K. PEARSONS.

Vermont will have five centennial anniversaries this year. The declaration of New Connecticut as an independent State was made January 17, 1777. The name of the State was changed to Vermont, June 4; the battle of Hubbardton was fought July 7; on the 8th, the first Constitution was adopted; and on the 16th of August the battle of Bennington was fought.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The fact that January 17th was the 100th anniversary of the day when our mother State boldly and defiantly declared herself "free and independent of all earthly kings and potentates," drew out a large attendance of enthusiastic Vermonters, among whom were many of the most distinguished and honored men of our city and State.

The first exercise in order was the reading, by Norman Williams, of the proceedings of the Westminster Convention, wherein the Declaration of Independence of the State was reported and adopted, as follows :

NEW-HAMPSHIRE GRANTS.

"WESTMINSTER COURT-HOUSE, *January 15th, 1777.*

Convention opened according to adjournment. Present the following members :

Captain JOSEPH BOWKER, in the Chair.

1st. Voted Doctor REUBEN JONES, Clerk pro tempore.

Benning-	Nathaniel Clark, Esq.	Townshend, Capt. Sam. Fletcher,
ton,		Chester, Col. Thomas Chandler,
Manchester,	Capt. John Burnham,	Rocking- } Dr. Reuben Jones,
Castleton,		ham, } Lieut. Moses Wright,
Williston,	Mr. Nathan Clark, jun.	Windsor, Mr. Eben. Hosington,
Colchester,		Hartford, Mr. Stephen Tilden,
Rutland,	Lieut. Martin Powell,	Woodstock, Mr. Benj. Emmonds,
Dummer-		Norwich, } Maj. Tho. Moredock,
ston,	Captain John Hall,	Mr. Jacob Burton,
Westmin-		Pom- } By a letter from said town,
ster,	Col. Tho. Chittenden,	fret, } voting for a new state,
		Barnard, By ditto and ditto,
	Captain Ira Allen,	Royalton, By ditto and ditto.

2d. Voted to adjourn this convention to eight o'clock to-morrow morning, at this place.

Thursday, eight o'clock, convention opened according to adjournment.

Major Joseph Williams, and Lieutenant Nathaniel Selley, from Pownal, took their seats.

3d. Voted, That Doct. Reuben Jones be an assistant clerk to Capt. Ira Allen, at this time being present.

4th. Voted, That Lieut. Leonard Spalding, Mr. Ebenezer Hosington, and Major Thomas Moredock, be a committee to examine into the numbers that have voted for the district of the New-Hampshire grants to be a separate state from New-York, and how many are known to be against it; and make report to this convention as soon as may be.

Report of said committee :—‘ We find by examination, that more than three-fourths of the people in Cumberland and Gloucester counties that have acted, are for a new state; the rest we view as neuters.

By order of Committee,

EBENEZER HOSINGTON, *Chairman.*

5th. Voted to adjourn this convention one hour, at this place. Convention opened at time and place.

6th. Voted, N. C. D. That the district of land commonly called and known by the name of New-Hampshire grants, be a new and separate state; and for the future conduct themselves as such.

7th. Voted, That Nathan Clark, Esq., Mr. Ebenezer Hosington, Capt. John Burnham, Mr. Jacob Burton, and Col. Thomas Chittenden, be a committee to prepare a draught for a declaration, for a new and separate state; and report to this convention as soon as may be.

8th. Voted, That Captain Ira Allen, Col. Thomas Chandler, Doctor Reuben Jones, Mr. Stephen Tilden, and Mr. Nathan Clark, jun., be a committee to draw a plan for further proceedings; and report to this convention as soon as may be.

9th. Voted to adjourn this convention to eight o'clock to-morrow morning, at this place.

Friday morning, convention opened according to ad-

journment. The committee appointed to bring in a draught of a declaration, setting forth the right the inhabitants of that district of land, commonly called and known by the name of the New-Hampshire grants, have, to form themselves into a state or independent government, do make the following report to the honorable convention convened at Westminster, January 15th, A. D. 1777, viz.

‘To the honorable convention of representatives from the several towns on the west and east side of the range of Green Mountains, within the New-Hampshire grants, in convention assembled.

Your committee to whom was referred the form of a declaration, setting forth the right the inhabitants of said New-Hampshire grants have, to form themselves into a separate and independent state, or government, beg leave to report, viz.

Right 1. That whenever protection is withheld, no allegiance is due, or can of right be demanded.

2d. That whenever the lives and properties of a part of a community, have been manifestly aimed at by either the legislative or executive authority of such community, necessity requires a separation. Your committee are of opinion that the foregoing has, for many years past, been the conduct of the monopolizing land claimers of the colony of New-York; and that they have been not only countenanced, but encouraged, by both the legislative and executive authorities of the said state or colony. Many overt acts in evidence of this truth, are so fresh in the minds of the members, that it would be needless to name them.

And whereas the Congress of the several states, did, in said Congress, on the fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1776, in a similar case, pass the following resolution, viz. ‘*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the respective assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no

government, sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs, has been, heretofore, established, to adopt such government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and of America in general;— Your committee, having duly deliberated on the continued conduct of the authority of New-York, before recited, and on the equitableness on which the aforesaid resolution of Congress was founded, and considering that a just right exists in this people to adopt measures for their own security, not only to enable them to secure their rights against the usurpations of Great-Britain, but also against that of New-York, and the several other governments claiming jurisdiction in this territory, do offer the following

DECLARATION:

This convention, whose members are duly chosen by the free voice of their constituents in the several towns, on the New-Hampshire grants, in public meeting assembled, in our own names, and in behalf of our constituents, do hereby proclaim and publicly declare, that the district of territory, comprehending and usually known by the name and description of the New-Hampshire grants, of right ought to be, and is hereby declared forever hereafter to be considered, as a free and independent jurisdiction, or state; by the name, and forever hereafter to be called, known, and distinguished by the name of New-Connecticut: And that the inhabitants that at present are, or that may hereafter become resident, either by procreation or emigration, within said territory, shall be entitled to the same privileges, immunities, and enfranchisements, as are allowed; and on such condition, and in the same manner, as the present inhabitants, in future, shall or may enjoy; which are, and forever shall be considered to be such privileges and immu-

nities to the free citizens and denizens, as are, or, at any time hereafter, may be allowed, to any such inhabitants of any of the free and independent states of America: And that such privileges and immunities shall be regulated in a bill of rights, and by a form of government, to be established at the next adjourned session of this convention.'

10th. Voted, N. C. D. to accept of the above declaration."*

The Secretary read the following telegram received from the Governor of Vermont in reply to one sent to him:

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Jan. 17, 1877.

G. S. Hubbard, President.

On this, the anniversary day of our existence as a State, Vermont returns the kindly greeting of her sons in Chicago, and extends like friendly greeting to her sons and daughters everywhere.

" Cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

HORACE FAIRBANKS.

A letter was sent some time since to Vermont's favorite poet, John G. Saxe, presenting the greetings of the Association. The following reply was received from his wife :

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1877.

John N. Hills:

Mr. Saxe is very ill, and unable to write.

Respectfully yours, MRS. SAXE.

Mr. John N. Hills offered the following toast by " Mr. Saxe, Vermont's famous poet."

" Vermont : famous for four staples, men, women, maple sugar, and horses.

The first are strong,
 The last are fleet,
 The second and third
 Exceeding sweet;
 And all uncommon
 Hard to beat."

The following letter was read from the Hon. C. B. Lawrence, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois:

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.

Norman Williams, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret I am suffering from so severe a cold that I cannot accept your invitation of yesterday to meet with our fellow Vermonters to-night, and say a few words in honor of the State that gave us birth. We are now dwellers in a land in some respects more favored, but we have never ceased to pay homage to the ancient commonwealth. We have the attachment for its localities which belongs to all men who have been born and bred among mountains, and we are proud of it, as the best exemplar in the country of a true republican society. Our form of government would no longer be an unsolved problem if every State were like Vermont. Without wealth and without poverty, but with education and intelligence universally diffused, and simple honesty the ordinary rule of action, she sits in the shadow of her mountains, commanding the love and admiration of her sons, however far they may have wandered, or however long may have been the separation. A hundred years ago she asserted her existence as an independent State. In all that period her influence, if not great, has been benign. Let us hope that the next century may write for her a history of which her sons can be as proud as we are of the century that lies behind us.

Yours very truly,

C. B. LAWRENCE.

The following letter which was read, will be interesting to all who have known the late Stephen A. Douglas :

WINCHESTER, Ill., Jan. 14.

Frank B. Williams, Secretary Vermont Association, Chicago:

You ask me to send a letter about "your early associations with the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas," of which I will note a few which I remember:

Late in the fall of 1833 he came into my store here and gave me this history of himself: Left Canandaigua, N. Y., via Buffalo, Cleveland, and down the Ohio Canal and River; up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and up the Illinois River to Naples and to this place—had no particular place in view—had got out of money—had been sick on his journey—heard at Naples that we needed a school teacher, and had come to see if he could get the school. I was forcibly struck with the frankness of the young man, for he was not 21 years old then, and learning that he was from Brandon, Vt., and I from Bridgeport, twelve or fifteen miles apart, though we had never seen each other before, yet our sympathies were at once united, and I assisted him in getting subscribers for his school. In our little town of log huts then we had quite a respectable frame school-house, which is in existence yet, though attached to other buildings, and constituting a machine shop. Douglas commenced his school under favorable circumstances. I had a small room attached to my store-room, where I had a bed, desk and stove, and he spent his evenings, and lodged, with me. We had formed a lyceum that fall and met every week in the school-house. In this lyceum Douglas made the first speech he ever made in Illinois.

In the spring of 1834, he went to Jacksonville, and was admitted to the bar. Samuel D. Lockwood, Judge, told him he would give him the certificate, but he must apply

himself closer to the study of the law. As he would not commence the practice of the law here, he wished me to help him to a position in company with Josiah Lamborn, a prominent young lawyer then there, afterwards Attorney General for Illinois under Gov. Carlin or Ford. Lamborn refused to take him into company, telling me that he (Douglas) did not know enough law to write out a declaration, and he wanted some one more familiar with law-books. I told Lamborn that Douglas was a promising young man, and would make his mark in the world, and if he did come to Jacksonville, he would get in some of the lawyers' way before many years. He rented a room and "hung out his shingle," and he did get in their way before I thought he would. Jacksonville then had as able a bar as now. In politics they were all, or nearly all, Whigs, while a majority of the voters of Morgan County (Scott and Cass Counties were then in Morgan) were Democrats, and they were without a leader. Douglas saw his opportunity, and it was not long before he had the party so organized that it looked to him for counsel, and the "Little Giant" from that time on went up the political ladder more rapidly than any other Vermonter that ever came to this State.

EDWARD G. MINER.

Then followed remarks and personal reminiscences by some of our leading citizens, "Sons of Vermont."

MR. GURDON S. HUBBARD, Chairman, addressed the Association as follows :

Vermonters and Gentlemen:

On this interesting occasion you have chosen me for your Chairman. I thank you for the honor.

This day is the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of Vermont, when they announced themselves to be a sovereign people, free from allegiance

to Kings or other Powers claiming jurisdiction over them. It seems a fitting occasion for us, the Sons of Vermont, to commemorate this event by a suitable organization, for the purpose not only of perpetuating the recollections of our native State, but also for promoting good fellowship with each other. I leave to others present the pleasant task of presenting to you matters of interest connected with the lives of her distinguished sons, and confine myself briefly to a few facts of her early history.

The territory embracing Vermont was first visited in 1609 by three French officers, Champlain, Dupont, and Chovin, guided by a party of Algonquin Indians, but for 100 years afterwards it was the battle-ground of Indians, as in later time it became the battle-ground of white settlers; but the first settlement of whites was in 1724, at Brattleboro, and though from this point troops were sent against the French in 1745 the tide of immigration did not set in until 1760. At this time, Gov. Wentworth, of New Hampshire, claimed the fee of the soil, under the New Hampshire charter. In 1763, by proclamation, the Governor of New York claimed the territory, under a grant from Charles II to the Duke of York, under which he ordered the sheriffs to make returns to him, Governor Wentworth issuing a counter proclamation claiming jurisdiction for New Hampshire. New York then appealed to the Crown, asking for the annexation of that territory to their State; this appeal was accompanied by a petition purporting to be from Vermonters, praying to be so annexed. This petition is said to have been forged. The request was granted by the Crown, and the Territory was so annexed.

The State of New York, under its presumed powers, attempted to exercise full jurisdiction, bringing suits of ejectment against settlers, the courts confirming and issuing their mandates to the sheriffs, at which the people became

indignant and exasperated; they organized under Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and others, and resisted. Sheriffs attempting to execute writs of ejectment were stripped, tied to trees, and severely whipped with rods, until none were found willing to run such risks. This state of defiance continued for ten years.

Gov. Tryon issued a proclamation commanding Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and others, to surrender within thirty days, under penalty of death, without benefit of clergy, offering a bounty of £150 for the capture of Allen, and £50 each for the others. They in turn offered a reward for the apprehension of the Attorney General of the State of New York. In 1776 the Vermonters petitioned Congress for admission into the Union. New York opposing, the petition was withdrawn.

In 1777 Vermont declared her independence, and again, in July, asked for admission into the Union. This was rejected. Her people became greatly excited and indignant. This gave the British Generals reason to believe that the people of that State could be induced to acknowledge Great Britain. Allen and his associates were approached on the subject, with that hope. They, putting off and evading a promise of acknowledging allegiance, thereby gained time. In 1781 Congress offered to admit her, but curtailing her territory. The people rejected it, and, for eight years thereafter, she was out of the Union. In 1790 New York proposed to relinquish all claim for the consideration of \$30,000, which Vermont accepted, and she was admitted a State in the Union March 4, 1791, she being the first State admitted under the Federal Constitution.

During the Revolutionary War, notwithstanding Vermont had no voice in the councils of the confederate colonies, "The Green Mountain Boys" distinguished themselves, for instance at Fort Ticonderoga and Bennington,

where Ethan Allen and Molly Starks' husband gained their immortal renown. Although Vermonters had shown themselves loyal soldiers under many privations and vicissitudes, strange to say, they were denounced as Rebels, both by New Yorkers and Tories.

Throughout the war of 1812 they sustained the character for valor which they had gained during the Revolution, and were not a whit behind any State of the Union in supporting the Stars and Stripes. Their record in the late Southern Rebellion speaks for itself, and is fresh in our memories.

They have always shown a desire to protect the weak and oppressed, as an evidence of which I may be permitted to name their readiness to assist the Canadian Rebellion, they having organized an army of 500 to 700 men, well equipped, and crossed into Canada in 1837, only withdrawing under the proclamation of the President of the United States, and the severe threats of Gen. Wool of almost certain extermination if they persisted in taking part with the insurgents. After much hesitation they gave up their arms to Gen. Wool, and returned home, mortified certainly, yet, after the second sober thought, convinced that to obey as good citizens the laws of their own country was a higher duty than aiding in a doubtful enterprise.

My friends, we thus see that for a period of sixty-seven years—from 1724 to 1791—they were the greater part of the time in civil or national wars, dependent on their own bravery, coolness and justice in sustaining themselves against great odds, and during this time it was a lone, independent State, out in the cold. We, living in this age of plenty, can hardly conceive the many privations our ancestors so nobly submitted to. It is to my mind surprising that they did not lose courage and abandon their homes. It required more pluck than we, their descendants,

have. Starvation and uncommon dangers surrounded them, to overcome which required all the nerve and self-reliance which they possessed. They feared God, and not man, educated their children, and have left us bright examples of economy, public and private, for our imitation.

Let us look for a moment at their State system of economy. Up to 1836 they had no Senate—the law-making power consisting of a House of Representatives, Governor, and twelve counsellors. The salary of the Governor at that date, 1836, was \$750 per annum; Secretary of State, \$400; Auditor of Accounts, \$500; Chief Judges of Courts, \$1,500; Representatives, \$2 per day. For the year 1860 the income of the State from all sources was \$241,089.10; disbursements, \$230,489.42; balance in treasury, \$10,599.74.

You all know what are her institutions for education and benevolence, private and public, and also what kind of boys and girls she gives to the world. They are found all over the civilized globe. We need not be ashamed of them—wherever they are they grace society, with very few vagabond exceptions.

JUDGE SKINNER was called upon to speak, and said :

I was surprised when I saw in the newspapers that I was to make an address. I have not thought about it since.

The only address I can deliver will be a clever piece of address to dodge the duty. Coming from Vermont not quite as long ago as the respected Chairman, yet so long ago that there are more Vermonters present than there were men altogether in Chicago when I arrived, I still feel as deep an interest in my native State as any one who has ever lived there. I go down every year and spend more or less time there, and enjoy my visit as much as any person born in the mountains could. I do not think, as

has been said regarding New Hampshire, that Vermont is a very good State to emigrate from. It is a good State to live in. The people there are as a rule honest, industrious, religious, faithful and moral. No better people exist anywhere; nor any better educated people. In my youth, when I returned from college, I found the hired girls were better grammarians than I was. They were invariably good at geography and arithmetic, and were pretty good theologians. It would have taken a pretty subtle mind to beat those well educated women in matters of theology. Manchester, whence I came, was settled early, and there was quite a large population there at the time of the Revolution. It was almost a frontier settlement. In my boyhood the echo of the old contest still lingered, and in riding around with my father there were pointed out a great many places which possessed considerable interest in a historical point of view.

He mentioned the old tavern, which was at one time the headquarters of the army under General Wooster, and also of Colonel Warner's regiment, which won the second battle of Bennington. Manchester was the place where Tory property was first escheated in the United States, it being used for the purpose of arming troops for the defense of the country. South of Manchester was Sunderland, where Ethan and Ira Allen lived. The section was full of stories about Ethan and his peculiar characteristics. He was as bold, vigorous, and unlicked a cub as Vermont ever produced, and a man who would necessarily be put into the front rank of the backwoods settlers. Ira was a man of considerable ability, and, perhaps, of more than Ethan. Remember Baker, at Arlington, was another prominent man. He had more ability than any other of the men engaged in securing the freedom of Vermont. The Council of Safety met in the old Court House at Manchester for the first time. The building was still standing. Near

by, on the edge of the town, was a piece of timber in which Ethan Allen met the English officers at the time Vermont was pretending to treat with England to remain under her rule. This was a mere ruse—a politic trick on the part of Allen and his associates to induce the English not to attack the settlements in Vermont. And she was hardly ever attacked. The British started once to go to Bennington, but never got farther than Hoosac. The negotiations alarmed the United States, and made Congress take steps as against New York, which was the object Allen had in mind.

Mr. EDWARD S. ISHAM, called upon by the Chairman, said :

Mr. Chairman :

I have no memories of Vermont extending so far into the past as yours or those of Judge Skinner, but they go back so far that I really cannot remember when I first saw Vermont. [Laughter.] It was my fortune to be born upon ground that had been hallowed and made historic by the early struggles in defense of the home-land of a resolute people, actuated by rational and profound convictions of political right and wrong. It is well known that there is more political value in the history of one small Greek or Italian town than in all the history of all Asia. It exhibits more of the important phenomena of orderly political development. But the development of the New England communities is of equal value, and was nowhere more phenomenal and brilliant than in Vermont. The associations of my childhood are full of the most vivid mementos of the history of that government which preceded and resolved itself into the State of Vermont. Boys played their games all the summer evenings on the old green to which the Hessian prisoners were brought

after the battle of Bennington, and where had stood the old meeting-house, in which they were confined, and in which, in the last century, my great-grandfather had preached the religion that was practically the common law of the community. I saw old men who had fought in that battle; and in a corner of the village grave-yard, lying along the green, many of the slain were buried. I saw cannon, captured from the enemy; and the huge sword of their commanding officer. I spent many days under the roof of the old Catamount Tavern, in which the Council of Safety had held its sessions; and I would not for anything be without the memory of the thrill and fervor kindled by the tales of the venerable man who dwelt there in my boyhood, and whose form, crowned with white locks, I can see at this moment sitting in his open door-way,—though he is long gone to his eternal rest, and flames have laid the old house in ashes. Formerly there stood in front of this Catamount Tavern a sign-post bearing a stuffed catamount grinning towards New York. [Applause.] It is a notable circumstance, that the first use to which our people put the famous Declaration of Independence made by the Continental Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, was to level it at New York. They did not participate in that declaration; but they made one of their own. When they heard of it they said they concurred in the declaration that the arbitrary acts of the king of England were void; and such were those acts and pretended charters of his under which New York claimed jurisdiction over their lands. So they advised the Continental Congress, that when its declaration of the 4th of July reached them, "they communicated it throughout the whole of their district," and that thereupon they had in convention declared themselves a free and independent State. They asked that their delegates might be admitted to seats in Congress; but were refused. The result is, there are few

things of which Vermonters are so proud as that from 1777 to 1791 Vermont was a free and independent State—and, no thanks to the Continental Congress ! [Applause.] But from the time the Vermonters were united with the fortunes of the American Republic, no people within the limits of it have ever been more true and faithful to its interest than they. [Applause.] They have been faithful to it in time of war, and, I think, even more faithful in time of peace. Men may say what they like—I do not want to indulge in any boasting,—but it does seem to me that up in the little nooks and retired quarters of the world public virtue is more uniform throughout the community, than in the great world outside; and I believe the State of Vermont is sending out into the Republic, and has sent from its earliest history, a stream of men who carry good principles and good morals with them, and, as a body, are exerting a sober, considerate and truthful sentiment in public affairs, wherever they are found. [Applause.] I do not altogether concur in the sentiment of the fair “granddaughter of Vermont,” whose letter has just been read, who hopes we will not indulge in any clannish feeling. I have heard it said that Vermonters are the Swiss of America. Vermonters are convened here because they have common associations, remember common scenery and common circumstances of life; and I think it the most natural thing in the world that they should indulge some little feeling of clannishness—a disposition to hold to and stand by one another. So far as I know Vermont men, they can do worse things, and fasten to worse men than to fasten to one another. [Applause.]

Hon. H. N. HIBBARD, being called upon, said :

I am greatly pleased, and somewhat surprised, to meet so many natives of Vermont here this evening; and as I have looked over this large company, I have been sur-

prised to see so many familiar faces—faces which I have been accustomed to see in the stores, offices, and other places of business in Chicago, without a suspicion that they came from Vermont.

The suggestion of forming an association of the Sons of Vermont, wherever it originated, seems to me to be a happy one. I hope every Vermonter in Chicago will enroll his name as a member. It will enable us to know who they are, and to meet occasionally, and become acquainted with one another.

In the remarks already made, a good deal has been said in praise of our native State, and her children at home, here, and elsewhere. On occasions like this, a little mutual admiration may, perhaps, very properly be permitted.

In proportion to its population, Vermont probably has as many representatives in this city as any State in the Union; and, considering the positions of honor and responsibility, the success in the professions, and in manufacturing, mercantile, and other business enterprises, they will compare favorably with the representatives of any other State in the Union.

Judge Skinner has truthfully spoken of the intelligence and ability of the hired girls of the olden time in Vermont. The Judge can go back in memory to a period earlier than I can, but I can well remember when every hired man and every hired girl in and around the village where I was born, was a native Vermonter. When it happened, as in my father's family, there were six boys and no girls, and a neighbor, perhaps, had half a dozen girls and no boys, some of the boys hired out to do the farm work of the neighbor, and the surplus girls hired out to do the house-work in the family where there were no girls. This was no menial service, and was not so regarded. It was looked upon as honorable employment. When factories were started—when Lowell began to be developed as a great manufacturing place—the girls of

Vermont were solicited to go there to work, and when it was found that they could earn a little more money in that way than by doing house-work for their neighbors, many of them went—perhaps not wisely—and it was then, for the first time, that the foreigner appeared in the house, and the word servant became familiar to the children of Vermont.

The hired men always used to sit at the table with the family at meals, and I well remember that when, for the first time in the little village of Bethel, where I was born, I learned that such was not the fashion everywhere, I was much surprised. One of the early governors of Vermont was visited by a gentleman and his wife from the city. The hired men on the farm, as usual, took their meals with the governor and his wife, and their guests. The city lady, before taking her leave, modestly intimated that it would be an improvement if they ate by themselves, whereupon the governor's wife said: "I think so too; they ought to have the best of everything, and eat first, as they work harder than we do."

Fashions have somewhat changed since then, even in Vermont. But I question whether there is any more happiness, any more virtue, intelligence, or genuine success in life, in the changed relation of things, and changed habits and customs, than characterized Vermont in those days.

JUDGE JAMESON was asked to speak, and said:

The postal card notifying me that I was to be called upon to address the meeting was not received; hence I did not expect to do so. A Vermonter, however, needs but little preparation, to speak of his native State. I am proud of having been born a Vermonter—proud that I received my education there. I am proud, too, of Illinois, but it is among my regrets, that to my citizenship in this noble State I can not unite citizenship in Vermont.

We have assembled to commemorate the Declaration of Independence of Vermont. There is some discrepancy in the statements made by the newspapers in regard to the chronology of that event. I am informed that the Vermont people held their celebration on Tuesday last, the 15th of January. The convention which declared the State independent, met on the 15th, but continued in session till the 17th, when it adopted its Declaration. This document, as published in the Connecticut *Courant*, bore date the same day. Really, however, it was of very little consequence whether they fixed upon the 15th, 16th, or 17th of January, or of any other month in that or the preceding year, since, during all those times the plucky little State had been about equally independent. The declaration was but a formal publication of a fact that had existed for a good many years. Since 1765, Vermont had been engaged in a general contest with New York—then as now, after Massachusetts, the Empire State—respecting the titles to many of her lands; a contest, the monotony of which she varied by an armed conflict, or by pretended negotiations for an alliance, with England.

The quarrel with New York was in its nature much like a suit in ejectment, and a striking peculiarity of it was that the process by which the grantees of that State were “brought into court,” and that the execution by which its judgment was carried into effect was commonly an application of birch rods to their backs—a mode of proceeding more effective and expeditious, as it proved, than any employed by the courts of Chicago. Allusion has been made to Remember Baker. An incident in his life illustrates this quarrel. In 1772 a *posse* of fifty men from New York entered Arlington, where Baker lived, and wounded and carried him off towards Albany, where he had been proscribed for his resistance to the claim of New York. A small party of Vermonters, supposed to be the

advance guard of a larger party, pursued and rescued him. Force was used on both sides. "Many New Yorkers," says Allen significantly, in his history of Vermont, "about those times underwent the discipline of the whip."

It has always been said, respecting the American revolution, that the first blood was shed at Concord or Lexington. That is true, but it is true, also, that the first attack upon British troops was made by Vermonters under Ethan Allen, at Ticonderoga. That was less than a month after the battle of Lexington, which was an attack by the British upon Americans, who held their fire until assailed. On the same or the following day Vermonters, under Seth Warner, took Crown Point. This was early in May, and the battle of Bunker Hill did not occur till the 17th of June following. The later history of Vermont did not lessen the glory which she had won in her early career, when she was an antagonist of New York, of England, and, in no unimportant sense, of the Continental Congress. It is a curious fact, that within three days after the battle of Bennington, and before Congress had learned of its occurrence, it passed a resolution censuring the general who won it with New Hampshire and Vermont troops, for refusing to move his force to the West of the Hudson, at the call of the New York general, Schuyler—a resolution which, on the 4th of October following, it canceled by a vote of thanks for his "signal victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington."

That was not the last occasion in which Congress exhibited its feeling in favor of New York, and against Vermont.

I am proud to say that the glory achieved by Vermont in the Rebellion was equal to that gained by any other State in the Union. After the war was over, I went back to the State, where I had not been for ten years, and I was amazed to see to what extent the people of the State

had been visited by the calamities of war, distant as she was from its seat. Nearly every family was mourning the loss of a son or sons. In proportion to her population, Vermont had sent fully her due quota to the field, and was represented by, perhaps, an undue proportion of her sons in the cemeteries for soldiers fallen in battle.

In conclusion, Judge Jameson alluded to the relation of Vermont to slavery. Although the popular impression was different, that State, he believed, could not be shown to have ever had a slave upon its soil. In the Fall of 1777 Capt. Ebenezer Allen had taken from the British troops on Lake Champlain a negro woman and her child. But, although by a resolution of Congress, to use the language of Capt. Allen, in a paper signed by him, setting them at liberty, these "became the just property of the captivators thereof," yet, as Allen declared himself to be "conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves," he had set them free, authorizing the woman, on her "behaving as becometh, to trade and traffic for herself and child, as though she was born free." Thus these persons seem not to have been Vermonters at all, until taken by Allen. The census of 1790, which charged to the State of Vermont 17 slaves, was in that respect incorrect. It had been proved that the slaves referred to did not belong to Vermont at all.

The meeting closed with the following

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

BY

JOHN MATTOCKS, Esq.

Mr. JOHN MATTOCKS, on being introduced as the grandson of the late Governor Mattocks, of Vermont, said :

Mr. President and Vermonters:

Prior to the discovery by Champlain of the lake bearing his name, Vermont was a wilderness, over which the

Mohawks held their dominion, extending from the Connecticut River to Lake Ontario. This tribe was one of the Five Nations, an unconquered confederacy to which the French gave the name of *Iroquois*, whose conquests reached the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. The line defining their limits on the North was the boundary separating New York from Canada, defended by the *Algonquins*, a family of Indian tribes, among whom the Hurons excelled. Their domain extended northward to the country of the Esquimaux, and had been maintained against the frequent attempted invasions of the *Iroquois*, their hereditary and deadly foe.

In 1608, Samuel de Champlain, a French explorer, established a colony of his countrymen at Quebec. Endowed with a courage which defied opposition, and seeking rather to promote the glory of France than his own interests, Champlain, in the following Spring, determined to explore the hostile country of the *Iroquois*. Placing his colony under the protection of the Montagnais, an Indian tribe of the *Algonquins*, and accompanied by a chosen band of Huron warriors, in July of that year, he sailed into Lake Champlain, the clear waters of which, for the first time, reflected the face of the white man. The Mohawks, unused to fire arms, fled before the lightning flashes of the Pale Faces, whose leader erected on the hills of Vermont the standard of King Henry the Fourth, and in the name of France took possession of the territory bordering Lake Champlain.

The century following was characterized by a relentless war between the *Iroquois* and the *Algonquins*, a war in which two Christian countries engaged, France as an ally of the *Algonquins*, and England arming and urging on their enemy to bravery and death.

In 1724, Fort Dummer was erected by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in Windham County, on the Connecticut

River, and seven years later the French fortified Crown Point, on the west shore of Lake Champlain, and established a small colony on the Vermont shore. Indian hostility prevented a permanent settlement, and not until the peace of 1763, and England controlled the St. Lawrence, was any progress made in the settlement of the "New Hampshire Grants." These grants were made by Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire, who claimed, by charter, the exclusive control of all lands north of Massachusetts lying south of the 45th degree, west of the Connecticut River, and east of Lake Champlain, and the eastern boundary of New York.

Emigration from New England to the "Grants," just preceding the Revolution, and continuing to the commencement of the present century, had its origin in religious contentions of the times.

No part of New England possessed greater attractions for the young than Connecticut. Her youth were reared in comfort and refinement; a large proportion of those settling on the "Grants" being graduates of colleges and sons of gentlemen. One needs but to refer to their correspondence and State papers, to be convinced that the earlier settlers were educated, and possessed qualities which form the gentleman as well as the statesman.

As the military exploits of Ethan Allen have obscured his merits as a statesman, so it remains for future writers to assign to the "*Green Mountain Boys*" the prominence to which their varied talents entitle them. They were *patriots*, not soldiers, seeking rather to guard their homes than to achieve the glories of the field. They found much to learn of their Indian enemy, and by independent military operations, without precedent, they earned a reputation which eclipsed their true character. Their Robin Hood achievements were but efforts to avert the horrors of war, in which they were loth to engage, except in pro-

tecting their homes and defending their liberties. In referring to the great military chieftain of them all, Hon. Winslow C. Watson, in his history of Essex County, New York, says :

“ *Ethan Allen* stands out in bold prominence and originality among the extraordinary men whose high attributes of character and mind were evolved from the crucible of the times,” and, referring to his brother, Ira Allen, Mr. Watson calls him “ a subtle and sagacious politician.”

For elegance in manners, and even in dress, your ancestors were quite as distinguished, as for their bravery and statesmanship. Their wit was proverbial, and left its impress on Vermont at an early day. To Connecticut more than any other colony, were the “ Grants ” indebted for the character of their early settlers, and her influence was very marked down to the present century. At the convention of January 15th, 1777, it was resolved that “ the territory known as the New Hampshire Grants be thenceforth known and distinguished by the name of *New Connecticut*,” and not until June following was the State called Vermont, a name suggested by Dr. Thomas Young, of Philadelphia, between whom and Ethan Allen, since his boyhood, there had been an intimate friendship.

Of these early emigrants, Daniel Chipman, in the life of his distinguished brother, the late Nathaniel Chipman, of Vermont, says :

“ Great numbers of the early settlers in the New Hampshire Grants were of the sect of New Lights or Separates, who fled from persecution in the New England States, and found an asylum here, where they enjoyed their religious liberty. And history informs us that every people on earth who have, by persecution, been forced to contend for their religious liberty, have ever been prepared to contend with equal perseverance for their civil rights. Accordingly, in the contest with Great

Britain for our civil and political rights, this sect of Christians in the New Hampshire Grants were firmly united in the cause of their country." (Life of Chipman, page 39.)

The "grand awakening" under Rev. Jonathan Edwards, in 1735, was followed by a revival extending over Connecticut and the colonies adjoining. This was followed by the "Wallingford controversy," lasting during the five years succeeding 1758, and finally dividing the Congregational churches of Connecticut, as well as families and communities. It was a religious persecution carried on under the forms of church law, which the Revolution had not checked at the time of which we speak.*

The early settlers in Vermont insisted not only on religious *toleration* but on religious *equality*. They were conservative in their belief, preferring Christian harmony in a strange land to religious contentions at home. Governor Wentworth, an Episcopalian, took no part in the spiritual controversies then disturbing Connecticut, "and like Gallio, cared for none of those things."

Vermont, in 1777, contained a population of less than thirty thousand souls, and a territory of little over ten thousand square miles. In 1790 her population was but eighty-five thousand, at no time since exceeding three hundred and fifty thousand, a population less than that of Chicago, her vote varying but little from that cast in our late election. In 1777, peopled at the rate of less than 3, it now has over 32 to the square mile. The half-settled State of Illinois had in 1870 a population exceeding 45 to the square mile.

At the close of the Revolution the territory of Vermont was and had been for many years, in dispute between the Governors of New York and New Hampshire, both exercising authority over the "New Hampshire Grants." The

* See Hollister's Connecticut, Volume II, page 558; Trumbull's History of Connecticut, Volume II, page 25.

titles from Governor Wentworth were contested in New York, and judgment rendered against those holding under the New Hampshire Grants. Armed men from New York, with legal process, made constant raids upon the settlers, who, without money, were unable to protect their property or homes from seizure, and those who acknowledged the New York claimants, were arrested by the New Hampshire authorities and hurried, by night, into that State for trial and punishment. Worried by the Indians in the employ of the British, unprotected by the Continental authorities, their shores exposed to the British on Lake Champlain, their farms the foraging fields of the enemy, and their roads the war-paths of the British on their marches between Canada and the battle-fields of the Revolution, is it strange that the "Green Mountain Boys" united in their natures the *cunning* of the *fox* with the *courage* of the *lion*?

Notwithstanding the constant hovering of the war clouds over their horizon, fighting the British, New York and New Hampshire by turns, despising and defying the authority of Continental Congress, the early settlers of Vermont found time to till their fields, gather their harvests, and educate their children; and in no part of New England was greater attention paid to the religious training of the youth. But to succeed it became necessary that there should be a head to the new State government, and the man pre-eminently fitted for that position was *Thomas Chittenden*.

The convention at Westminster which gave birth to New Connecticut, adjourned to meet at Windsor in June. It assembled in the meeting house at Windsor, and changed the name of the State to "*Vermont*," and, after appointing a day of fasting and prayer, adjourned. At its July session, a "*Council of Safety*," was elected, of which Thomas Chittenden was president, and Ira Allen secre-

tary. This Council was vested with *extraordinary powers*, and was likewise known as the "War Committee." While the convention was not in session, this committee executed the laws; exercised judicial powers; sat as a council of war and granted pardons. The first *General Assembly* met on the 12th day of March, 1778, at Windsor, when the election of Thomas Chittenden as Governor was duly declared. A council of twelve was also chosen, which, with the Governor at its head, formed the *Board of War*.

No one familiar with the history of Vermont can fail to observe the few changes in its early government. Her elections were annual, and those selected for positions of trust possessed peculiar qualifications for the office, and views in harmony with their associates.

Vermont, a free and independent State, continued to assert and exercise her sovereign powers until her admission to the Union in 1791. In retaliation for wrongs committed by New York and New Hampshire, Vermont in June, 1781, extended her Western line to the center of the Hudson, and carved out a tier of towns in the counties of Cheshire and Grafton, New Hampshire, called the "East Union." Following up this declaration, in October, the Legislature convened at Charlestown, *New Hampshire*; a force of two hundred men, sent by the Governor of New Hampshire to disperse the members, being obliged to retire before them. New York and New Hampshire took steps to punish their encroaching neighbor, and Vermont *prepared for war*.

It was during this exciting period that the Vermonters sang:

" Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,
With your breeches of deer skin, and jackets of brown
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles!—let gray wolf and fox
 Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
 Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall;
 Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our South come the Dutchmen, enveloped in grease;
 And, arming for battle, while canting of peace;
 On our East crafty Meshech has gathered his band,
 To hang up our leaders, and eat out our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! For Satan shall work
 No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York!
 They claim our possession—the pitiful knaves—
 The tribute *we* pay shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broek, with bribes in their hands,
 Still seek to divide us, and parcel our lands;—
 We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are;
 The warp is of *feathers*—the filling of *tar*!

Does the “Old Bay State” threaten? Does Congress complain?
 Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?
 Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake?
 Let 'em come;—what they *can*, they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth
 Is comfort, contentment, and labor, and health,
 And lands which, as Freemen, we only have trod,
 Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we own no allegiance; we bow to no throne;
 Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;
 Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,
 Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters are fair;
 With their blue eyes of smiles, and their light, flowing hair;
 All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,
 Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking, and ball.

We've sheep on the hill-sides; we've cows on the plain;
 And gay-tasseled corn fields, and rank growing grain;
 There are deer on the mountains; and wood-pigeons fly
 From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers, which take
 Their course from the hills to our broad-bosomed lake;

Through rock-arched Winooski the salmon leaps free,
And the portly shad follows, all fresh from the sea.

Like a sunbeam the pickerel glides through his pool ;
And the spotted trout sleeps where the water is cool,
Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root,
At the beaver's quick plunge, or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully rise,
Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies ;
And ours are the forests, unwasted, unshorn,
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours,
And brief be our seasons of fruit and of flowers,
Far dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves.

Hurrah for VERMONT ! For the land which we till
Must have sons to defend her, from valley and hill !
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Michiscoui's wild valley, to where
Poosoomsuc steals down from his wood-circled lair,
From Shocticook River to Lutterlock Town,—
Ho—all to the rescue ! Vermonters, come down !

Come York, or come Hampshire—come traitors and knaves ;
If you rule o'er our *land*, ye shall rule o'er our *graves* !
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled ;
In the name of Vermont we defy *all the world* !

In February, 1782, the Assembly voted a tax for raising three hundred men for the “ensuing campaign,” and Guilford, being one of the towns subject to said tax, was firm in its adherence to New York. At a meeting it was resolved “to stand against the *pretended State* of Vermont until the decision of Congress be known, with our lives and fortunes.” The Vermont authorities, in executing the provisions of the Act, met with resistance. Governor Clinton, of New York, May 6th, 1782, writes as follows : “It may not be improper for me to remind you

that Congress, by their act of 24th September, 1779, expressly declare it to be the duty of the people inhabiting on the 'Grants,' to abstain from exercising any power over any inhabitants who profess to owe allegiance to this State; and that this State ought to suspend executing its law over any of the inhabitants, except such as profess themselves to be its subjects. This State has, during the whole of the time since the controversy was submitted to Congress, hitherto strictly observed this recommendation of Congress, and, should any person, under pretense of authority from the assumed government (of Vermont), attempt to enforce their laws, you will perceive that resistance by force is, in every point of view, justifiable, and the faith and honor of Congress is pledged for your support." June 21, 1782, the Assembly authorized the Governor to assist the Sheriffs, and, June 24, New York authorized the formation of six companies in the disaffected towns. August 14, Governor Chittenden sent Ira Allen to Guilford, and on the 29th commissioned Ethan Allen as commander of the military forces, who in September secured the conviction and sentence of the leaders in the rebellion, which was renewed in the early part of 1783, under the encouragement of Gov. Clinton. February 18th, it was resolved by the Assembly that a convention be appointed to join a convention from the Council, to take into consideration the article relating to "resistance to the authority of Vermont, in Guilford and vicinity, and make report."

On the 20th February, the committee reported
 "That, in their opinion, *the laws of this State* already passed, *are sufficient*, and that the *executive authority* *put the same in execution as they shall think proper.*"

It is unnecessary to add that the "*Guilford Rebellion*" was crushed within the iron grasp of the Allens, and hostilities against Vermont were finally abandoned, it being

found that a majority on the Eastern confines of New York, or the "West Union," as it was called, sympathized with Vermont, and the same was true of those in the East Union. Congress also became alarmed, and took steps to avert a war, likely to destroy the confederation.

In a letter to Governor Chittenden, written January 1st, 1782, General Washington refers to the disposition manifested by Vermont towards her neighbors, and characterizes it as "a matter which if carried to hostile length may destroy the happiness of my country." In the same letter he refers to the "*Haldimand correspondence*," and says: "It has served to give some ground to that delusive opinion of the enemy upon which they in a great measure found their hopes of success."

This brings us to that celebrated correspondence between the leading men of Vermont and the General in command of the British forces in Canada, carried on by cipher during the years 1780 and '81, resulting in an exchange of prisoners, an armistice, and the consent of the Vermont authorities that a British force might ascend Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, and offer terms of reconciliation with the British Crown, to be submitted for approval to the people of Vermont, each side in the mean time maintaining an apparent hostile attitude.

The causes which led to these negotiations are best given in the life of Nathaniel Chipman, from which I quote :

"The British authorities in the Province of Canada, knowing that for a number of years a bitter contention had existed between the people of Vermont and the government of New York, and knowing also, as they undoubtedly did know, that Congress had passed a resolution declaring that the independent government attempted to be established in Vermont could derive no countenance or support from any act or resolution of Con-

gress, and being deceived as the British were, through the whole of the revolutionary war, in relation to the number of loyalists in the States, and having no adequate knowledge of their rebellious subjects, they naturally compared them to a British mob; an ignorant, unstable, changeable multitude, who might be easily induced to return to their allegiance under the crown; and they had no doubt but that the people of Vermont might be induced to separate themselves from the United States, and become a British colony. Entertaining these views, the two letters were written by Robinson to Allen, proposing an armistice."

On the 30th of October, 1780, Ebenezer Allen writes to Capt. Jesse Safford, as follows: "Major Carleton hath pledged his faith that all hostilities on his part shall cease during the negotiation, and he expects the same on our part. You are therefore carefully to observe the rules of war, and give strict orders to your scouts and troops to govern themselves accordingly. A copy of this letter you will forward to the troops stationed on your side of the mountain. If the *spirit* of this were made known to the inhabitants of your side of the mountain, it would be well."*

The Vermont leaders kept before the British authorities the idea that Vermont desired an union with Canada rather than with the American Confederation. Gen. Haldimand, then in command of seven thousand British troops, became convinced that such was the fact, and took measures to hasten a "consummation so devoutly to be wished."

In accordance with this understanding, and the "*spirit*" of the negotiation, the British General, St. Ledger, under orders from General Haldimand, sailed up the lake, and anchored with his troops at Ticonderoga. The Vermont

*See Vermont Governor and Council, Vol. III, page 284.

forces, presenting an apparently hostile front, under the command of General Enos, were on the opposite shore, within cannon shot of the enemy.

The officers in command threw out their pickets and skirmish lines, resulting in the shooting of a Vermont sergeant by a British soldier not in the secret. His body was buried, and his clothes were sent within the American lines, with an apology for his death. This apology reaching the ears of the Assembly then in session at Charlestown, aroused suspicion, and created an intense excitement as the facts became known. Fortunately for the Allens—Ethan and Ira—and their associates in the conspiracy (if such it may be called), the news of the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, reached the people of Vermont immediately after the news from Ticonderoga, and it was successfully argued, that the success at Yorktown was the direct result of the Haldimand negotiations; the people being finally persuaded to that belief. All negotiations between Vermont and the British were broken off, and Gen. St. Ledger, with his fleet, returned to St. Johns.

The explanation by Chipman is undoubtedly the *defence* urged by the Allens and their associates, to explain their participation in certain extraordinary transactions which, to say the least, have trammeled the pen of the candid historian.

Mr. Watson, in closing his interesting chapter on the "Haldimand Correspondence," says: "No just mind will distrust the early patriotism of these men, and it must always be conceded that if so unhappy a design as the conditional return of Vermont to British fealty existed in their minds, it was inspired by a hatred of wrong and oppression, and the law, as they believed, of *self-preservation*—the preservation, not merely of political rights, but of their homes and humble fortunes. They detested and opposed foreign tyranny, and the same spirit which

stimulated that feeling, rendered them the more sensitive to the persecutions of a kindred people, and more determined in their resistance to domestic aggression. Whatever may have been the purposes or action of individual leaders, and these should be generally judged with regard to their services and sacrifices in the common cause, and subsequent expositions, the people of Vermont, through all the trying scenes of the revolution, by their patriotic zeal and inextinguishable ardor, vindicated the undesigned eulogium of Burgoyne, when in bitterness and disappointment he wrote: ‘The New Hampshire Grants abound in the most active men on the continent, and hang like a gathering storm on my left.’”*

In a very able address delivered by Hon. Lucius E. Chittenden, before the Vermont Historical Society, October 8th, 1872, on the capture of Ticonderoga, Mr. Chittenden, in referring to the Haldimand correspondence, says:

“There is a considerable amount of evidence on this subject which has not recently been made public. In connection with the facts already known, it not only excludes from that transaction any taint of suspicion, but shows it to have been a work of statesmanship which not only protected Vermont in the most critical period of her existence, when threatened by powerful invasions and by dangers which might have overwhelmed any State; every soldier and gun of the national forces was withdrawn from her territory, and she was left to defend herself by her own resources, but which powerfully contributed to the success of the national cause.” (See p. 86.)

The relationship existing between Daniel Chipman and one of the principal actors in the “Haldimand drama,” would seem to call from him the defense so ingeniously presented, and in closing his remarks on this mysterious chapter in the history of Vermont, Mr. Chittenden says:

* See History of Essex County, page 200, and Notes.

“ The sons of Vermont would be recreant descendants of her early soldiers and statesmen if they did not guard her honor as their most precious inheritance.”

Six months after the declaration by the Colonies of their independence, the people in the New Hampshire Grants petitioned Congress for admission to the Union, but were opposed by New York. Again, in 1777, Vermont applied for admission, but under various pretexts, Congress delayed its consent, and her application was withdrawn. In 1781 Congress offered the State admission on condition that she should surrender a portion of her territory to New York, but this proposition Vermont indignantly declined, and not until ten years later did she become one of the States of the Union.

January 24th, 1786, Thomas Jefferson writes to his friend in France, M. de Meusnier, as follows:

“ Nothing is decided as to Vermont. The four Northernmost States wish it to be received into the Union. The Middle and Southern States are rather opposed to it, but the great difficulty arises with New York, which claims that territory. In the beginning every individual revolted at the idea of giving it up. Congress, therefore, only interfered from time to time to prevent the two parties coming to open rupture. In the meanwhile, the minds of the New Yorkers have been familiarizing to the idea of a separation, and I think it will not be long before they will consent to it. In that case, the Southern and Middle States will doubtless acquiesce, and Vermont will be received into the Union.”*

In the Vermont Gazette of January 31st, 1784, there appeared an address: “ To the inhabitants of Bennington County,” signed by “ a poor farmer,” who says, “ more than one-half of the county tax that is to be raised in this county, is to pay the court for sitting. I want to know

* See Jefferson’s Works, Vol. IX, page 284.

what reason, right or justice there is, that I and a number of other poor farmers, who owe nothing, and have less due, and who never had nor never expect to have any cause in that court, should have to pay the cost of its sitting?" Meetings were also held in Wells and adjoining towns, and resolutions for a redress of grievances were adopted.

On the 28th of February, 1784, the following appeared in the *Gazette*, and was republished throughout the State:

" Whereas, the Assembly of the State
 Have dared audaciously of late,
 With purpose vile, the Constitution
 To break, or make a wicked 'use on,'
 By making laws and raising taxes,
 And viler still (as truth of fact is)
 By keeping up that smooth-tongued clan,
 For ages cursed by God and man,
 Attorneys, whose eternal gabble
 Confounds the inexperienced rabble.

* * * * *

These lawyers from our Courts expel,
 Cancel our debts, and all is well.
 But should they finally neglect
 To take the measures we direct,
 Still fond of their own power and wisdom,
 We'll find effectual means to twist 'em."

This was the key note of "Shay's Rebellion" in Massachusetts, of the "Rutland and Windsor County Riots" in Vermont, and the "New Hampshire Riots," all occasioned by the want of a circulating medium, and the wasting effects of the Revolutionary War. This discontent continued until November, 1786, marked by town and county assemblages, newspaper complaints, petitions to the legislature, finally culminating in organized resistance to the laws.

The legislature in October, 1786, hoping to alleviate the distress, enacted a law making "farm produce, wares, and manufactures, legal tender on executions in lieu of money,"

and also passed “ an act authorizing a vote to be taken on the policy of emitting a circulating medium.”

When, on the 20th of November, 1786, the Court of Rutland County convened, there appeared an armed crowd about the court house. The court opened at 11 o’clock, A. M., and adjourned until 2 P. M., after which, persons styling themselves a “ Committee from the People” waited on the judges, and requested them to adjourn for the term.

The committee were informed that after “ *calling the docket* and attending to the daily routine of business, their request would be taken under consideration.” On the re-assembling of court, Col. Thomas Lee, of Rutland, with about one hundred followers, threatened the court for not adjourning, *sine die*, as requested. The sheriff was directed to adjourn until the next day, and the mob placed sentries at the doors, and the sheriff, judges, and gentlemen about the court, were made prisoners.

The four judges comprising the court, after being confined two hours, were allowed to depart, but were followed to their lodgings by the mob, who, renewing their demand, were told by the judges “ it could not be complied with, that not only their oath, but their duty, obliged them to proceed to the necessary business.” On the following morning the court rendered its decision, as follows :

“ RUTLAND, Nov. 21, 1786.

“ The Judges of the County Court, in and for the County of Rutland, having taken under their consideration the demand of a number of the inhabitants of said county, in which it is requested that this court adjourn without doing any business, the court find, on examination of the docket, that a large number of causes are in suit, in which the plaintiffs and defendants are mutually agreed to come to a decisive trial this session, *and some other matters* of such *importance* to the person, *dignity*, and

interest of the *good people of this State* are depending, that the court *cannot*, agreeable to the tenor of their *oaths* and *commissions*, and the *general good* of this county, *comply* with the *aforesaid requisition*, notwithstanding this court would not wish to try any causes at this term, but such as, *in the opinion of this court*, are necessary to *preserve the peace, happiness and dignity of this county in particular*, and the *Constitution and State of Vermont in general.*"

The rioters, maddened by this decision, took possession of the court house and sent for reinforcements. In the meantime orders were sent by the sheriff to raise the militia of the county with three days' provisions, and at nine o'clock the following morning a sufficient number were collected to reinstate the judges, who proceeded in their regular order of business without further interference. On the 23d the rioters were arrested and heavily fined, and thus ended the "*Rutland County Rebellion.*"

In this cursory review of the history of Vermont, prior to her admission to the Union, the *more memorable* events have been *purposely omitted*. *By Vermont*, I refer to that *small people* proud of having been reared amidst her hills, *intellectually and religiously trained, industrious and thrifty, self-reliant and determined, loving liberty and always resisting oppression—a people as celebrated for their hospitality and virtue, as renowned for courage and patriotism, bearing into every land the distinctive traits and peculiarities of their ancestors, and leaving their impress upon every country of the habitable globe.*

A meeting was held at the Tremont House, February 22d, 1877, for the permanent organization of the Society, and the election of officers.

A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected :

President. Gurdon S. Hubbard.

Vice Presidents. Hon. Jno. A. Jameson, Hon. Mark Skinner, Hon. D. K. Pearsons.

Executive Committee. Jno. N. Hills, Room 18, 175 La Salle street, Norman Williams, Esq., Hon. C. B. Lawrence, L. G. Fisher, Esq., Albert D. Hager, Esq.

Secretary. Frank B. Williams, 44 Ashland Block.

Treasurer. L. L. Coburn, Esq., 54 Ashland Block.

The following letter was received from one who bears a name familiar to Vermonters and stock-raisers throughout the world :

Mr. Frank B. Williams, Secretary.

DEAR SIR: Unfortunately for myself, but probably fortunate for the members of our Association, I was unable to be present at the last meeting.

I am informed that there has been an expressed desire that I should furnish for the entertainment or benefit of the Association, some sort of history relating to the noble breed of horses whose name I bear. I cannot say the founder of the family was named after me, for the Old "Original Morgan" Horse was born, lived and died before my time, and yet there is a relationship which I am proud to acknowledge.

The founder and progenitor of the famous and world renowned race of Morgan horses was owned by and named after my grand-father, Justin Morgan, who took him from West Springfield, Massachusetts, at the age of four years, (I mean the horse, not the owner,) to Randolph, Vermont, and I do not think I claim too much when I assert that the stallion, Justin Morgan, was the founder of a race or breed of horses whose equals the world has never seen.

As I have already said, "The Old Original" lived and

died before my time, but I knew well, and in my boyhood often bestrode, one of his most celebrated and illustrious grand-sons—the *handsomest, proudest* and withal the *gentlest* thoroughbred horse that ever trod the earth, and whose descendants are “like the sands of the sea for multitude.” Old Vermonters will readily recognize the portrait of the old “Gifford Morgan,” who completed his work many years ago, and left behind him many sons and daughters at the time he was transferred to the ever-green pastures reserved for “*thoroughbreds*.” Whether the race of horses has shed a luster upon the name of Morgan, or the family whose name it bears, or *vice versa*, I will not undertake to say; I am willing to leave it to the verdict of history. But I wish to say, in justice to my family and the Morgan horses, that William Morgan, the author of *Masonry Exposed*, did not belong to either. It may not be pertinent, but as a son of Vermont, I wish to say, that the Green Mountain State is not wholly dependent upon the Morgan family, (horses or men) for its fame. I claim that it excels all the other States in the Union in several points, a few of which I will mention: spruce gum, brook trout, maple sugar, merino sheep and pretty girls; but on the subject of pretty women I prefer not to express any opinion, presuming that a majority of our Association are better posted on the subject than myself. But I will say to any one who wants a wife who can play the piano, sing in the choir, make bean porridge, bake pork and beans, concoct an Indian pudding, roast a turkey, or fricassee a chicken, or do anything else, useful or ornamental, you will find her in Vermont.

Respectfully, &c.,

A. B. MORGAN.

Vice President D. K. Pearsons ventured the following remark :

“ GENTLEMEN, we would be glad to listen to remarks from any one desiring to free his mind, so far as time will permit — and if there are any gentlemen present, who may wish to become members of the organization, they can do so, by coming forward, subscribing their names, and paying over to the Secretary (in the absence of the Treasurer) *the small sum of one dollar!* each — the merest *trifle*, gentlemen — *only one dollar!* a membership *fee*, hardly worth mentioning — the insignificant sum of *one dollar!*”

As there was no immediate response to either of the invitations extended by the worthy Vice President,

MR. W. W. CHANDLER

arose, (with his characteristic *diffidence*,) and addressed the meeting, substantially as follows :

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Association :

As a Vermonter, I protest against the use of the phrase “ the insignificant sum of one dollar,” or *any phrase akin thereto*, even though the language be used by a *now* millionaire! Why, sir, have you any idea how many *days* I drove a pair of horses and held a plow, in the days of my boyhood, to *earn a dollar?* How many *days* I toiled for my father’s neighbors, even in haying-time, for the “ *trifling sum of one dollar*”—a sum of which *you* speak *contemptuously*, almost *derisively*, as I am *pained* to observe!

Had *your* early experiences been like *mine*, Mr. President, I am sure you could not find it in your heart — notwithstanding your present condition of wealth and affluence — to speak thus lightly of the “ *sum of one dollar*” !

Why, sir, up to the time I was a dozen years old, (I was a *rugged* boy, with a *good appetite*,) “ *ninepence*” a day

was good wages for a boy, even though doing a man's work, and it took *eight* "ninepences" to make a dollar, and *sixteen* "fo pences"; and when they were so much worn by use, as that the "*pillars*" didn't *show* on these little Spanish coins, they were "*crossed*," and their value thereby diminished *twenty* per cent. All such *depreciated coins*, Mr. President, as came into our possession, *you* and *I* kept to pay our way into shows, and to spend for gingerbread, on "June training days"! These other gentlemen *all* did it, and it would be useless for them to deny the fact. I was allowed *one* "ninepence" to spend at June training, but I generally spent it *all* in the early part of the day, and borrowed of the other boys for *current expenses* during the remainder of the day, and it required until about the next September for me to get my "training-day" debts paid!

"One dollar," Mr. President! It *grieves* me *sorely* to hear any "Son of Vermont" speak *flippantly* of "one dollar"!

The Winter I was eleven years old, I "*took the contract*" to build a fire at the school house, half a mile away, and for what *compensation*, do you suppose, sir? [A voice, *the ashes!*] Yes, Mr. President, the gentleman has "*been there*" — that was *exactly my contract*, and by walking (or rather *running*) a mile each morning for four months, the thermometer frequently indicating thirty degrees below zero — my ears protected by a red woolen knit cap — with a *tassel* on it — carrying a pail of ashes half a mile each morning, and carrying *from* home, between two maple chips, a few coals of fire, (this was before the day of friction matches,) I realized the *enormous* sum of *upwards* of three dollars, by the sale of my ashes at "ninepence" per bushel; and I was happy!

Talk of the "*small* sum of one dollar"!

Would you like to have me tell you, gentlemen, what

was *to me* the most money I ever saw, at any *one time*? (*Sotto voce.*) Perhaps I am *boring* you with this detailed account of my “life and sufferings”; if so, I will stop at any time, as I “did not *rise* thinking to *get up*,” nor do I “*speak*, thinking to *say* any thing.” [Several voices, “go on; let us hear about it; you have the floor; go ahead.”]

Well, then, Mr. President, about the Winter of 1832, as nearly as I recollect, Congress authorized the coinage of Dimes and Half-dimes. In May following, a young man who had previously lived at my father’s, but whose home was *then* in the great city of Boston, (where, as we boys supposed, “Barlow Knives” and Jewsharps grew on trees,) came all the way to Randolph, Vermont, one hundred and fifty miles, to pay a visit, and he brought with him thirty new dimes, and an equal number of *half* dimes, and he gave each of us children a coin of each kind; and I assure you, Mr. President, that *your boy*, with a thousand dollars in his pocket, *to-day* — all his *own* — would not *feel* as “*forehanded*” as did each of us boys, (it was my misfortune to be the eldest of a family of *eight* boys, and I got the most whippings,) with his *fifteen cents*! I have since seen in the Bank of California more twenty-dollar gold pieces, than I could lift at twenty distinct trials, but I have never yet seen *any amount* of “*specie*” which so dazzled me with its *brightness*, or so overwhelmed me with its *muchness*, as did those sixty pieces of silver, aggregating just *four dollars and a half*!

The *size* and *value* of a dollar, Mr. President, depends much upon our circumstances and surroundings — or perhaps I should say, our previous experiences in life.

Let us not forget that we were *all* Vermont *boys* before we were Illinois *men*; and in speaking of a *dollar*, let us have some respect for our *Vermont* estimate of its value!

PROF. ALBERT D. HAGER, formerly State Geologist of Vermont, being called on for some remarks, spoke as follows :

I am glad to meet with the Sons of Vermont to-night —am glad that I was born and reared in that glorious old State that has a right to place "Freedom and Unity" upon her coat of arms. There is no State in which the people are more in unity on the side of right, and more ardently attached to freedom than Vermont. It was in this free State that the slave-owner was told that he could have the slave whom he had captured under the fugitive slave law, upon one condition, and one condition only, and that was that he exhibit then and there a bill of sale of that slave from the Almighty.

It has been said, and often repeated, that Vermont is a good State to emigrate from, provided one emigrates early. My experience and observation do not accord with this statement. It is a good State to live in. I think I have had a good opportunity to study Vermont and Vermonters. I have visited every township in the State; I have been upon the top of every principal mountain and taken barometrical measurement of their heights; have traversed every river valley; have crossed the Green Mountains in fourteen different places, measuring geological sections across the State on these routes; was present at the Legislature every session from 1856 to 1870, and from the observations made during these years, I am prepared to say, and do say, that I believe there is on this earth no people more prosperous, more happy, of more general intelligence, that have a higher standard of morality, and are more hospitable, than the native Vermonter in Vermont.

Vermont's historical record is a good one. Her sons have ever been a power in the land, both in war and in peace. It was at Bennington that the British army re-

ceived its first check in the Revolution. It was from Burgoyne's experience in the defeat at Bennington that he was induced to report to his sovereign that the New Hampshire Grants, which he had supposed were nearly uninhabited, contained "the most rebellious race on the continent."

If the historian of the late war will go to Montpelier, he will find evidence that the Sons of Vermont were not idle when the life of our nation was threatened and endangered. He will find that they were at the first and last battles of the war, and at every battle in the department of Virginia. In the State archives we can find a receipt for arms, ammunition, wagons, horses, and other articles captured at the battle of Cedar Creek by the First Vermont Cavalry, greater than was given to any other regiment in the country. If he will step into the vestibule of the House of Representatives he will see engraved upon a silver tablet, beneath two tattered flags of the First Vermont Cavalry, the date and locality of over seventy engagements in which that regiment participated during the war. And if he will continue his observations he will find upon similar tablets that every regiment that went from the State did good service. As evidence of the valor of the Vermonters who fought for the Stars and Stripes it may be said that every flag carried out of the State was again returned to it—although as a rule soiled and torn by shots from the enemy—and every such flag is now safely deposited in the State-House.

I will relate, in closing this five minutes' talk, an incident that occurred in the early history of my native town, Chester, as related to me by my good old mother, then over eighty, also a native of the town.

Among the dozen men who formed the first settlement of the town in 1764, then called Flamstead, was a man named Ide. He was not a favorite with the people, for the reason that he was suspected of dishonesty. In the fall of

1765, he submitted a proposition to his neighbor, Charles Mann, that they go down to Rockingham, a town that had been settled about a dozen years, and steal a cow from some of the settlers, drive or lead it up to Chester, butcher it, divide the carcass, and each take home his half for his winter supply of beef. Mr. Mann assented to the proposition, and a night was appointed in which they would do the work. Mr. Ide owned a cow—a black cow with a large white spot upon the head, and a white leg. This, like other cows in the settlement, was suffered to run at large in the woods, and wore a large cow-bell. After dark the two men started on foot for a place in Rockingham designated by Ide as likely to furnish the coveted cow. Arriving near the spot, they heard the sound of cow-bells, and going in that direction, found a cow without a bell, (a red cow as Mr. Mann said, for red cows always look black in the night), caught her, led her to Chester, (and a splendid cow she was to lead), butchered her, buried the hide and offal, divided the meat, and each went to his home with his moiety of stolen beef. Mann did not eat any of his, but kept it and ultimately gave it all to Ide. Ide's cow did not come for her breakfast and to be milked next morning, nor ever after. At Mr. Mann's suggestion, he dug up the hide of the cow that they had buried, and found it to be his own—the white portions having been blackened by charcoal. Poor Ide mistrusted himself to be the victim of a practical joke. It was not likely, he thought, that his cow would lose off her bell, get her white spots obliterated by rubbing against logs in the "burnt piece," and wander off six miles to another settlement. He believed that his neighbors had conspired to make him steal his own cow, and wisely concluded that Chester was a good place to emigrate from, and therefore emigrated early.

The following poem was read by Hon. E. W. Blaisdell,
of Rockford :

BOYHOOD MEMORIES OF VERMONT.

Of years, dear Ben, two score have gone
 Across old Charon's ferry,
Since you and I were schoolmates, Ben,
 Two roguish lads, and merry.
Yet once again with fancy's feet,
 I climb New England's hills,
And wander 'mid her pleasant vales,
 And by her crystal rills.

Again around old Camel's Hump
 The shadowy clouds are lowering,
While proudly up to loftier skies
 Old Mansfield's form is towering.
Again the sunset's crimson fires
 On Marcy's summits kindle,
And Adirondack's hundred spires
 With Cloud-land's peaks commingle.

And now, in sylvan beauty, Ben,
 As in a fairy dream,
I see Champlain's bright waters
 Like burnished silver gleam,
And on her queenly bosom, Ben,
 Are resting now as then,
The tints and dyes of summer skies,
 And many an island gem.

Again we build the mimic fort
 Upon the hillside green,
And lure once more the star-gemmed trout
 From out the mountain stream.
Again upon the island, Ben,
 Our Crusoe cabin stands,
And still our Switzer's bridge, dear Ben,
 The murmuring cascade spans.

Within the beechen woods again
 I hear the partridge drumming,
Above the crimson clover fields
 I hear the wild bees humming ;

Along the hedge by the corn field
 The chipmonk chippers still,
 And in the grove at evening
 Still sings the whip-poor-will.

Again from grassy knolls and slopes
 The fleecy flocks are bleating,
 The sentinel crow amid the pines
 His solemn "caw" 's repeating,
 And bobolinks on mullein stalks
 Between fair fields of grain
 Come forth in memory's twilight realm,
 And chant their old refrain.

In fancy's glass I see again
 The school-house old and brown,
 Beneath the broad, o'er-arching elms,
 Just on the hill's broad crown,
 And bright-faced girls, with clustering curls,
 And roystering boys a score,
 Are mingling in our sports, dear Ben,
 Around the vine-clad door.

But now, o'er sea and land, dear Ben,
 In cold and torrid clime,
 Are scattered like the Autumn leaves
 Those mates of Auld Lang Syne,
 And yet, where'er the soil they press,
 On prairie, hill or plain,
 They light fair Freedom's altar-fires,
 And sternly guard her fane.

But years have left their traces, Ben,
 Upon your locks and mine;
 Yet let us keep our hearts as warm
 As in the boyhood's time,
 Act we the true man's part, dear Ben,
 As toward the goal we plod,
 Deal kindly with our fellow-men,
 And leave the rest to God.

The Society now numbers about two hundred. Over twelve hundred names of native Vermonters, residing in

this State, have been enrolled, and may be found at the rooms of the Association, if desired for reference.

It is hoped that most of these will become members, and attend the Annual Festival on the 17th of January next. Ladies are to be present at the festival, and they are to prepare the table from Vermont pumpkins, maple sugar, cider, &c., &c.

CONSTITUTION.

Whereas, It is both a duty and a privilege to cultivate the social as well as the moral element of our nature; and,

Whereas, We feel that it will be a source of pleasure and profit for Vermonters residing in Illinois to become better acquainted with each other; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, natives of Vermont, on this centennial birthday of the independence of our native State, to acknowledge our love and fidelity to her, and to perpetuate her memory to those who come after us, do form ourselves into an association to be called the "Sons of Vermont," and agree to be governed by the following by-laws :

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1. This association shall be called " Sons of Vermont," and its object shall be the social improvement of its members, and a more cordial union of interest and sympathy among the natives of Vermont who have removed to Illinois.

ART. 2. The officers of the association shall be a president, three vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, a librarian, and an executive committee of seven.

ART. 3. The president shall preside at all meetings of the association, and shall perform such other duties as appropriately belong to such office.

The vice-presidents may either of them be called upon to perform the duties of the president during the absence of that officer.

The secretary shall keep a faithful record of all the meetings of the association, attend to the correspondence, and notify the members of all meetings and special assessments, if any. At the request of the president or the executive committee, he may provide books, blanks and stationery for his own use as secretary, and for the association. He shall also keep a suitable book of record, in which shall be recorded the names of all members of the association, their birthplace, occupation, and present place of residence, which shall be accessible to all members of the association.

The treasurer shall collect all dues, and attend to the disbursements of the money of the association, paying only those bills which are audited by the executive committee, and keeping vouchers for the same; and he shall present to the association a full report of the receipts and expenditures at the annual meeting, and oftener if called upon by the executive committee.

The executive committee shall make arrangements for all meetings or entertainments of the association, and have plenary powers to act in the interim of business meetings. The president and secretary shall be *ex officio* members of the executive committee, and five members shall constitute a quorum for business.

ART. 4. The officers shall be elected by ballot, and a plurality shall elect. They shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are elected.

The officers shall be elected at the regular meeting next preceding the annual meeting of the association; if not done on the day, it may be ordered by the executive committee, and when so ordered a week's notice shall be given to each member of the association.

ART. 5. The regular meetings of the association shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, December, March and June.

There shall be an annual festival held on January 17, unless this occurs on Sunday, in which case it shall be held on January 18.

ART. 6. The members of this association shall consist of gentlemen who were born in Vermont, residing in Illinois at the time of joining the association, and such other gentlemen as claim to be Vermonters, and shall be recommended by the executive committee upon their signing the constitution and by-laws and paying the admission fee.

ART. 7. The executive committee may, by the concurring votes of two thirds of all its members, suspend any member from enjoying the privileges of the society, who may be guilty of gross misbehavior or scandalous or dishonest conduct.

ART. 8. The regular initiation fee shall be \$1, which sum shall be invariably paid to the treasurer by each member before he shall be entitled to the privileges of membership; and there shall be an annual assessment to be fixed by the association at the regular meeting in December.

ART. 9. This constitution and by-laws may be amended by the amendment being proposed at any regular meeting, and voted upon at a succeeding meeting.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	Occupation.
Allen, Ransom	Waterbury	126 Park Ave.....	Book-keeper.
Alford, Albert G	St. Albans.....	237 State St.....	Remington & Sons.
Allen, J. Adams.....	Middlebury	503 Michigan Ave.....	Prest. Rush Med. Coll.
Arnold, John R	Brandon.....	Antioch	Farmer.
Anderson, J. Lee	Franklin.....	Lawrence.....	Farmer.
Atherton, M. A	Moretown	Momence.....	Deal. in Agricul. Imp.
Atwood, E. S	Woodstock.....	300 Marshfield Ave.....	Post Office.
Barrett, F. M	Strafford.....	Palmer House	Salesman.
Bailey, J. W	Newberry	548 Wabash Ave.....	Laundry.
Branch, B. A	Orwell.....	144 N. Dearborn St.....	U. S. Ex. Co.
Barnes, O. A	Barre.....	349 Congress St.....	Manager.
Boardman, Geo. N	Pittsford.....	15 S. Sheldon.....	Prof. Chicago Theo. Sem.
Burroughs, J. S	Newberry	Burlington Warehouse.....	
Bent, Joseph A	Middlebury	Wheaton.....	
Blackmer, O. C	Barnard.....	149 sth Ave.....	R. R. Col'zation Agt.
Barnes, N. H	Springfield.....	326 Webster Ave.....	Publisher.
Brooks, Thos. M	Brooksville.....	132 S. Clark St.....	Teamster.
Bridge, Norman	Windsor	81 Throop St.....	Manager.
Bisbee, Lewis H	Derby.....	681 W. Adams.....	Physician.
Brown, E. C	Peacham	17 Honore St.....	Attorney.
Burnham, Sherburne W	Thetford.....	206 LaSalle St	Agent.
Browne, Francis F	So. Halifax.....	461 Leavitt St	Reporter.
Blackman, Edwin	Jericho.....	241 Erie, 70 LaSalle.....	Asst. Ed. <i>Alliance</i> .
Brink, H. 'A.....	Rochester.....	39 Randolph St.....	Agent.
Barlow, A. R	Hubbardton	Milan	Brink's Express.
Blaisdell, Elijah W	Montpelier	Rockford.....	Retired.
Blanchard, Chas	Peacham	Ottawa.....	Attorney.
Blaisdell, Chas W	Montpelier	"Times" Bldg	Attorney.
Buttolph, A. C	Charlotte.....	458 W. Jackson St	Printer.
Blanchard, Enoch	Peacham	Minonk.....	Clerk.
Brown, Geo. F	Lyndon	1050 W. Adams St	Physician.
Buell, John M	Strafford	Rockford	Asst. Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Bliss, Peleg Young	Barre.....	Sugar Grove.....	Loan and Land Agt.
Clarke, A. E	Danville	188 Warren Ave.....	Farmer.
Chandler, Geo.	Montpelier	263 Ontario St	Chamber of Commerce.
Cutler, Alonzo J	Fairfield	111 State St	Attorney.
Case, A. B	W. Westminster	79 W. Adams St	Clerk.
Clark, Geo. M	W. Townshend	243 White St	Printer.
Calkins, A. C	Waterbury	507 W. Washington St	Supt. <i>Lantern Man'g Co.</i>
Cook, J. C	Alburgh	49 2nd St	Lumber Dealer.
Carter, Decatur E	Benson	131 W. Erie	Retired.
Carpenter, Jason H	Northfield	906 N. Halsted St	Furniture Finisher.
Colton, D. A	Montpelier	C. & N. W. R'y	Purchasing Agent.
Chandler, W. W	Randolph	126 State St	Physician.
Childs, Seymour	N. Haven	Wash. & Dear Sts	Gen'l Agt. Red Star Line
Chandler, Frank R	Putney	218 Vincennes Ave	Blacksmith.
Campbell, Wm. N	Woodstock	202 LaSalle St	Banker.
Crocker, A. L	Clarendon	263 Ontario St	Clerk.
Comings, Chas. T	E. Berkshire	175 Madison St.	Furniture Dealer.
Chittenden, Frederick	Williston	227 Wabash Ave.....	Book-keeper.
Coburn, L. L	Montpelier	Drexel Bou. & 41 St	Book-keeper.
Chandler, Peyton R	Putney	Grand Pacific Hotel	Attorney.
Draper, Napoleon C	Sheldon	202 LaSalle St	Banker.
Dennison, Franklin	Royalton	123 Vernon Ave.....	Salesman.
Durand, Elliot	Colchester	132 Dearborn St	Attorney.
Davis, S. J	Alburgh Springs	91 Clark St	Reporter.
Dickinson, Wm. F	Washington	Aurora	Clerk.
Danforth, J. B., Jr.	Barnard	Rock Island	Aurora Silver Plate Co.
Dudley, Chas. E	Barre	552 W. Lake St	Editor <i>Argus</i> .
Dodge, Lewis	Barre	404 S. May St	Druggist.
Drury, Lucius H	Highgate	1014 W. Adams St	Carpenter.
Eaton, Collins	St. Albans	522 W. Madison St	Supt.
Fuller, Geo. A	Middlebury	628 W. Washington St	Agent Ames Iron Works.
Fleming, R. N	Burlington	166 Washington St	Clerk.
Freeman, D. B	Brookfield	16 Aberdeen St	Com. Merchant.
Fisher, L. G	Derby	109 Lake St	Dentist.
Ford, Joel R	Granville	930 Cottage Grove Ave	Retired.
Fisher, A. G	Barre	71 Washington St	Meat Market.
Ford, Geo. L	Granvill.....	932 Cottage Grove Ave	Boots and Shoes.

ROLL OF MEMBERS. (*Continued.*)

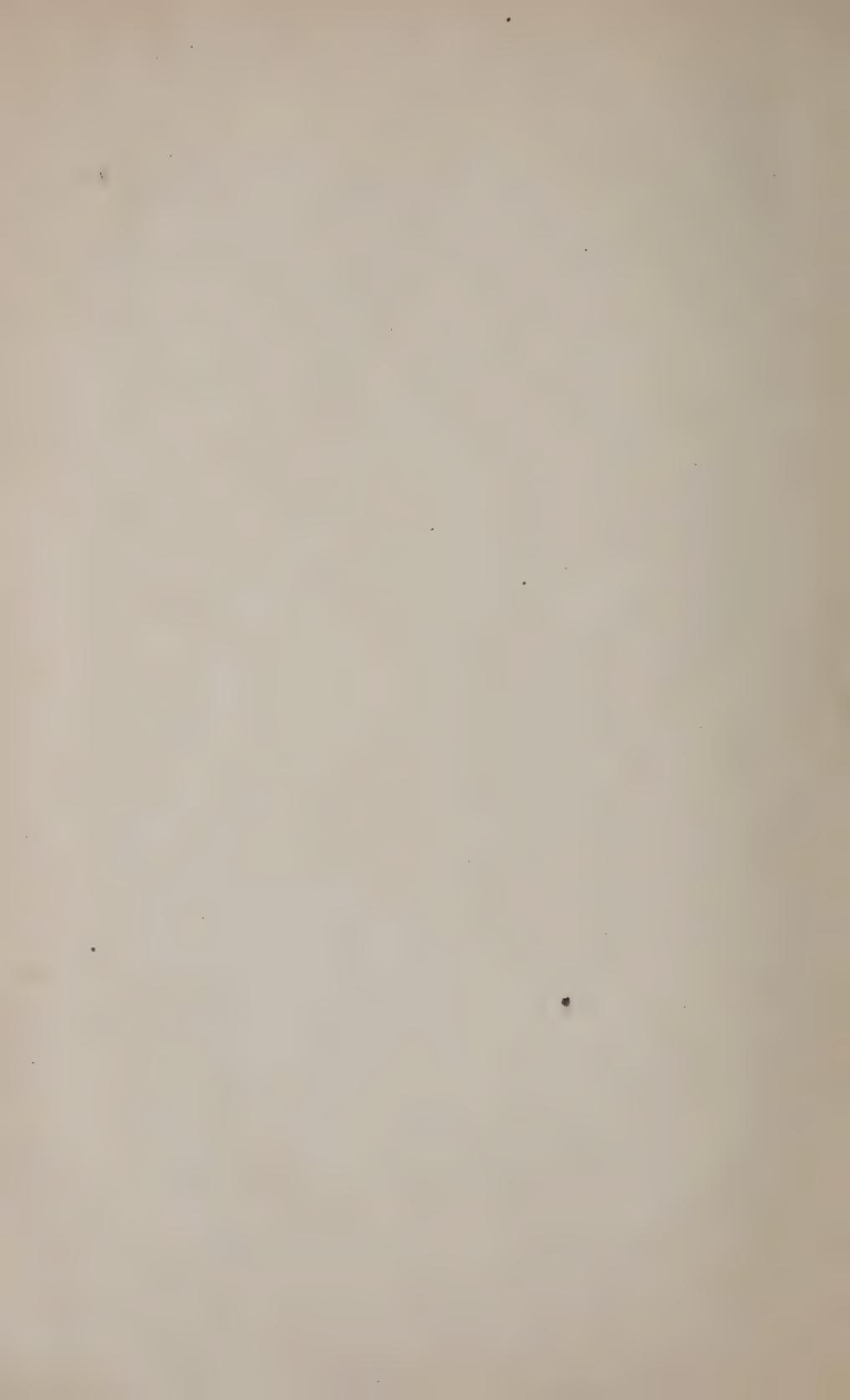
NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.
Gale, Fred M.	Barre.	611½ Fulton St.....	Agr'l Implements.
Greene, Plyman B.	Brandon.	315 W. Jackson St.....	Photographer.
Gaige, Titus B.	Bristol.	Commercial Hotel.....	Hotel Supt.
Gilmore, Franklin	Cambridge.	209 37th St.....	Tea Merchant.
Gale, Cortland A.	Barre.	165 Wabansia Ave.....	Iron Molder.
Gill, Sam. H.	Hartland.	Merchants Hotel.....	Hotel Prop'r.
Hibbard, Homer N.	St. Johnsbury.	159 LaSalle St.....	Register in Bankruptcy.
Houghton, Joel	Tunbridge.	669 Van Buren St.....	Physician.
Hall, Norman	Middlebury.	157 LaSalle St.....	Clerk.
Hough, David L.	Windsor.	132 Park Ave.....	Attorney.
Hubbard, Gurdon S.	Hinesburgh.	243 White St.....	Capitalist.
Hadley, W. F.	Chester.	A. T. Stewart & Co.	Clerk.
Hager, Albert D.	Arlington.	463 S. Leavitt St.....	Sec. & Lib. Chi. Hist. Soc.
Hills, Jno. N.	Cornwall.	175 LaSalle St.....	Gen. Financial Agt.
Haskell, S. D.	E. Fairfield.	Palmer House.....	Dry Goods.
Hull, G. S.	Barnett.	799 Cottage Grove Ave.	Baker.
Harvey, Robt. N.	Lunenburgh.	89 S. Water St.....	Traveling Agt.
Hartshorn, Densmore G.	Sandgate.	Am. Ex. Office	Messenger.
Hill, Thos. E.	Randolph.	Aurora	Mayor of city.
Hutchinson, Jno.	E. Poultney.	1435 Indiana Ave.....	Attorney.
Hopson, Rev. O.	Chester.	Waverly	Clergyman.
Heald, C. T.	Bristol.	Canton	Banker.
Huntley, A. R.	Bennington.	Millburn	Farmer.
Isham, Edward S.	"	554 Wabash Ave.....	Attorney.
Isham, Henry P.	Irasburgh.	" "	Real estate.
Jameson, L. B.	"	151 S. Morgan St.....	Printer.
Jameson, Hon. John A.	Addison.	Hyde Park.....	Judge of Sup'r Court.
Jackson, G. C.	St. Johnsbury.	1029 Wabash Ave.....	Milk Dealer.
Jewett, Edward A.	Williamstown.	Mich. Ave. & Adams St.	Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Jillson, James F.	Middletown.	114 Monroe St.....	Foreman.
Keyes, D. H.	Derby.	1383 Wabash Ave.....	Roofer.
Kellogg, H. P.	Benson.	111 Madison St.....	Hardware Dealer.
Kelly, Francis W.	Chelsea.	257 Hermitage Ave.....	Physician.
Kilbourne, J. D.	Barre.	129 22d St	Dentist.
Keith, Abijah	Chittenden Co.	34 Randolph St.....	Retired.
Kennedy, Chas. P.	Chelsea.	17 Harmon Ct.....	Am. Ex Co.
Kilbourne, Dr. E. A.	Montpelier.	Elgin	Supt. Lunatic Asylum.
Keith, Dodge W.	Vergennes.	211 Madison St.....	Notion Dealer.
Lawrence, Hon. C. B.	Chester.	Ashland Block.....	Ex-Chief Jus. Sup'e Ct.
Little, Dudley	Waterville.	106 Clark St.....	Cashier.
Larkin, Cyrus H.	Barre.	Elgin	Farmer.
Leach, D. B.	Rockingham.	189 25th St.....	Dry Goods.
Locke, R. C. M.	Rochester.	29 River St.....	Foreman.
Morgan, Azro B.	Woodstock.	186 Kinzie St.....	Wool Merchant.
Marsh, John W.	Bethel.	94 Washington St.....	Attorney.
Morris, Joseph	Barre.	404 Randolph St.....	Attorney.
Mattocks, Hon. John.	W. Fairliee.	40 Dearborn St.....	Clerk.
Morrison, M. E.	Stamford.	150 S. Green St.....	Attorney.
Munn, Benj. M.	Cornwall.	Wilmette	Baker.
Millard, Duane A.	Middlebury.	233 Blue Island Ave.	Post Master.
Matthews, A. P.	Bridport.	Danville	Cement Dealer.
Martin, Henry	Whiting.	74 Market St.....	Banker.
Miner, Ed. G.	Woodstock.	Winchester	Teamster.
McAllister, S. C.	Moretown.	159 Mather St.....	Wholesale Fruit Dealer.
McClay, A. L.	Brookfield.	Clarendon House	Attorney.
Mayo, Z. B.	Woodstock.	Sycamore	Farmer.
Morse, E. R.	Johnson.	Davis Junction	Train Dispatcher.
Miller, C. S.	Randolph.	Amboy	Wholesale Grocer.
Merriam, Chas. W.	Benson.	451 Vernon Ave.....	Painter.
Muzzey, Bolivar	Manchester.	186 Rebecca	Jewelry Broker.
Nichols, J. W.	Bradford.	71 Washington St.....	Banker.
Nash, H. Howard.	Brattleboro.	107 Dearborn St.....	Salesman.
Orvis, C. A.	Cornwall.	384 Park Ave.....	Loan and Land Agent.
Pearsons, D. K.	Pomfret.	19 Tribune Bldg.	Attorney.
Perkins, Norman C.	Stockbridge.	86 LaSalle St.....	Caterer.
Pratt, C. N.	Cornwall.	435 W. Madison St.....	Music Teacher.
Perkins, Henry S.	Craftsbury.	47 S. Carpenter St	Tobacco Merchant.
Peck, Orlin A.	Ferrisburg.	51 S. Water St.....	Banker.
Paddock, Henry Crofts.	Marlboro.	Aurora	Printer.
Preston, Archibald S.	Westford.	Times Office	Commission Merchant.
Pulisifer, E. F.		50 S. Park Ave.....	Publisher of <i>Gazette</i> .
Partridge, C. A.		Waukegan	

ROLL OF MEMBERS. (*Continued.*)

NAME.	Birthplace.	Residence.	Occupation.
Parker, Prof. Isaac	So. Woodstock	Galesburg.....	Teacher in College.
Perry, Sanford B.....	Leicester	97 Clark St.....	Attorney.
Proctor, Lucius	Waterbury	34 37th St.....	Agent.
Powers, David J.....	Westminster	370 Oak St	Manufacturer.
Ransom, Lake.....	Woodstock	600 S. Morgan St.....	Manager.
Rnssell, Homer D.....	North Hero	19 Harrison.....	
Raymond H. G.....	Bridgewater	17 N. Green St.....	Policeman.
Robinson, Norman	Chelsea.....	260 Walnut St.....	Real estate.
Roberts, Robert	Manchester.....	1009 Wabash Ave.....	Attorney.
Randall, Erving M.....	Bridport.....	310 W. Madison St.....	Saloon Keeper.
Rice, Henry H.....	Brattleboro	631 W. Washington St.....	Commission Merchant.
Riker, De Witt C.....	Montpelier	Momence	Dealer in Clothing.
Raymond, Geo. M.....	Woodstock	Hillsboro	County Clerk.
Raymond, S. W.....	Woodstock	Ottawa	County Treasurer.
Russ, A. B.....	Hartford	1069 Wabash Ave.....	Undertaker.
Rutherford, W. S.....	Middlebury	Bloomington.....	Freight Conductor.
Sutherland, Thomas J.....	Wallingford	170 LaSalle St.....	Attorney.
Skinner, Hon. Mark	Manchester.....	154 Lake St.....	Attorney.
Scott, Joel E. G.....	Vernon	464 W. Adams St.....	Merchant.
Snow, W. B.....	Bellows Falls	187 S. Park Ave.....	Foreman Carworks.
Southgate, Thomas A.....	Woodstock	222 Ogden Ave.....	Post Office Clerk.
Smith, Enos W.....	Waitsfield	385 W. Huron St.....	Clerk.
Smith, Wm. H.....	Wilmington	145 Monroe St.....	Attorney.
Stearns, J. K.....	Woodstock	222 N. Dearborn St.....	Gen. A. Ct. M. L. Ins. Co.
Sherman, E. B.....	Fairfield	214 S. Sangamon St.....	Attorney.
Sykes, Royal S.....	Dorset	44 S. Ann St.....	Physician.
Sawyer, Henry E.....	Bradford	284 Ohio St.....	Prop. Burlington Wareh'e
Sillaway, Benton	Montpelier	282 Michigan St.....	Vinegar Manufacturer.
Swain, M.....	Reading	Englewood	Physician.
Starring, Henry	Bennington	Chicago	G. B. Ag't C. B. & Q.
Sampson, Geo. H.....	Woodstock	Princeton	Sec. Mason's Ben't Soc'y.
Swett, F. M.....	Hinesburg	94 Washington St.....	
Safford, A. B.....	Morrisstown	Cairo	Banker.
Sargeant, Ezra P.....	Chester	1413 Arnold St.....	Janitor.
Stuart, Chas.....	W. Barnet.....	Neponset	
Spaulding, S. G.....	Brandon	9 River St.....	Tobacco Manufacturer.
Sprague, O. S. A.....	East Randolph	55 Michigan Ave.....	Wholesale Grocer.
Stearns, Willard P.....	Woodstock	44 Erie St.....	Manager.
Swasey, Jas. A.....	Danville	1124 Michigan Ave.....	Dentist.
Stephens, Jonathan B.....	Burlington	216 Bushnell St.....	Shipping Clerk.
Stephens, James G.....	Jericho	207 19th St.....	Cooper.
Tinker, Chas. A.....	Chelsea	45 Park Ave.....	Supt. Telegraph Co.
Thacher, John M.....	Barre	Grand Pacific Hotel.....	Attorney.
Tolman, Thomas F.....	Craftsbury	Aurora	County Treasurer.
Thorndike, J. E.....	Windsor	58 Ashland Block	Clerk.
Talcott, Harvey H.....	Williston	264 W. Washington St.....	Attorney.
Upton, Clark W.....	Calais	88 LaSalle St.....	Lawyer.
Van Orman, W. H.....	Granville	243 State St.....	Advertising Agent.
Vinton, Geo. W.....	Woodstock	Moline	Capitalist.
Williams, Norman	N. Haven	Reaper Block	Attorney.
Wheeler, Tolman	Greensburg	259 Ontario St	Retired.
Waterman, Arba M.....	Ferrisburgh	392 W. Randolph St..	Lawyer.
Wicker, C. M.....	B. & O. R'y, Clark St.....	55 Michigan Ave.....	General Agent.
Wainwright, Chas. M.....	Burlington	77 Ashland Ave.....	Book-keeper.
Worthington, Dan'l	Northfield	207 W. Jackson St.....	Retired.
Webb, A. W.....	Montpelier	1007 Wabash Ave.....	Clerk.
Wood, Henry	Barre	297 W. Jackson St.....	Real Estate.
Webb, Ed A.....	Rockingham	214 Leavitt St.....	Real Estate.
Wicker, A. C.....	Bridport	246 Madison St.....	Calkins Cha. Wash. M. Co.
Woodward, Jas. L.....	Bradford	327 Fulton St.....	Wholesale Millinery.
Willard, Sam'l	Lunenburg	111 S. Leavitt St.....	Teacher High School.
Willard, O. T.....	Georgia	774 W. Lake St.....	Collector.
Walker, Sam'l B	Whiting	Galva	Baker.
Wiley, B. F.....	Saxton's River	149 S. Morgan St.....	Builder.
Walker, Benj. F.....	Irasburg	432 W. VanBuren St.....	Packer.
Wells, L. Fayette	Underhill	Elgin	Manf. Butter and Cheese.
Wanzer, Isaac H.....	Chelsea	691 Wabash Ave.....	Prin. Clarke School.

In addition to the above we have an enrolled list of over one thousand names of native Vermonters, residing in Illinois, who have not yet become regular members of the Association.





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1877/78

Second Annual Report

OF THE

Illinois Association



SONS OF VERMONT.

1878.

2004.11.10

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

O F T H E

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION

O F T H E

SONS OF VERMONT,

CHICAGO,

FOR THE YEAR 1877-78.



LIBRARY OF THE

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHICAGO:

JAMESON & MORSE, PRINTERS.

1878.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT:

HON. HOMER N. HIBBARD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

HON. JOHN A. JAMESON. HON. MARK SKINNER.

PROF. GEO. N. BOARDMAN.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN:

ALBERT D. HAGER.

(OFFICE, CORNER DEARBORN AVENUE AND ONTARIO STREET.)

TREASURER:

L. L. COBURN.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

JNO. N. HILLS, *Chairman*, 175 La Salle Street.

W. B. SHERMAN. W. W. CHANDLER.

THOS. J. SUTHERLAND. L. G. FISHER.

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SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

THE permanent organization of the Illinois Association of the Sons of VERMONT, was consummated on the 22d day of February, 1877, at the Tremont House in Chicago. A previous meeting, largely attended by native Vermonters, had been held at the Sherman House, on the 17th of January, in commemoration of a notable event in Vermont's early history, that had occurred just one hundred years before, at Westminster Court House.

At this agreeable reunion of Vermonters, where old memories were revived, greater reverence and admiration for our ancestors were awakened, and old friendship renewed and promoted, it was determined to form a permanent organization. To make it a success and ensure perpetuity to the organization, it was deemed important to have a published report of the meetings, list of members, constitution, &c. To secure this, in the absence of sufficient funds—unless an assessment was made—it was thought best to publish the report, and rely for the pay upon those who subscribed for it, or might purchase it. That report, of 58 pages, was accordingly printed and distributed. No assessment has been made; no annual dues called for; and it is proposed to publish this report and distribute it to those who may order it. It is a good Vermont practice to pay for what you get.*

*Should any of the many successful Vermonters desire to perpetuate this Association, and secure to every member thereof a copy of the Annual Proceedings *free*, or contribute to the relief of any destitute members, they can do so by forwarding the funds to the Treasurer, or make a bequest in the following form:

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to the "Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont, in the City of Chicago," the sum of \$, to be applied (or the income thereof as may be provided by the testator) to the publication of Annual Reports, and for charitable purposes, as directed by the Executive Committee of said Association."

FIRST REGULAR MEETING.

JUNE 5, 1877.

The Association met in the Club Room of the Palmer House, and in the absence of the President, Hon. D. K. PEARSONS, Vice-President, took the chair.

After the usual routine of opening the meeting, reading minutes of previous meetings, &c., the President called upon W. W. CHANDLER, who responded as follows:

“A VERMONTER’S EXPERIENCE.”

Nearly forty years ago, while living in Vermont, outside the narrow limits of which I had never strayed, except to invade the State of New Hampshire by crossing the bridge over the great Connecticut River between Norwich, Vermont, and Hanover, New Hampshire, I frequently heard people talk of a far-off country, which they denominated “Out West,” until I had pictured in my imagination a general idea of the place, its characteristic features, and *particularly*, as I supposed, its geographical boundaries, and I longed to behold it with my own eyes.

Occasionally, persons whom I knew or had heard of, left my native State to find a home “out West,” until finally, I came to believe there must be a good many people out there, and I was strongly apprehensive that quite a number of them had never enjoyed the pleasure of my acquaintance, and without much difficulty I worked myself into the belief that a large majority of the inhabitants of “Out West” were really quite anxious to see me. So, after much deliberation and consideration, I determined it was my duty to gratify them. Accordingly I arranged to start on a certain day, not doubting for a moment but that I would surely see every person still living who had preceded me in that direction; in fact, I supposed that most of them were actually waiting to see me, and I began to feel some compunctions of conscience for having kept them waiting so long. Out West seemed to me as much one place, as does now the City of Omaha or Salt Lake City, although I knew, as well as Olney’s Geography could tell me, that the general term, “Out West,” embraced several States, as well as what was laid down on the maps as “The Great Northwest Territory,” and the Great American Desert. Yet, so vague and crude were my ideas of distances, areas, and boundary lines, that I had no fears, whatever, but that my advent “Out West” would create a pretty general sensation, as I was entirely confident that everybody would know I had arrived.

Everything being in readiness for the journey, my trunk packed, a few needles, some skeins of thread, a few buttons, and a general assortment of medicines being very carefully stowed away therein, I

took leave of my anxious parents, brothers and sisters, as well as of sundry other bereaved friends and afflicted relatives, very early one September morning, my heart swelling to an enormous size as I uttered the final "good-by." A neighbor's boy of my own age, and from infancy, almost, my most intimate friend, accompanied me to Woodstock, to take back to Randolph my father's horse and buggy.

At Woodstock I was to take the stage for Troy, New York. After the horse had been properly rested and refreshed, my escort bade me good-by, and as I watched my father's buggy, receding in a cloud of dust from Whitney's Tavern (I had never heard the word hotel) I would have recalled it, and taken passage homeward could I have done so, for I was twenty-three miles from home—and all alone—which two words appeared to weigh about four tons, as I uttered them several times to myself before the stage started. Finally, the six-horse Concord coach came up briskly to the front of the tavern, and as soon as I had become thoroughly satisfied that my trunk would most positively be put aboard without any sort of failure, whatever, I climbed to the highest seat on the coach, back of the driver's seat, where, under the excitement of high speed and jovial company, I soon lost my heaviness of heart in good degree. A stage ride over the Green Mountains, from Woodstock to Rutland, on that perfect September day, was some compensation, surely, for all the pleasant things I had left behind me.

I tarried at Rutland during the night, and early the next morning, on a similar coach, we proceeded through Castleton, Vermont, Granville and Salem, New York, toward "Out West," changing horses every dozen miles or so, and the "great world" continually expanding before me.

In going through Lansingburgh, I was amazed at its greatness, considering how little I had ever heard of it; but when the wheels struck the pavement in Troy, the first city I had ever seen, I was giddy, and was farther from home than I ever expected to be; and I am sure that, although I have since seen both oceans, and a goodly portion of the country lying between them, I have never been half so far from home as I felt at that very moment. If you have never experienced the feeling, it would be useless for me to attempt to describe it, and if you have, then there is certainly no occasion for description. That "all overishness feeling" is precisely one of those things that cannot be accurately photographed. It is well for us all, perhaps, that it has never struck either one of us in full force more than once. Possibly some of you may remember about where and when it hit you the hardest.

At a high rate of speed we rattled over what to me seemed thronged streets, until, in front of the "Troy House," the six-in-hand stopped short. There being no tall post with a swinging sign in front of the stately brick block, I had not the remotest idea that the "Troy House" was a tavern, nor a place where I had any right to stop. Some of the passengers alighted, and a portion of the baggage was put off upon the sidewalk. Why this was thus I had not the slightest comprehen-

sion, for I knew I was going to stop at "the tavern," and I had so informed the driver, who had assured me that he would take me right to the tavern. So long as a portion of the passengers kept their places in the coach, I was comparatively free from anxiety, presuming that they, too, were going to stop at the tavern, and that probably the next move would be in that direction.

The driver remounted the coach, and with a grand six-horse flourish, he "brought up" in front of the "Mansion House," where every passenger except myself "stepped down and out," while I remained motionless, and from my elevated outside position I looked down upon my own trunk, standing on end on the sidewalk. I was in a quandary, when the driver called out, rather gruffly as I thought: "Young man! are you going to get off here?" to which I replied, "I don't know, sir." "Well," said he "find out mighty quick, for I am going to drive to the stable." I didn't stay up there much longer. I timidly made my way to the door, through which I had seen my fellow passengers enter, and stood there "taking observations," and keeping a sharp look-out for my trunk, until I saw a man (whose name I afterwards learned was Porter, and I wondered why, in addressing him, every one appeared to leave off the "Mr.") carry it into the house and place it, with other trunks, in a room which I subsequently heard called "the office." I noticed that my fellow-passengers were all huddled together about a counter at one corner of this same office, and that they left, one by one, escorted by a boy with a key in his hand, but this "flank movement" was utterly incomprehensible to me, for I had no more idea, up to that time, that the place was a tavern, than that it was a lunatic asylum. I stood well back in the room, looked as wise as I knew how to look, and waited for developments. After all the passengers had disappeared from the counter, the wonderfully handsome and well-dressed gentleman who stood behind it came out from his place, and, approaching me, very blandly said, "Are you going to stop with us, sir?" I replied, "I don't know, sir; is this a tavern?" "Yes, sir," said he, "please come and register." I followed him toward the counter; he passed behind it and turned a big book around towards me, at the same time taking a quill pen from behind his ear, and passing it to me. I took it mechanically, without comprehending why I did so, and there I stood, looking alternately at the book, and at the handsome man, until he said, somewhat impatiently, "Register your name, sir; please."

Now, be it understood that, up to that time, I had often heard the word "Register;" had frequently used the word myself, but I never had the slightest idea that it applied to anything else in the wide world than *"Walton's Vermont Register," an annual publication, with which some of my hearers may be familiar; so, of course, I was dumbfounded, but I summoned courage to say, "What do you expect me to do, sir?" He replied somewhat snappishly, as I thought, "Write your name, if you can, and if you can't, I'll write it for you." Now, be it known, that for some years previously I had regarded it as entirely unconstitutional to allow any boy of my age to write his name better

*An Almanac and a list of State, County and Town Officers.

than I wrote mine, hence I was considerably nettled by his remark, as I thought it implied a degree of doubt in his mind as to my ability to write my name, but as my father had cautioned me to be very careful in regard to how, where and when I furnished my autograph, I still hesitated, fearing that my signature might bind me to some agreement that might be inconvenient for me to fulfil; some compact that might affect me, financially or otherwise, to my detriment. Finally he said to me, quite authoritatively, "Register your name, sir, or let me do it for you." I looked at him timidly, and said, "Do you mean that I am to *sign* my name, sir?" "Yes, if you can." "Well, sir, I can," said I, "if you will show me where." He pointed to the proper column and line, when I wrote, with a dash, and without raising my pen between the first and last letter, "W. W. Chandler," in better style than I would be able to do it now, to save me.

I observed that I had surpassed his expectations somewhat, and that he toned down as he pointed to the next column, and said, "now put down where from," and I wrote boldly "West Randolph, Vt." The next column in the book was headed "Destination," and he said, very mildly and pleasantly, "Where are you going, Mr. Chandler?" I was much pleased with his changed manner, and intensely gratified that he knew me well enough to call me Mr. Chandler, and I told him I was going out West. "Well," said he, "put it down," and so I wrote "Out West" in "destination" column, and then I looked him squarely in the face and said, "Mister, will you have the kindness to tell me what is the object of all this?"

He smiled, almost audibly, then checked himself, and with much gravity said, "You have just left home, haven't you?" "Yes, sir." "And you are going Out West, aren't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, you may get lost before you get back, and your people may be along here, looking for you, and if they find your name entered on this book they will know you have been here."

I candidly assert that this explanation was entirely satisfactory to me; nor had I the slightest idea that this recording my name was intended to serve any other purpose than that which he had indicated.

He called a boy, handed him a key, and said to him, "Show the gentlemen 48," which remark to the boy fully satisfied me that he certainly regarded me as a gentleman, and I was pleased with the man, and with his tavern, so far as I had learned its running arrangements. He sung out sharply, "Porter, baggage to 48," and at the same time came out and said to me, very politely, "Please point out your trunk, sir, and I will have it sent right up."

The difference in his manner and tone of voice, between his remark to Mr. Porter and when he addressed me, fully convinced me that he had begun to like me very much, and that he pretty fully realized who I was.

Upon retiring to my room, I improved my personal appearance by such changes as a hundred miles of stage travel had rendered necessary, and then descended to "the office," for the double purpose of "seeing and being seen."

The handsome gentleman behind the counter came and seated himself beside me, and in a very agreeable manner announced to me that he occupied the position of clerk in that hotel, and he was aware he had not treated me as well in all respects, or as civilly as guests at a first-class house should be treated, and he desired to beg my pardon for having intimated that I had never enjoyed the advantages of a common school education, and he proceeded to state that, while he might have spoken to me as if I were the veriest ignoramus, he perceived, upon further inspection, that what troubled me most was my extreme verdancy, which he attributed to the fact that my knowledge of the world was commensurate with my personal observations in it, therefore limited to such acquirements as I had been able to gain in my somewhat circumscribed rural home.

Ascertaining from me that I designed to remain two nights and a day, he very kindly proposed to aid me in any way he might be able, so that at my next stopping place my greenness would not "stand out" so prominently. I thanked him, without fully realizing how much occasion I had for doing so, but so far as I was able, I appreciated his kindness, when he told me to feel perfectly free to ask him any questions I might desire to ask.

I gained sufficient courage during this conversation to venture outside the door as soon as our pleasant interview ended, and finally, to walk a short distance from the hotel, probably about two blocks, but I turned no corners, lest I might lose myself. I found my way back without even once inquiring the way, and I went directly to the handsome clerk (whom I thought was dressed well enough for a minister) with this question: "Can it be possible, sir, that New York is much larger than Troy?" He assured me that should I ever be so fortunate as to extend my travels to New York, I would find a material difference in the population of the two cities. I then said to him, earnestly and anxiously, "Please inform me, sir, what all these people whom I see on the streets do for a living, and where do they all go to dinner?"

To his praise, be it said, he gave me very civil and entirely satisfactory answers to these (to me) highly important questions.

The next morning, after getting from this elegant gentleman, the clerk, very minute directions, I found my way without a guide, to the Hudson river; got aboard a little steamboat, the first I had seen, and the first craft of any kind I had ever boarded,—all without falling off the gang-plank, paid a "York shilling" for my passage to Albany, six miles, and by dint of sticking to the boat closely during the entire voyage, I managed to arrive at the very capital of the Empire State, at the same time the steamboat arrived.

I was overwhelmed at the magnitude of Albany. Looked the property over pretty thoroughly, without reference to purchasing, however, after which I took a stage for West Troy; crossed the ferry and found my way to the Mansion House alone, and with somewhat enlarged ideas of the American Continent, and with correspondingly diminished views of my own importance as an American citizen. On my route from the boat landing to the Mansion House, I saw a little,

insignificant building, upon which was a sign that read plainly, "Vermont House." I halted and gazed upon each letter of the word "Vermont," with a palpitating heart, sincerely regretting I had not known of such a tavern in that city before bestowing my patronage elsewhere.

During my brief sojourn at Troy, and during my visit to Albany, I noticed large and very showy posters in various parts of both cities, announcing that on the 15th day of September, an old vessel, a "man-of-war," which was surrendered to Commodore Perry at his famous "victory" on Lake Erie (in September, 1813, I think), which, from age, had become useless, would be set adrift above Niagara Falls, and allowed to go over the falls in presence of the assembled multitude. Sundry bears, geese, and other "wild varmints," were advertised to be aboard and "visible to the naked eye" of each astonished beholder! I did not then see, as I did afterwards, that all this really meant ten to twenty thousand human beings on Goat Island, at the "small admission fee" of one dollar per human being! To me, it was a purely philanthropic scheme, gotten up regardless of expense, and entirely *pro bono publico*, and I read the posters, word by word, and swallowed every high-sounding sentence, as completely as all boys devour a circus bill. Upon leaving Troy, very early in the morning, for Schenectady, seventeen miles by stage, I was not surprised to find, upon getting out a few miles, that there were several coaches making the same journey, all well filled with passengers.

I knew, or supposed I did, that the entire crowd was en route to Niagara Falls to witness that wonderful exhibition, because I had determined to enjoy that rare treat myself.

Arriving at Schenectady in advance of the train that was coming from Albany, and which was to convey me quite a distance towards "Out West," (the railroad was then completed from Albany to Syracuse, and there was also a road from Lockport, via Niagara Falls to Buffalo), I busied myself in inspecting the "Strap Rail Track," first taking off my overcoat and placing it across the back of a chair in a public room, which I now believe to have been a waiting-room in a passenger depot. I was conscious that it was a "brand new" coat, and quite a nice one for a boy to own. I had worn it for the first time during that early morning's journey on the outside the coach. When the train arrived from Albany there was great excitement and a grand rush for the cars. I went to the very chair upon which I had so confidently deposited my new overcoat, not thirty minutes before, to find that some other chap had mistaken the garment for his own, and had disappeared in some mysterious way that I knew not of. The idea occurred to me then that I had been cautioned before leaving home not to lose my trunk or my overcoat, and I could 'nt help regretting that I had disregarded the instructions given me.

I found myself aboard the first railroad train I had ever seen; a very long train, too, it seemed to me, I should judge as many as fifteen cars, and every car apparently filled with people, all on their way to Niagara Falls, as I verily believed, because I could not account for so many people being "on the wing" upon any other hypothesis. The

cars were similar in shape to a Concord coach, and not much larger—a partition through the center, transversely, which could be raised or lowered at will, each half of the car accommodating six persons—two seats, three persons on a seat, *vis-a-vis*. The conductor walked around the car outside on a “foot-board,” and transacted his business with each passenger through the window.

The speed of the train, probably a dozen miles an hour, astonished me. After about an hour's ride through a very beautiful country, more so than any I had ever imagined, we met a train fully as long as ours, and containing quite as many people, and my heart sunk within me, for I said to myself, “The show is over, and the people are all going home!” although it was four or five days before the time advertised for the performance to “come off.” Our train arrived at Syracuse at “early candle light,”—half way across the great State of New York, between sunrise and sundown,—marvelous speed for those days. Having been so thoroughly posted by my friend of the Mansion House, I knew precisely how to deport myself at the next tavern I might honor with my presence and patronage, in such a manner as that all beholders would see at a glance that I was an experienced traveler, and perfectly familiar with the ways of the world, generally, and with first-class hotels in particular. Accordingly, upon entering the Syracuse House with a great multitude of people, all bound for Niagara Falls, of course, I got to the register as soon as possible, the crowd of older people somewhat obstructing my progress, and after depositing my autograph, as I thought, in excellent style, I asked the clerk in a pretty loud voice, so as to convince him that there was not the least particle of greenness about me, how long before the second bell would ring. The stupid man did n't appear to fully comprehend my meaning, and I thought he hardly appreciated the fact of my arrival. I consoled myself, however, as well as I could, by the reflection that on account of the large crowd of people all eager to register, quite possibly he had mistaken me for some other boy! Presently I heard a most unearthly sound,—different from anything I had ever heard “in all my born days.” The people all rushed in one direction, and I decided to follow them. I was sure the roof had fallen in, and that every looking-glass, and all the dishes in the house were broken to eternal smash. When I left Syracuse on a packet boat on the “Raging Erie Kan-awl,” some forty-eight hours thereafter, I had so far “perfected my education” as that I knew the difference between a first-class earthquake and a Chinese gong!

The President then called upon Mr. A. B. MORGAN, a native of Rochester, who said:

Ninety years ago, my grandfather, John Durkee, with his brother, Timothy, emigrated from Connecticut to the State of Vermont, and located on the river Tweed, in the wilderness, about half way between the towns of Stockbridge and Pittsfield, where they erected a log house, without windows or door knobs. After a few months hard labor, cutting down trees and clearing up a little plat of ground, the

two returned to Connecticut, my grandfather for his wife and baby, and his brother Timothy for the purpose of aiding in the transportation of the necessary household goods to furnish their elegant residence on the river Tweed. After plodding their way as best they could, they arrived at Barnard, Vt., some fifteen miles from the before-mentioned residence, where they were overtaken by a heavy snow storm. From Barnard to Stockbridge the party proceeded, as I have oftentimes been informed by my mother, my grandfather and his brother carrying the household goods, and my grandmother carrying her only and first child, whose name was John. In the walk from Barnard, the ground covered with snow to the depth of more than one foot, my grandmother, to rest herself, would throw her baby from her arms as far as possible, pick it up and throw it again, while the men were burdened with such articles as were absolutely necessary for their comfort after arriving at their new home. I have said that my uncle John was the first baby ever brought into the town of Stockbridge, and will also say that my uncle Orrin was the first person born in that town. On the occasion of his birth, neighbors from three towns participated in the event, viz: from Pittsfield, Rochester and Stockbridge, the nearest neighbors to them residing four miles away. My mother, now living and residing at Rochester, Vt., was the third child born in that town, and, notwithstanding her age, I am happy to say that she can to-day cook a breakfast, dinner or supper for her children, the oldest of which is nearly sixty-two years of age, the baby of the four boys being myself, and now in my fifty-fifth year.

Dr. J. ADAMS ALLEN being called upon, made some very interesting remarks, extending encouragement to the Association, commending its objects and aims, and entertaining the meeting with very pleasant reminiscences of his native State.

Mr. A. C. WICKER was called upon, and in response, read the following Poem:

A FAMILY RETROSPECT.

There's a matronly lady who lives in the East,
Of her numerous sisters she's one of the least
In statue and title of real estate,
Though there's none in the list of the whole thirty-eight
More proud of her record of family affairs,
Though she has an aversion to putting on airs.

Now this lady regarded the chief of her joys
Her numerous family of girls and of boys;
Though the care of her brood never seemed to fatigue her,
Yet her house was so small, and her acres so meagre,
And as Heaven kept sending her more every year,—
I mean *children*, not acres,—it soon became clear
To the practical mind of the sensible mother,
To take care of her progeny some means or other
Must soon be provided outside of the farm,
For her increase of family caused her alarm.

So calling around her a few of the oldest,—
 At least she selected the strongest and boldest,—
 While the tears of affection welled up in her eyes,
 She found heart to address them in somewhat this wise:

“ My children, you see that you make a long row;
 Just count up your noses, and then you will know
 That the number is large, and just under each nose
 Is a great, hungry mouth,—and every one knows,
 This mouth must be fed; and the larger it grows
 The more takes to feed it; and then, I suppose,
 That more mouths may be coming, if Providence wills,
 For I’m young yet, and thank Heaven, quite free from ills.

“ My boys, you well know we’re not wealthy in lands,—
 You must therefore depend on your heads and your hands.
 I’ve tried to instruct you in how to use both,
 And you’ll act on your lessons, I’ll venture my oath.
 If we had a big farm, large enough to go ‘round,
 And give to each one a good parcel of ground,
 Then you all could stay with me as long as you live;
 But the fact is I hav’nt the acres to give,
 And experience has taught me it don’t pay expenses
 To check off a small farm with so many cross fences;
 So the case is quite clear, though it grieves me to say it,
 Duty calls you from home, and I trust you’ll obey it.
 I’ve used my best efforts to fit you for life,
 Its cares and its duties, its battles and strife,
 I’ve trained you to industry, sent you to school,
 With an eye to your morals I’ve made it a rule
 That you should’nt play poker, be out late o’nights,
 Drink strong whisky cock-tails, or get into fights.

“ And I’ve kept you from circuses, all for your good,
 And from shocking round dances, as much as I could.
 I’ve allowed you amusement in all proper ways,
 You’ve all been a fishing on lowery days,
 Have hunted grey squirrels (hope you’ve not stolen apples),
 Have had fun with your horses, your bays and your dapples,
 And when you have sped them in neck-and-neck races,
 I’ve tried to discourage big bets on their paces.
 You’ve all had the whooping-cough, mumps and the measles,
 Scarletina and chicken-pox, gripes and the wheezles.
 With these fortifications, I think you will do
 To start out in the world on your own hook, don’t you?
 I’ve been thinking it over, and believe it is best
 That you pack up your satchels, young men, and go West.
 Go out to my sister beyond the big waters,
 She has but a small family of sons and of daughters,
 Considering her lands are as broad as the seas,
 And she’s richer than I am, by many degrees.

“ So here is my blessing, my true-hearted boys,
 Go forth to the West, to your Aunt Illinois.
 Tell my rich younger sister you’ve come for adoption,—
 Rather more from necessities’ pressure than option,—
 Tell her why you left home: that no duty you’ll shirk,
 If she’ll take you, and keep you, and set you to work.”
 The boys, every one of them, answered “ that’s so,”
 Very soon they were packed up and ready to go.

Why stop here to tell of the tears that 'gan flowing'
 When, as time came around, they were ready for going;
You were there, Mr. President, one of that row,
 Who first heard the edict that West you must go,
 And remember the pangs that you felt at the parting
 From your good Mother State, at the moment of starting;
 Shook hands with the brothers, and kissed all the sisters,
 Whose hearts were nigh broken, whose tears were like blisters;
 How you filled up your satchel with doughnuts and pies,
 Then mounted the wagon, with tears in your eyes,
 Cast the "last lingering look," drew the last heavy sigh,
 And the wagon moved off: "Good bye, Oh! Good bye!"

Why detail the journey,—'twas tiresome and long,—
 'Twere better for hist'ry, too tedious for song.
 I only need mention the cordial reception
 By the thrifty young aunt, who beyond all conception,
 Rejoiced to receive them, and bade them all come
 To her proffered warm arms, and they soon felt at home.
 How wagons kept coming, from spring until fall,
 How others came part way by "raging canall,"

And found their way hither by steamer and sail,
 And later, great squads of us came on by rail;
 How we've all found a welcome, old, young, great and small,
 How this generous young aunt has adopted us all,
 How our mother is favored, like Sarah of old,
 Shows no imbecile signs, as we're credibly told,
 But bears right along,—though it seems rather queer,
 For she's already counted her hundredth year!—
 And this glorious young aunty still spreads out her lap,
 For all the young comers, when weaned from the pap.

Then a greeting to-night to my generous brothers,
 We've come out in respect for the grandest of mothers;
 From far-off Passumpsic, from slopes in the West,
 Where the waves of Champlain toss their feathery crests;
 From where bends the Missisqui, where flows the Lamoille,
 Where the Otter creeps lakeward in curve, reach and coil,
 Where shines the Connecticut, stretched in the sun,
 From Bennington's hills, where the battle was won;
 From beyond Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield's back bone,
 From Killington's shadow, neath Equinox's cone,
 Do we gather to-night, and your privilege and mine,
 Is a right hearty greeting for grand "Auld Lang Syne."

SECOND REGULAR MEETING.

The second Regular Meeting of the Association, which, in accordance with the By-Laws, would have occurred September 4, 1877, was omitted, by resolution of the Executive Committee, on account of the excessively hot weather, and because of the absence from the city of a large number of the members of the Association.

THIRD REGULAR MEETING.

DECEMBER 4, 1877.

The third Regular Meeting was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Col. GURDON S. HUBBARD, President, in the chair, and F. B. WILLIAMS, Secretary. The minutes of previous meetings were read and approved.

The Vermont Quartette were called upon for music, and in response gave a piece entitled "Music in the Air."

After some remarks by President HUBBARD, the Secretary and Treasurer made reports, which were accepted.

From the report of the Treasurer, it appears that the whole amount of receipts were \$238.86, the expenditures \$170.75, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$68.11.

JOHN N. HILLS, Chairman of Executive Committee, also made report, which was accepted. To obviate a difficulty referred to in his report, he proposed an Amendment to the last clause of Section 3 of the By-Laws, by striking out the word "five" and substituting the word "three," thus making three members of the Executive Committee a quorum for the transaction of business. Under the rules, this was laid over till the next meeting.

On motion, the following members were appointed to nominate officers: ALD. PIERSONS, JUDGE HIBBARD and W. W. CHANDLER.

The quartette favored the audience with patriotic songs while the Committee were in consultation.

Upon the return of the Committee, the following persons were nominated to the respective offices named, and elected, viz: For President, HON. HOMER N. HIBBARD; Vice-Presidents, HON. JOHN A. JAMESON, HON. MARK SKINNER, PROF. GEO. N. BOARDMAN, D. D; Secretary and Librarian, ALBERT D. HAGER; Treasurer, L. L. COBURN; Executive Committee, JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman*, E. B. SHERMAN, T. J. SUTHERLAND, W. W. CHANDLER, H. H. BABCOCK.

The President elect, on taking the Chair, tendered his thanks for the honor conferred, and hoped the purposes of the organization would be carried out by the members, and numbers increased.

The question as to the place and manner of conducting the First Annual Festival, on the 17th of January, 1878, was brought forward and discussed. MESSRS. BOARDMAN, HIBBARD, SUTHERLAND, CHANDLER, BISBEE, HILLS, ISHAM, and others, participating in the debate.

It was resolved to have a Banquet, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and the entire matter of its management was left to the discretion of the Executive Committee.



FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

JANUARY 17, 1878.

The Association, in pursuance of previous arrangements, met at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the evening of the 17th of January, 1878, to hold their First Annual Festival and Banquet, in commemoration of the Declaration of Independence of Vermont.

A Reception Committee, consisting of L. L. COBURN, A. B. MORGAN, D. K. PEARSONS, T. E. HILL, S. F. BROWN, NORMAN WILLIAMS, E. S. ISHAM, L. H. BISBEE, FRANK GILBERT and E. A. JEWETT, were in attendance to receive and introduce the guests, which they faithfully and gracefully performed.

After an hour of social intercourse, the company was escorted to the spacious and beautifully decorated dining-room of the Hotel, to partake of the sumptuous repast that had been provided. Four hundred and thirty-seven seats at the table were occupied, and as the inner man was being supplied, a quartette, consisting of Prof. SABIN, JOHN M. HUBBARD, WILLIAM SPRAGUE and J. H. ATWOOD, sang the following Ode, composed for the occasion:

O hills, O vales of pleasure,
 O woods with verdure drest,
 Where all the charms of leisure
 So oft have calmed my breast.
 While far from ye I wander
 My heart will fondly ponder
 And sigh for ye again.

 And now I have resigned ye
 For scenes of toil and strife.
 Ah! why does fate consign me
 To play the farce of life?
 Tho' called from ye by duty,
 Still wheresoever I stray,
 The spirit of your beauty
 Will never fade away.

Hand's Orchestra furnished the instrumental music for the occasion.

At a quarter to ten o'clock, President HIBBARD arose and said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION, "SONS OF VERMONT": As I rise to give a different direction to these festivities, and in some measure to change the current of the pleasures of this occasion, I desire, first of all, to make my acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon me by calling me to the Presidency of your Society—an

honor of which, I trust, I am duly sensible—the duties of which I am not quite certain I shall perform entirely to your satisfaction or my own. I desire also to express my appreciation and the thanks of your Executive Committee for the hearty co-operation we have received from you in preparing for this festival, and for the great and goodly company here assembled.

Ladies and gentlemen, children of Vermont, we are assembled to-night to commemorate the day on which, one hundred and one years ago, the people of Vermont declared themselves to be an independent Commonwealth. We gather to do honor to those wise and brave men who, notwithstanding the hostility of the English on the north, New Hampshire on the east, and New York on the west did, for fourteen years, from 1777 to 1791, maintain an absolutely independent State. Unlike the original thirteen States, Vermont never was under a charter from King James I., or any other King, but in 1791, from its own sovereign choice, it was admitted the first State into the American Union; and, unlike all other States admitted into the Union, it was neither conquered nor created out of territory under the jurisdiction or control of the Union. If, therefore, we take any pride in the name of Vermont, we owe it to these men; for had they been less brave or less patriotic, there never would have been a Vermont.

We have come together on this anniversary in our new home also to revive the memory of other days, to call back the remembrance of the homes we have left behind us—the places where we were born—the mountains, the hills, the valleys so dear to us, to some of us long ago, when we were young.

We all despise a person who speaks slightingly of his mother, even though she be neither wise nor lovely; and we all must pity a man who does not feel a pride in his native land, but I venture the assertion, without fear of contradiction here, that the homes we had in Vermont were presided over by mothers who should rank among the purest, loveliest and best of earth's women. And is there one here who, returning to his birthplace among the hills, would not impul'sively say with old Scotia's minstrel:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?

But while we are thus assembled to honor the men an' events of the past, in connection with our native State, w seem to be unmindful of the goodly city and State of and I congratulate you that we have with us to-nig' guests, some of the official representatives of both.

Arrangements are made for the proper conside' I have suggested, and others; and I will not long' and the better things to follow.

With your permission, I will now read the first regular toast:

The first toast was: "The day we celebrate," being one hundred and one years since the day

*When Hampshire grants were tracts of land, somewhat in disputation,
Tracked by the most intractable of all the Yankee nation;
When Ethan Allen ruled the State with steel and stolen Scriptur',
Declared his "beech seal" war against New York, and took and whipt her.*

—C. G. EASTMAN.

To this EDWARD S. ISHAM, native of Bennington, responded. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I think this splendid assembly gives better expression than any arts of speech can give to the sentiment that has called us together. We are a thousand miles from home to-night, ladies and gentlemen, and many of us may never get back there, but we are not forgetful nevertheless. Coming as we do from a little country—a land of mountains and wide valleys, of clear streams and great, overshadowing trees, full of the associations of an illustrious history—although we are proud of our participations in the great Republic, and though in our ample fellowship of States we have forgiven even New York, since the men of one hundred and one years ago succeeded in keeping the land they fought for, still the mind reverts to that little country out of which we came with a sentiment something like that of the wandering Scythians, who told the Persian King to touch the graves of their fathers and he would soon see what manner of men they were.

Now, Mr. President, the resolution and spirit of the men of one hundred and one years ago, and their cause which the day we celebrate commemorates, are too familiar to call for present review. They conducted a controversy which involved great questions of public and private right, of civil liberty, and of private property. They were loyal to their political principles to the end. But it may not be inappropriate, while we are commending their example, to remember that when their controversy was ended, they and their foes alike put away its bitterness, and joined in establishing the honor and greatness of a common nationality. I am sure, sir, that we are all gratified at what we believe to be true—that our people at home still uphold the high character of their ancestors, and command for their own present the honor which they and we are proud to tender to the past. They love the blessings of peace, for they thrive by the arts and industries of peace, but they never shrank from war when the national honor and security seemed to demand it. They hold their obligation to the payment of public and private debts, but they hold it better still not to have any debts. Upon all the principles of civil rights and political order, the sterling ring of their opinion never fails to be heard, and they perpetuate such opinion through the baptism of substantial education which they give their children. But, sir, I must not occupy your time, and I congratulate this assembly upon the occasion that called it together.

The second toast was: *Vermont—The earliest stronghold of American freedom, the best exemplar of Republican simplicity. Let her long remain Switzerland and Arcadia combined.*

Judge JOHN A. JAMESON responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The first Constitution of Vermont was adopted in July, 1777, amidst one of the most violent thunder storms ever witnessed in the State. This circumstance was typical of the earlier years of Vermont history, which has been thus summarized by a Vermont poet:

The old Thirteen united fought
The Revolution through;
While single-handed old Vermont
Fought them and England too.

Ever since 1765, the State had been engaged in a bitter, and not always bloodless, contest with New York and her ally, the Continental Congress, for territory claimed by both parties. The earliest attack upon British troops in America was made by Vermonters. In the May following the battle of Lexington—a battle in which the British were the attacking party—and before that of Bunker Hill, the Green Mountain Boys took Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and pushed on to St. Johns. At the very hour when the Vermont Convention was framing the first Constitution of the State, Burgoyne was invading New York, and sending his detachments on towards Bennington, where the sons of Vermont and other New England men were soon to inflict upon him his first great defeat. It is thus a notable fact that the three earliest battles fought upon New York soil, including that of Bennington, which is now in New York, were fought in the main, not by New York troops, but by Vermonters. The military character thus early established was afterwards sustained, under similar circumstances, when, in the second war with England, the victories by land and water gained at Plattsburg, also in New York, were largely gained by volunteers from our old State.

To the record made by Vermont in the late War of the Rebellion, I need not refer. In the fifty years of peace that had preceded, the spirit born of our traditions and of mountain air was found not to have been extinguished. To those familiar with the people of Vermont, their stalwart proportions are well known. It is told of the late Gov. Meech, of that State, that he once dined at Quebec at the same table with some British officers, strangers to him, who had the bad taste to bluster in respect to the supposed superiority of their soldiers to the Americans, declaring that with a single regiment of redcoats they could march through Vermont to Boston. The Governor, who was a man of gigantic stature, weighing, I believe, some four hundred pounds, bringing his fist down upon the table with a crash, said to them: "Gentlemen, the old women of Vermont alone would drive you back with their brooms," and wound up by declaring that he himself was one of the smallest men in his county. I remember a Vermonter a townsman of mine, who had been present at the battle of Plattsburg.

He was six feet and a half in height, and well proportioned. I once remarked to him that, if there were many soldiers like him at that battle, I pitied the British. He replied that there were many such, and spoke of what he saw a man from the Town of Troy, in the same county, do. As the British charged across a bridge to where the Americans stood, he saw him several times bayonet a redcoat and pitch him over his shoulder, as he would hay with a pitchfork, into the river. The name of this valiant Trojan I have forgotten, but my informant, who, I have no doubt, took an equal hand in the business, bore the appropriate name of Blood.

Considering the geographical position of Vermont, it is well that it is inhabited by a stalwart and martial race. If you will look at our northern frontier, you will see that from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean the Union can be invaded nowhere, without great difficulties, save through the Valley of the Champlain or of the Memphramagog Lake.

When the peace of 1783 came, a new era dawned upon our native State. All communication with the British provinces was cut off, and our fathers dwelt, as it were, in a pocket, having only an opening to the south. This isolation has left an indelible impress upon their character and condition. Of commerce there was none. Roads were few and poor, and such a thing as a railroad had not been dreamed of as a present possibility anywhere, certainly not in Vermont. I remember, when a lad, as I was walking from my native town to an adjoining one, to attend the academy there, I met an old acquaintance of my father. Remarking to me on the changes that had occurred in Vermont since his boyhood, said he: "When I was a boy, had a peddler come along with a box of locofoco matches for sale, the people would have hung him for a wizard. But I wouldn't wonder if you might live long enough to see a railroad in Vermont." In default of railroads, the only means of transportation were the six-horse teams that made their regular trips from the principal towns to the seaboard. The only market was in Boston. What was sold out of the State—and it was very little—was sold there. All our "boughten goods"—do you remember the term?—came from that city. The result was that pretty much everything raised in the State was eaten by its own people. Old residents will remember the groaning tables of forty years ago. We think we have before us now an abundant provision for the inner man. But let me describe to you a candle-light breakfast I once had set before me at a little stage tavern a few hours' ride north of Montpelier. There was myself and the stage-driver only, and we had upon the table three kinds of meat, two or three of poultry, fresh trout, three varieties of "sweetcake," three or four of pie, besides tea, coffee, doughnuts, and the numberless other knick-knacks that went to make a "square meal" in Vermont at that time. Thus, the Vermonters of that day were mighty men of stomach as well as of valor. Board was only \$1.25 per week, including fire, lights, and washing, and one who should have paid \$2.00 a week would have been liable to be set down as "popular," that is, as aristocratic.

Of books there were scarcely any, and of newspapers but few. I have no doubt some of you will recall the *North Star*, published at Danville, an anti-Masonic and Democratic paper, that almost alone shed its light at that time upon Northern Vermont. It was a mystery and a horror to my childhood, for my father was a Whig and a Mason, and, in the latter character, the object of distrust and hatred to some of his anti-Masonic neighbors. The *North Star* had a printing-press in the center of its heading, and this, I had no doubt, was an infernal machine with which the anti-Masons and Democrats squeezed the life out of their opponents.

I will detain you further, ladies and gentlemen, only to say that our fathers came mainly from New Hampshire and Connecticut; that it was only the most adventurous spirits who would abandon their homes for such a wilderness as Vermont; and that in point of religion they were Independents, not Puritans. The circumstances I have detailed made of them the self-reliant, often eccentric, but always downright, as well as upright, people, whom we so well remember. They have ever been more distinctively English, or New English, in character and spirit, than any other New Englanders.

The Vermont hills are green, and the dwellers in cities have been wont to speak of those who live amongst them as green also. If this were admitted, you would join me in the hope that the verdant tint of both might remain unchanged for a thousand years, if upon that condition only might our descendants inherit the virtue, the vigor, and the pluck of our fathers.

The third toast was: *Vermont's Soldiery, "whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof."*

Responded to by Major JOSIAH GROUT, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW VERMONTERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It has occurred to me, in connection with this sentiment, that no thought of Vermont is complete which does not embrace its soldiery, and such a thought cannot suitably do this without including alike the heroes of Ticonderoga and the charging squadrons of Appomattox Court House.

Vermont had a line of Revolutionary soldiers second to none of that time, at the head of which, perhaps, stood Ethan Allen, but prominent among whom were Seth Warner and Remember Baker. These Revolutionary patriots are better known in history as the Green Mountain Boys, which being translated into good old Vermont English of one hundred years ago, means a fearless band of rugged settlers,—as patriotic as the air they breathed,—as hardy as the forests where they dwelt; as firm in truth, honor, principles, and all the virtues of noble life, as the green hills and grand old mountains among which they lie buried.

These brave men were not only Vermont's earliest soldiers, but her first statesmen as well. They hunted, fished, cleared away the wilderness, dug the soil, made laws, and fought the Yorkers all in the same breath.

Some of their legislation, it is true, was not of the most modern type; they utterly ignored the lobby; were not particular about the second and third readings; yet they always enacted in the spirit of justice, interest of freedom, and for the preservation of the rights and liberties of the people. Even from our standpoint of civilized proprieties, we can appreciate the wisdom and, perhaps, the humanity of those beech sealing laws, emanations from that ever vigilant council of safety whose eagle eye, during the early days of Green Mountain Independence, watched encroachments from without and treason from within; guarding the concerns of State with an unmistakable purpose, which foreshadowed the importance of its then rapidly developing character. No New York Sheriff needed more than one application of those vigorous enactments; in being executed they went directly to the spot, and smartly did they realize their purpose.

One hundred and one years ago to-day, it was declared that the "New Hampshire Grants *ought to be and should be* a free and independent State, by the name of New Connecticut, otherwise Vermont," and such it has ever since been, and may it thus continue to be while it remains a member of the National Constellation, in all those intelligent, patriotic senses that render our common country so grand, "the Star that never sets."

I suppose it is in commemoration of this event that we are assembled this evening, and what can be more pertinent than for Vermonters, of whatever spot on earth, to convene in festal gathering, and with the best impulses of their hearts, set the centennial seal of approbation to such a noble declaration.

Vermont's independence, constitution, laws, schools, unspotted fame and proud history, were all born of the unyielding integrity and unexampled manhood of this statesman soldiery.

The principal business of our native State has been raising men, of whom she has exported vast and interesting numbers, who have cast their lot largely with the growth and enterprise of the great West, and of which I expect this company is a fair specimen sample.

If possible, however, the Vermont soldiers achieved the most imperishable honors in the late war, to which, with only about two-thirds the population of Chicago, that little State contributed seventeen regiments of infantry, several batteries, and the Vermont cavalry, which from Banks' retreat to Lee's surrender, fought in seventy-three different engagements, and on the 19th day of October, 1874, when the gallant Sheridan transformed the defeat of the morning into the victory of evening, swept the pike from Cedar Creek to Fisher's Hill of the surplus equipage, the rebels—as all then called them—were finding it convenient to leave behind, and of not a few Confederate gentlemen whose coat tails were not sufficiently horizontal to insure escape.

I cannot better mention the good standing of Vermont soldiers in the war of 1861, than to recall that General Sedgwick, in whose command the old Vermont Brigade served, had the habit, when confronted by the enemy, of putting the Vermonters ahead, with the special orders to keep the column closed up.

At the battle of Gettysburg, that pivotal struggle of the late unpleasantness, the Second Vermont Brigade rendered invaluable service in securing the victorious fruits of that great conflict of arms; though comparatively inexperienced, it bravely took part in repulsing the final assault of the enemy, thus saving forever to the nation the honor of the flag and perpetuity of the Union.

Time forbids that I try your patience longer, so with Ticonderoga captured in the name of the Continental Congress and the Great Jehovah, the Vermonters ahead and the column closed up, Pickett's charging hosts hurled forever from Cemetery Hill, I will leave you at your leisure to contemplate the true character and lasting renown of Vermont's Soldiery.

The fourth toast was: *Let the soldier be abroad if he will; there is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, the schoolmaster is abroad.* — BROUGHAM.

Education, the natural business of Vermonters.

Responded to by Rev. Dr. BOARDMAN, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW VERMONTERS: No one surpasses me in gratitude to the soldiers who have risked their lives in defense of their country. But I rejoice that their battles are shorter than some others which we have to wage in this life; I rejoice that the campaign under the military leader is briefer than that under the schoolmaster. Two different views of education have been taken: some hold that it is derived from a Latin word signifying *to draw out*; others hold that it is derived from the word, spelled in precisely the same way, signifying *to fill in*. I adopt the latter. And if there is any analogy between the mind and the body—a fact which no one doubts—we have evidence to-night that the descendants of Vermont are susceptible of *education*. Indeed, we all know that education is natural to them. As I think of Vermont, it seems to me like one of the old district school houses where I used to sit and swing my feet. The seats were so high that the children could not reach the floor. Probably it would be more correct to picture the State as now a somewhat modernized school house, painted, and in some degree adapted to the comfort of the pupils, but at any rate it is a kind of education-shop, where all the people are under training.

The education of Vermont would seem to many to have the top left off. There are no professional schools there, except one or two medical institutions. Students in theology and law go to other States to hear lectures. Even now States like Wisconsin and Minnesota are aiming at more complete instruction in the higher departments of science and art than our State. But if Vermont education is deficient at the top, like grass on the Otter Creek intervalle, it is pretty thick at the bottom. There are school books in all the houses, the children have a good supply of maps and arithmetics. The boys and girls would talk with any of us about the geography of the country, and would be very likely to get the better in any dispute. They know

where the bad lands are, where the soda soil is, what a blizzard is. A good deal that I have learned about the newer parts of our country, I have acquired in this way in my summer visits at my old home. The fact is, Vermonters generally have more brains than work. They have a surplus of intellectual force which they are obliged to use in some way. They are an industrious people, but are seldom enslaved by their work. Their occupations are not of the complicated kinds, and they learn to do one thing while thinking of another. If you were passing along the street and should see a man who, besides his ordinary work, was talking to himself, you would be pretty safe in inferring that he came from Vermont. Up in their own State the people turn questions over and over day after day, while at their work, till they settle them satisfactorily, at least to themselves. Especially they are fond of discussing politics. They know there what the nation needs, and how the want is to be met. You would get more true political philosophy in sauntering through one of their farming towns, and talking with the people you should meet, in a single day, than in living in Chicago a year. They could tell the politicians at Washington what should be done about remonetizing silver, or teach them on any other question of finance, though some of our Congressmen are reported to have studied finance for a week or two. If you wish to know what kind of a tariff the country needs, go to Vermont and you will have no trouble in finding out; if you want to know how we are to resume specie payments, they will tell you. Moreover their intelligence is not confined to any one department; they have opinions on all questions of morals and civilization. I heard a good Massachusetts Democrat of the old school say, when annoyed by certain Green Mountain *isms*: "If there is ever a smoky chimney burning out, Vermont is always on hand." Of course among such a people, some of the boys will go to college. And a college training there means something. Vermont Institutions are all they profess to be. The young men who receive their education in them are pretty well prepared for the ordinary labors or rivalries of life.

Still, there is no eradicating the inborn traits of the race; an educated Vermonter is a Vermonter still. He revolves over and over the teachings of Wayland or Paley, and ruminates upon his Greek. In the meantime he lives at a cheap boarding house and pays his bills. Like his father at home, he is two men in one: an eating man, living economically, and a thinking man, speculating independently. He seldom thinks of living by his education, but expects to live in *some* way, and to have his education beside. Such habits as these have fitted Vermonters for very useful work outside their own State. They have carried their education into places where it was of great service but received little reward. The newer States have been quite generous in furnishing the natives of the Green Mountains with work to do. If you see a man devoted to the cheapest of all kinds of labor—teaching—you may be measurably confident he originated in our State. If you find a President of a Western College doing his own work and that of two professors, and then begging his salary in vacation, I will

guarantee he is a graduate of Middlebury College. If you see an *attache* of a daily paper driving the goose quill till his fingers are sore, you risk little in assuming that he has been in Barre Academy or some seminary among our hills. It is reported that some of our educated Vermonters have, in these Western cities, fallen into "soft places." It is said that some of them are in easy circumstances, are even possessed of wealth. That may be so; I have no means of knowing, but if such should be the case, I assure the citizens of Illinois that they have forsaken the early instructions of their Puritan homes, and I assure the people at the old home that the great majority of those who have stayed away from the paternal acres still remain true to the principles of their childhood.

I have thought, Mr. President, if the General Government, instead of spending money on Yellow Stone Park, or on the wilds of the Pacific Slope, would buy Vermont and make it a National Normal School, it would be a change of policy for the better. I would have the country there raise up teachers for all departments of education, and I would have our central authorities confer upon them powers beyond those acquired by simply individual effort, and after long experience. If some of our Vermont teachers could go to Washington with power to enforce their ideas, it would be greatly to the advantage of public morals. If some of the graduates of the same Normal School could go South and West with power to dictate the requisites of suffrage and office-holding, it would be promotive of the highest civilization. I am not unaware that some specious objections might be made to this, but they are merely specious.

If it should be said that even New York city has received an impetus towards evil from Vermont influences, I should remind you that those influences came from the border towns where the example of Massachusetts is very considerably felt. I have heard that Vermont railroads are managed on principles not wholly justifiable. The lawyers can decide this better than I can. But if it is so, it should be remembered that the head-quarters of those railroads are at St. Albans, a town near the Canada line, subject to deleterious influences from the *Dominion*, and doubtless to the influence of *British Gold*. Therefore, notwithstanding these objections, our State is the one to which the nation should look for teachers. The central parts are sound. Addison County and Rutland County and Windsor County can be trusted. Persons who came from Bethel and Royalton and Brandon and the town south of Brandon, may safely be put in places of responsibility. The interests of the whole country would be promoted by entrusting those who came from that section of the land with larger opportunities for doing good to mankind.

The following poem, entitled "June Training," was then read by the author, NORMAN C. PERKINS, of Pomfret:

Time was, long since, when each Green Mountaineer
A soldier came to be for one day in the year.
To tell the glories and the dire mishaps,
In martial line, all headed with tall caps,

Of that great day, when each heroic band
 Marched to its town's defense, to-night I stand
 Among the "big guns" here, and to increase
 Their roar perhaps, fire off my little piece.

Spring's work was done;—the old, low fences poled,
 The sheep all sheared, and all their fleeces sold
 Excepting what the housewife saved for yarn
 To knit boys' mittens, or perchance to darn
 Or foot-out stockings of that lasting kind
 Whose feet depart but leave their legs behind;
 The wheat grew green upon the steep side-hill,
 While yet the bin held many a grist for mill;
 The sentry scare-crow watched the tender corn,
 And close beside it, listening for the horn
 To call him to his dinner of baked beans,
 With rye-and-Indian bread, or salt pork boiled with greens,
 The hungry farmer stood, and wrestled with the weeds,
 And marveled at the growth from evil seeds.

With bustling haste, across the new-plowed land,
 Stalked the Town Constable, with Warrant in his hand,
 And while his victim leaned upon his hoe,
 The solemn Warning read in measured phrase, and slow:
 "You are commanded, now," or words to that effect,
 "Armed and accoutered as the laws direct,
 "On Tuesday to the Town House to repair,
 "And wait for further orders when you're there."
 Then strode the warlike farmer from his field,
 Like old Achilles going to scour his shield,
 And took, with sign of battle in his looks,
 His Springfield musket from its wooden hooks
 Above the fire-place, or more ancient still,
 An old "Queen's arm" that came from Bunker-Hill,
 While his good wife, who had but small desire
 To see such weapons by her kitchen fire,
 Declared the gun was loaded and forgot—
 "The thing would blow his head off, just as like as not."
 So true it is, through all the changing years,
 An empty gun's the thing a woman fears.

The garret was his arsenal, and in that realm of dust
 He found his bayonet in its sheath all covered o'er with rust,
 An iron ramrod, and anon his priming brush and wire,
 Two extra flints—the fine was ninepence if they didn't strike fire;—
 His knapsack of neat's leather, handed down to him from one
 Who had worn it on his shoulders in the fight at Bennington;
 A canteen with the initials rudely carved upon its head;
 Of a soldier who drank from it, and lay down beside it, dead;
 The old cartridge-box, now empty, which held many a good ounce ball;
 When its owner chased the red-skins as they fled to Montreal
 From the deed they did at Royalton, where, as soldiers of the crown,
 The Indians scalped the people while the British burned the town.

Thus the farmer found his armor,
 And it seemed like burnished gold;
 And it glistened as he listened
 To the stories that it told.

On the morning when the Warning
 Called the Company to life,
 Each new comer heard the drummer—
 Heard the bugle and the fife,—
 Saw the Captain all enwrapped in
 Georgeous uniform and lace,
 With a feather altogether
 Out of color and of place,—
 Hear the peddlers like rough meddlers
 Crying off their stock in trade,—
 Pokers, fenders, and suspenders,
 Jewsharps, combs, and lemonade;—
 Saw the slender saintly vender
 Of those cards of gingerbread
 Which no baker or bread maker
 Could make now, to save his head,—
 Saw the willing soldiers drilling,
 Saw them marching in and out,
 'Till they grounded arms, astounded,
 And stood facing right-about.

Corporal Cottle passed the bottle
 All along the single file,
 Able bodied soldiers nodded
 Each to each and took a "smile;"
 And they said, "It is a credit
 That although the grog is free,
 "We don't let 'er get the better
 Of one in our Company;
 "But 'tis sarchin', and in marchin'
 It will limber every jint—
 "Th' pile the cost on down to Boston—
 "Fo'pence ha'penny a pint!
 "And though the handy cider, brandy
 Of the kind we have to hum
 "We delight in, yet for fightin',
 "Give us good New England Rum!"

Thus Training Day wore on; and when the night drew near
 Each warrior grim cast off his martial gear,
 And took a hand at honest ball and bat—
 Not "base-ball," mind you, but good "two-old-cat"—
 And when, quite weary of the catch and toss,
 He reached his home all hungry, tired and cross,
 His thoughtful helpmate, knowing how 'twould be,
 Soothed all his woes with nutcakes and hot tea.

Another song by the quartette.

The fourth toast, "*The State of our Adoption*," was responded to
 by Hon. ANDREW SHUMAN, Lieut-Governor of Illinois. He said:

It is difficult to say anything to such an intelligent assemblage
 about Illinois that would be new or edifying. What they didn't know
 about her was not worth knowing. She was great in extent, in popu-
 lation, in resources, in production, in commerce, in all the elements
 and force that went to make the greatness of a people. They might
 look back with pride upon the State they had left, but felt that they
 had cause for felicitating themselves and congratulating each other
 upon the fact that they had cast their lot here.

The fifth toast was:

The influence of railroads in eradicating narrow prejudices and extending the boundary lines of what was formerly known as Yankeeedom.

Mr. W. W. CHANDLER, native of Randolph, responded. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT, SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF VERMONT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN GENERAL: The sentiment to which I am called to respond is altogether too broad and suggestive, and the theme far too prolific, for the five minutes' talk to which I am very properly limited. The subject, however, I regard as a very good one, and I propose to have it copyrighted, since I don't know what minute I am liable to be invited to deliver an address at Calumet or Oshkosh, in which event I shall hope to be allowed at least sixty minutes in which to enumerate some of the many changes, even in social life, which have been wrought, more largely than through any other instrumentality, by the construction and opening of railroads.

People of different sections of this great and growing country have intermingled and assimilated, and have thereby lost, in a good degree, many of the distinctive features and characteristics by which they were readily identified, and their localities easily recognized, before the "iron horse" and iron rails had brought points remote from each other within hailing distance. The direct result of extended intercourse among men which railroads alone have rendered possible, is that we see the manners, customs, habits, and even the dialects of persons residing in different localities have become more uniform than when we were boys and girls, and were endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our own country and its inhabitants through the study of Olney's Geography.

Those of you who are as nearly 80 years old as I am, are aware that originally genuine Yankees were only indigenous to the soil of the six New England States, and that they could no more be produced in any other State of the Union, than they could have been successfully propagated in Ireland, Germany or Patagonia. Now, however, all is changed, and we find that as healthy and respectable Yankees can be raised in Minnesota as in Maine.

Whoever halts on Broadway, New York, to scan the crowd constantly thronging that great thoroughfare, cannot determine by the gait or dress of the passer-by those who hail from New Hampshire and those coming from Wisconsin, since gentlemen from all sections pretty generally wear mustaches, and very many of them wear little, insignificant, round-topped hats, whether they hail from Montpelier or from Omaha.

Ladies visiting New York from Kankakee or St. Louis, cannot be distinguished by their bonnets or by their accomplishments from those who belong in Rutland, Brandon, Burlington, St. Albans, and St. Johnsbury, for the simple reason that "pull-backs" broke out in all sections of the country simultaneously, or thereabouts.

Before reaping-machines, sewing-machines, and friction matches were invented, before George Francis Train was discovered, before the

advent of the magnetic telegraph and woman's rights conventions, before railroads penetrated every State of the Union, as they now do, there existed in many sections of the country, even north of "Mason and Dixon's line," a very strong prejudice against Yankees in general, and Vermont Yankees in particular; and I must say that Yankees were almost equally intolerant of "Buckeyes," "Hoosiers," and "Michiganders."

Railroads, far more than colleges and "female seminaries," have wrought the change. Yankees, transplanted, have grown broader and somewhat less conceited, while natives of other States, among whom Yankees have settled, have gradually grown more charitable, and thus the intermingling has proved mutually beneficial.

The day has passed when Yankees can be recognized by the dreadful oaths once so common among them: "I yum!" "I snum!" "I swow!" and "Darn it!"—or by their asking: "Neouw Jim, abeout heouw long before you will begin to get ready to prepare to commence to make a start to go and fetch that are ceouw?"

A Western man is no longer known by what he used to call his "biled shirt," "store clothes," and "right-smart chance o' fever 'nagur," which he declared rendered him "powerful weak."

Even we Vermont Yankees here to-night, assembled in the magnificent Grand Pacific Hotel, which cannot be surpassed outside of Boston, clannish as we may have been considered, can and do most heartily fellowship and fraternize with those of our guests who were so unfortunate as to have been born outside the comparatively narrow area of New England, however much we may commiserate them for their misfortune, or however much we may indulge in self-glorification that we were born in a country offering so many inducements for us to leave it.

Mr. E. G. ISHAM then rose and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the victory of Gen. Stark at the Battle of Bennington will ever testify to the valor and heroism of the American soldier.

Resolved, That this Association indorse the purpose of the Bennington Battle Monument Association, chartered by the State of Vermont, to erect and maintain a monument to commemorate said victory.

Resolved, That this Association approve of the erection of the monument that shall perpetuate the memories of the heroes of Bennington Battle, and that shall also be an honor to the Commonwealth of Vermont.

They were unanimously adopted.

The following telegram was received from Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS., January 16, 1878.

ALBERT D. HAGER, *Secretary*:

The Sons and Daughters of Vermont in re-union assembled at Worcester, Mass., twelve hundred strong, January sixteenth, send greeting to the Sons of Vermont, assembled at Chicago, January seventeenth. Let bonds of freedom ever unite us.

R. M. GOULD, Pres't.
IRVING BLAKE, Sec'y.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., January 17, 1878.

HON. E. B. SHERMAN,

At Banquet of Sons of Vermont, Grand Pacific Hotel:

As a grandson of Vermont, I send warm greetings to her Sons in Banquet assembled. Sorry I cannot be with you.

GEO. H. HARLOW.

MONTREAL, January 17, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, *Sec'y Illinois Association:*

As a Son of Vermont, proud of my birth-place and the sons and daughters of my State, please accept thanks for your kind invitation to your Banquet in Chicago to-night. Regretting my absence, occasioned by business engagements, and wishing you all a pleasant and happy time.

A. B. CHAFFEE.

President HIBBARD read the following dispatch which had been sent to Gov. FAIRBANKS:

Four hundred and fifty sons and daughters of Vermont, residents of Chicago, never before so proud of the Commonwealth which is the mother of us all, assembled to-night at our First Annual Festival, send back greetings to you, and through you, to all Vermonters at home. The mountains and valleys of the evergreen State are standards still of rural beauty, and her institutions are still our boast; our memory is passionate with gratefulness and benedictions.

The next toast was:

Vermonters as merchants and business men. In her quiet valleys, and in her rural homes, Vermont gives her boys the education and training which form the surest basis of life.

ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, native of Barre, in response, said he did not need to affirm the truth of the sentiment, for the career of many men whom he saw around him was a forcible illustration of its correctness.

They had left the good old State with nothing but willing hands, strong, courageous hearts and active brains, to seek their fortunes in the West. Yet that was not all they had, for they had been taught well the lessons of thrift, frugality and undaunted energy, by example, precept, and in the sterner schools of necessity and adversity. To these was linked the gracious examples of their sires, and those higher principles of unswerving fidelity to the letter and spirit of every contract, a firmness for the right and truth, which, if faithfully adhered to, constitute the crowning glory of the true business man, and a heritage far better than that of rank or fortune to any young man in any land.

The last toast was "*Vermont Editors and Newspaper Men.*"*"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."*—BYRON.

LOUIS MEACHAM, native of Middlebury, in response, said there were three exceptional newspapers in the State, the like of which had never been seen in the country. They were all democratic, all fearless, aggressive, and, in the words of one of the editors, "Feared neither God,

man, nor devil." Their success was peculiar. One died, the other lived and circulated in the State, the third was never published in the State at all. He referred to the *Courier*, the *Argus*, and the *Chicago Times*. The people of the State never had much taste for a daily press. There had been six dailies, but they swallowed each other down to three. The press was not its sheets, or the editors, but the principles which those sheets and editors advanced and maintained. For these he backed Vermont against the world. In the papers would be found no apology for crime, no word of moral filth or degradation, and for this reason: the editors did not print what the people did not want; and the purity of the press proved the purity of the people.

In the absence of Mayor HEATH, who was to have responded to "*The City of Chicago*," Alderman PEARSONS was called on, but, as the hour was late, he only said:

This audience of beautiful women and brave men is the best speech that can be made for Chicago.

Mr. E. B. SHERMAN, of the Executive Committee, read the following letters from Vermonters, who had been invited to attend the Banquet, but were unable to be present:

[From Governor Fairbanks.]

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF VERMONT,
ST. JOHNSBURY, Jan. 14th, 1876.

Gentlemen of the Executive Committee of the Sons of Vermont, Illinois Association:

I desire to acknowledge the receipt of your very cordial invitation to be present at the Banquet to be given in commemoration of the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of our native State, and regret to announce my inability to join you in the festivities of the occasion.

Every loyal Vermonter will rejoice with me to know that our brothers who have gone into voluntary exile, are still, as the poet hath it, though not in the same ignoble sense,—

"True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good."

While we at home feel the drain upon our mental, moral and industrial resources, by reason of the exodus of so many of our noble sons and daughters, who leave their mountain homes and scatter themselves, with their thrift and sturdy principles, like leaven among the heterogeneous population of the deep-soiled prairies of the West, we know that our loss is others' gain. We see in the impulse which prompts them to seek other climes, the hand of that Providence, which, before time was, had ordained that the seat of empire should

"Turn opposite the earth's diurnal motion!"

should march Westward, until it plant its standard, may we hope never to be overthrown, in the very centre of this vast continent, whose arms stretch upon either sea, an immense treasure-house of national

resources as yet almost untouched, and with an opulence of untested possibilities not yet dreamed of. Then this nation, born a pygmy and a child of the storm, shall stride a giant, a very collossus, and give laws and language to the entire world.

Gentlemen, these thoughts are not the mere idle vaporings of conceited and disordered imaginations. They are the prophetic visions of scores of the wisest men of the old world, who saw with intuitive glance into futurity before our ancestors had broken from their chrysalis state of colonial dependence.

The first century of our National existence has more than fulfilled the measure of prophetic promise.

Whether the future will furnish a fulfillment of these prophetic visions in their full fruition, will depend upon how well we carry on the great work so well begun. Let us see to it that we transmit to our children unimpaired, all those inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty which we received as a precious legacy from our ancestors.

Thomas Hood, in response to some fulsome laudation of his native land, once replied: "*Ireland is the finest country in the world to live out of.*" Douglas' famous witticism—"Vermont is a good state to emigrate from"—smacks of the same conceit, and because of the implied disparagement of our mother state, I think we may be pardoned if we charge the little giant with purloining his wit from the famous Irish humorist.

But we at home do not attribute your hegira from our borders to such impotent conclusions, nor believe, with Milton that, "that is every man's country where he is best off." Indeed, we are almost ready to believe that our patriotism is directly as the square of the distance, and that one must need to dwell abroad to learn the full value of home.

This organization, gentlemen, which you represent, and the occasion which you commemorate, is ample evidence of the reverence and affection with which you regard the homes of your youth and the graves of your fathers. No country of adoption can be to one altogether what is the country of one's birth. Others may afford him the same protection, equal or greater facilities for material prosperity, but there will ever be chastened feelings and tender associations clustering around the thoughts of our native land.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee."

One's pride of our native State, is after all but pride of ancestry on a broader scale, which does not savor too much of vanity or personal conceit. No age which has not held in high regard the noble achievements of its ancestors, has ever achieved what will command the respect and reverence of posterity; and all occasions which recall the memories of the past, which tend to engender in the heart of the young, reverential feelings towards a noble ancestry, are worthy of encouragement.

Amid all the varied scenes and trying circumstances which environed the cradles of the early States, none were so peculiar or so

trying as those amid which Vermont struggled into existence. None but sturdy patriots and hardy mountaineers could have maintained her independence and integrity, and planted her ensign side by side with that of her powerful neighbor, who thought to gather her under her wings as one needing protection. If we carry with us through life the memory of their noble deeds, of their stern morality, and strive to emulate their achievements in war and in peace, we shall best show our reverence for the virtues of our fathers, and transmit a heritage to our children as noble as that which came down to us.

But let us not in our pride for our native soil, forget the good old cause of freedom everywhere. Let there be no contention between sister states save in a holy zeal for establishing more firmly the fundamental principles of political and religious liberty, of commercial and industrial liberty and equality. Let us not close our doors to the oppressed of any land; which open, have forced European governments to be more generous, more just and more humane to their subjects, lest we inadvertently obstruct the plans of Providence for the enlightenment of the ignorant, and the emancipation of the oppressed of all climes.

Let us labor to prevent those extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor, which naturally increase as nations mature, and which are so dangerous to the nation and inimical to the happiness of its citizens, and strive to suppress that seeming antagonism between capital and labor, by acting justly in whichever position we may be placed.

"Then let us pray, that come what may,
And come it will for a' that,
That man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that."

I fear I have been guilty of pelting you with too much serious reflection, while I should have ordered my speech more in keeping with the joyous festivities of the occasion.

Perchance it may not mingle unprofitably with the livelier exercises of the day.

Permit me in closing, to tender you in behalf of Vermont, the felicitations of 300,000 Vermonters that it was your good fortune to have been born in a State whose air was too free ever to have been breathed by a slave. I am, yours very truly,

HORACE FAIRBANKS.

[From Ex-Governor Hiland Hall.]

NORTH BENNINGTON VT., Jan. 12, 1878.

ALBERT D. HAGER, Esq.

Secretary of the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont:

DEAR SIR:—I should be very glad to be able to comply with the very kind invitation of the Association to be present at their Banquet, on the coming Anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of

our beloved State. It is an event well worthy to be commemorated by the descendants of the brave and far-seeing men who dared to make it and maintain it, amid complicated perils that might well have appalled the stoutest hearts. It would afford me very great pleasure to be with you in your great and flourishing city on the 17th instant, but at the advanced age of nearly 83, I cannot venture to attempt it. With the warmest wishes for the prosperity of your Association, I am, dear sir,

Very Respectfully Yours,

HILAND HALL.

[From Ex-Governor Ryland Fletcher.]

PROCTORSVILLE, VT., Jan. 3, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:—The very courteous invitation of the “Sons of Vermont,” extended through you, to be present “at the Anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of Vermont,” was duly received. Most gladly would I be with those sons,—brothers of mine, children of the same good mother,—but the infirmities of age forbid. It is eminently fit that this generation of Vermonters should mark the return of that day on which her independence was proclaimed. To let the day pass undistinguished by appropriate demonstrations, we should prove ourselves degenerate children, unworthy of our high lineage. The services, sacrifices and sufferings of our fathers, form a sacred legacy, that should be cherished, and handed down to other generations. They sowed the seeds of prosperity, that their sons might reap the harvest. I suppose it will be in pursuance of the purposes of the anniversary, to direct the mind to prominent passages in the history of Vermont. Her sons may well call up the heroism, the glorious deeds of the fathers; it is a noble impulse that inclines them to preserve and perpetuate the story. No sons were ever called to build the tombs and write the epitaphs of more worthy ancestors than the “Sons of Vermont.” To look back to those days when our fathers lived; when plain old farmers rose up to the stature of great men, is adapted to excite gratitude and patriotism. The State they founded has advanced in all the arts and industries that contribute to human welfare; filled with pleasant homes, and an intelligent, magnanimous people. It is in Vermont that the truest, purest type of democracy is found, resting on the basis of universal intelligence and virtue. In no State can be found a loftier patriotism, a more undying hatred of slavery. When treason raised her bloody hand to tear down the fabric of our government, the people of no State rallied with more enthusiasm than the people of Vermont. Her Green Mountain boys marched in quick time to vindicate the honor and glory of the Union. Well might the order be given: “Put the Vermonters in the front, and close up the column.”

Through all the ages, emigration has moved Westward. Some Vermont boys have joined in the march, and strayed away from home. It is to their credit that they appear to recognize the fact, that it is a very high compliment to have been *born* in Vermont. I trust that the principles and habits they learned in early life, will be like leaven, permeating every State in the Union; and that no act of theirs will bring a stain of dishonor upon their native State. Vermont never favored the idea of raising half-made men; mere babies in men's garments; no! but men that can stand alone, and meet the claims that the country and the age make upon them. Vermonters claim to be legitimate sovereigns, born to govern themselves. They repudiate kings, but they go for queens; I mean those that are elected by individual suffrage; whose crown is their native beauty and excellence. How happy I should be to mingle in the company of such queens on the 17th. The "Sons" should keep in mind that some erratic spirits that have wandered away from home, have made a sad failure. One fellow, we learn, strayed off, and used up all his stamps, and came home very shabby. His brother, that stuck to the old homestead, had "bread enough, and to spare."

I often notice glowing accounts of the West; they appear almost fabulous. Her productions are immense. The public journals have recently been decorated with startling accounts of a product that is indigenous in the West; it is said to exceed in depth and bulk anything of the kind in the known world; the technical scientific name of the huge product is *mud*. Bismark is quoted as saying that "bayonets are not a good institution to sit down upon," neither is that institution I have alluded to. Vermont, in her shrewdness, has kept a few of her *favorite boys* within her border. Their company is very agreeable, and the safety of the State is thus assured. This has, so far, checked emigration, and has been a bar to my *going to Congress*.

I would say to the "Sons," do not sit down to bask in the sunshine of *ancestral honors*, but be the arbiters of your own characters and fortune. Let your lives shed sunshine on every circle in which you move; carry in your bosoms hearts that beat responsive to all that is generous and good.

I would mention, in off-set to the West, one great production of Vermont, more precious than diamonds: *Ten Ex-Governors, all living.*

Be pleased to make my highest regards to the Committee, and to every man, woman and child that ever lived in Vermont.

I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully Yours,

RYLAND FLETCHER.

[From Ex-Governor John B. Page.]

RUTLAND, VERMONT, Jan. 8, 1878.

HON. A. D. HAGER,

Secretary Sons of Vermont:

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation for the 17th inst., the occasion of the celebration of the Independence of their native state by the Sons of Vermont, now residing in Illinois. I regret exceedingly, that I am not permitted to be present, as nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear the praises of our Green Mountain Home sounded by those, who, having gone forth from her borders, know how dear she is to every true Vermonter.

I am sure your gathering will be a pleasant one, and hope that your organization may long continue a source of enjoyment to you all.

I have the honor to be,

Yours cordially,

JOHN B. PAGE.

[From Ex-Governor Frederick Holbrook.]

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Jan. 7, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your esteemed favor of the 24th ult. was duly received, conveying to me the polite invitation of yourself and the Executive Committee of the Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont, to attend the Banquet of the Association, at Chicago, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst.

It would give me much pleasure to be able to accept this invitation, and meet the worthy sons of our dear old State on such a joyous and friendly occasion, but circumstances which I cannot control prevent my attendance.

Please present my warmest thanks to the Executive Committee for their kind invitation, and accept the same for yourself.

The history of Vermont, from her earliest day to the present, is one of very great interest and pride to her sons, and we point to her as one of the best models of a free Commonwealth, in all that bears upon and personally interests a freeman. May her example ever give an influence for the good of mankind. I am, with kind regards,

Very Truly Yours,

F. HOLBROOK.

[From President Buckingham.]

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

BURLINGTON, VT., Jan. 14, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, *Sec'y, &c.:*

DEAR SIR:—Few things would give me more pleasure than to accept the cordial invitation you have conveyed to me to be present at the

Banquet of the "Sons of Vermont," at Chicago, on the 17th inst. If I may judge of the Association from its officers, of whom I notice that the President, the first Vice-President and the Treasurer are from this College; the second Vice-President one of its honorary Alumni, and the Secretary an old associate in educational work; they are men with whom it would be extremely pleasant for me to forgather, but though I am only an adopted son of Vermont, I have learned the ways of the family so well that I don't like to run away from my post in working-time. So wishing a pleasant re-union to all who have the good fortune to be present, and hoping to be with you myself on some future occasion, I am,

Very cordially yours,

M. H. BUCKHAM.

[From Hon. Geo. Nichols.]

NORTHFIELD, VERMONT, Jan. 10, 1878.

HON. ALBERT D. HAGER, *Secretary, &c., Chicago, Ill.*:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your invitation to be present at the "Banquet of the Sons of Vermont," to be held in your city on the 17th inst., and for the kind remembrance, I desire to extend to you, and through you, to the members of your Association, my grateful acknowledgments.

I can conceive of no greater pleasure than would be afforded by meeting upon such an occasion, the "gallant sons" whose filial regard for our common mother, is so tenderly expressed, and my great regret is the distance that compels me to deny myself the coveted pleasure. Let me give you:—

The Sons of Vermont: Wherever found, always characterized by the attributes of a noble manhood, industry and enterprise, intelligence and integrity. Foremost in the progress of the age, their sovereignty needs no other recognition than is expressed in those living words: "Put the Vermonters ahead, and keep the ranks well closed up."

With assurances of continued personal regard, I am,

Yours very truly,

GEO. NICHOLS.

[From Senator Morrill.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1878.

PROF. A. D. HAGER,

Sec'y Ill. Asso. of the Sons of Vermont, Chicago, Ill.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your invitation, of the 19th ult., to the First Annual Festival of the Sons of Vermont in Chicago, on January 17, and I should gladly accept, were it not that my duties here place obstacles in the way too great to be overcome.

Nowhere would such an association be more appropriate than in Chicago, which has largely drawn its population from nearly parallel lines of latitude, and to which our beloved native State has made such liberal contributions of its enterprising sons. The characteristic energy, of which Chicago has long been the foremost American type, I feel sure, suffers no diminution by the infusion of the life-blood received from the Green Mountain State. The young swarms that wing their way abroad, though their departure causes a pang of regret, it is to be hoped may never weaken the Old Hive at home, however largely they may excel it in gathering the sweet prizes of honor and fortune which rarely fail to crown integrity, courage and labor, even in the old States and far less in the new.

As I cannot be present in person, if it be permissible, I will send instead a sentiment:—

The Sons of Vermont, in Chicago: They need no watching, save what they are sure to get from their mother at home and the girls they left behind them.

With cordial esteem,

Sincerely yours,

JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

[From Hon. James Barrett.]

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, Jan'y 7th, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

Sec'y of "The Sons of Vermont:"

Your invitation of December 19th, to be present at your Festival on the 17th of January, was duly in hand. Twice in the early period of my manhood I went forth with my inheritance—poverty filling my basket—bidding adieu to Vermont as my home. Providence sent me back; and now, for nearly thirty years, I have, “with heart untraveled,” had my “lot and care” within the “few paternal acres” making the Green Mountain homestead, for short called “Vermont.” I am not disposed “to put on airs” towards you, and such as you who have had the misfortune to continue pilgrims and sojourners away from the paternal farm. I am glad that you are in mood to “sing Zion’s songs in a strange land,” and I trust with the accompaniment of harps taken down from the willows, which will show that you do not regard your place by the waters of Michigan as did the good people of old their place “by the waters of Babylon.”

Gladly I recognize my brotherhood with the Sons of Vermont; *ubicunque gentium* they may be abiding, and I should be very glad to be with you of Chicago on the 17th inst., but my duties in the Judicial mill will prevent. “The God of love and peace be with you,” so long as you affectionately remember and revere Vermont.

Most Cordially,

JAMES BARRETT.

[From Senator Edmunds.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—I have yours of the 19th inst. I greatly regret that it will be impossible for me to attend the Festival of the Sons of Vermont, on the 17th prox. This year in particular you celebrate certainly an important anniversary and one that is almost unique to our State. No other State that I know of, except in a certain sense Texas, had a separate and absolutely independent existence for so many years before she became a member of the American Union. At this distance of time we can scarcely realize the fortitude, energy and self-denial of a people in maintaining themselves as our forefathers did, during that period. I think we may all be proud of our history, early and late, and also of that of the great body of her sons and daughters, who have gone forth into other States and lands, imbued with her spirit and practising on her example. Wishing you every felicity on this occasion, I am

Very truly yours,

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

GEO. F. EDMUND.

Sec'y &c., &c., Chicago, Ill..

[From Hon. Geo. H. Bigelow.]

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 13, 1878.

PROF. A. D. HAGER,

Secretary "Sons of Vermont," Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—It is with exceeding regret that I am obliged to forego the pleasure of accepting your courteous invitation to be present at the First Annual Festival of the "Sons of Vermont" of Chicago.

Vermonters make their mark in whatever clime fortune directs them; but nowhere are they more distinguished for intellectual ability, social virtues and worldly success than in the Garden City of the West.

I know your gathering will be a right enjoyable occasion, for wherever Vermonters are gathered together their noble old State is sure to receive fitting honor in speech and song.

Very truly yours,

GEO. H. BIGELOW.

[From Hon. E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia.]

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 2d, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received the kind, and to me, most gratifying invitation from the Sons of Vermont to attend their Banquet at the

Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, on the Seventeenth of January last, too late for my reply to reach them at that date, and hence I trust my failure to make an earlier response will be excused. It would have afforded me much satisfaction to have been present upon that occasion; or, indeed, at any gathering of the sons of my beloved native State. I am proud of them and of their record, wherever written; and confess that my affections go forth to them somewhat more spontaneously than to the children of other States, although I trust my patriotism and love of country are not diminished by this sentiment of clanship.

Be kind enough to convey to the Executive Committee, and through them to the noble body of men they represent, my thanks for the honor tendered me, and my regret that I was unable to be with them to celebrate the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of our Native State.

With great respect,

Truly yours,

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

E. W. STOUGHTON.

Secretary, &c.

[From Hon. Dudley C. Denison.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan'y 14, 1878.

HON. A. D. HAGER,

Sec'y of Illinois Association Sons of Vermont:

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your courteous invitation to the Banquet of the Sons of Vermont, on the 17th, and most sincerely wish I could be present, but "what *can* not be, *will* not be," and I can only salute you.

These meetings of the sons of one State scattered abroad in another, and renewedly stirring up the various and loving remembrances of their former homes and earlier friends, can but serve to feed and keep alive that love of the whole country, which alone is true patriotism. We may sometime see in each State such associations, of the former citizens of other States, and how closely shall the messages of good will and kind wishes knit us all in common brotherhood. Whatever will thus tend to strengthen the bonds of our National Union, may God speed.

"No *State* liveth to herself alone!"

One Country, one Flag, one Destiny!

Please present to the Illinois Association my love, as that of a true Vermonter to his fellows.

Yours Very Respectfully,

D. C. DENISON.

[From Hon. Chas. H. Joyce.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan'y 1st, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

Sec'y Illinois Association Sons of Vermont:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your esteemed favor of the 19th ult., inviting me to attend the First Annual Festival of the Sons of Vermont, at Chicago, on the 17th of the present month, was duly received. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than the privilege of attending such a gathering, but my duties here are such that it will be impossible for me to leave. While I should enjoy beyond measure meeting with the men who have so honored their native State, I yet feel that the present exigencies demand that every Vermonter on guard at the National Capitol should be constantly at his post. Be pleased, sir, to accept for yourself, and convey to your honored Association my warmest thanks for the invitation, and my best wishes for the future honor and prosperity of our beloved State, and all her noble sons.

Sincerely Yours,

CHARLES H. JOYCE.

[From Hon. Frederick Billings,]

WOODSTOCK, Vt., Jan'y 1, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

Secretary, &c., Chicago:

MY DEAR SIR:—The Sons of Vermont in Illinois will find great delight in their Association, and I would like exceedingly to be present at their First Annual Festival on the 17th inst., to which I am so kindly invited by your letter. I lived nearly twenty years on the Pacific coast, and know how a Vermonter feels away from his old home. The State looks smaller to him on the map, but greater in history and character. Small as the State is, wherever he goes, he will find fellow Vermonters, all full of love and respect for Vermont; all, as a general rule, giving token of their place of birth by their moral and business force, and nearly all cherishing the hope of getting back to the Old Homestead to spend their last days. I am back already; but that fact only adds to my interest in the family gatherings of those who are away, and though I cannot be with you in person, on the 17th, I shall be in spirit. May the Sons of Vermont, everywhere and always, be worthy of their parentage, and may Vermont never fail to be worthy of her sons.

Very Sincerely Yours,

FREDERICK BILLINGS.

[From Hon. D. E. Nicholson.]

RUTLAND, Vt., December 20, 1877.

MY OLD FRIEND HAGER:

SIR:—I am in receipt of *several* polite invitations from your “Sons of Vermont,” to participate in their approaching Anniversary Festival, one of which I credit to you.

It would repay a journey across the continent to share in the anticipated entertainment, but my duties will not allow me the indulgence. If I was young and had a thousand years to live, I would sacrifice two or three of the first hundred in Chicago, accumulating means for the enjoyment of the balance, in our good old State of Vermont.

Accept for yourself, and tender to the Vermont Chicagoans, respect and congratulations.

Very Truly,

D. E. NICHOLSON.

[From Hon. E. P. Walton.]

MONTPELIER, Jan. 15, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:—Thanks for the invitation to the Festival of the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont. I am sure I should find great pleasure could I be present, but I am forced to rely upon being represented by proxy, by at least three graduates from the office of the VERMONT WATCHMAN AND STATE JOURNAL, now in Chicago, to wit: DANA, JAMESON and MORSE. The fact is that I am at present unable to travel, though I can work in my house on Vermont history, gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost. Let the Sons of Vermont in Illinois make history that shall be honorable to themselves, and to their little, but beautiful and glorious, mother State.

I have read the proceedings of past meetings of your Association with great interest, and I look for a feast as the result of your proceedings on the 17th.

I am yours, and the Association's,

With Brotherly Love,

E. P. WALTON.

[From Hon. Timothy P. Redfield.]

MONTPELIER, Dec. 28, 1877.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your invitation to meet the “Sons of Vermont” of the great State of the West, in her “Garden City” on the 17th prox., is received. I regret very much that my official duties will require my attendance in Court at that time.

I bespeak for your banquet not merely a pleasant and social entertainment, but that it may serve to revive and implant deeply the memories of a noble ancestry; and that it may inspire a philosophy as noble and limitless as *truth*; and enkindle a patriotism as broad as the National flag, which symbolizes protection to our whole domain, and every race, kindred and tongue.

I shall remain, ever sincerely yours, &c.,

TIMO. P. REDFIELD.

[From Hon. Wm. M. Everts.]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, Jan'y 2, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the kind invitation of the Illinois Association of "Sons of Vermont," to be present at the First Annual Festival of the Association, in Chicago, on the 17th inst.

I regret extremely that it will not be in my power to be present with the members of the Association on so interesting an occasion.

Very Truly Yours,

WM. M. EVERTS.

To PROFESSOR A. D. HAGER, *Secretary.*

[From Moses E. Cheney.]

BARNARD, VT., Jan. 12, 1878.

To ALBERT D. HAGER,

Sec'y of "Sons of Vermont," Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—Your cordial invitation to attend the Banquet of Chicago's Vermonters, commemorative of a noble day's work at Westminster, 101 years ago, is cheering; a day which declared the solitary independence of Vermont, 14 years before she united with the other States. Yes, here stood Vermont, the wonder of the present and the admiration of the future; glorying in her mountains and valleys;

"Loving her rocks and rills,
Her woods and templed hills;"

serenely minding her rural business; alone, distinct, sacred, defiant. And here, to-day, she stands on her second century, "a good State to be born in, and to emigrate from;" a good State to live in, to die in, and to go to heaven from. She is proud of her children at home, and of those she qualifies and sends forth to labor in distant fields. Proud of her great men and of her commonality, and never prouder than now, when her domestic concerns are all prosperous; while her cattle are as good as any, and her sheep and horses yet hold the pre-eminence; when her distinguished sons abroad, ever and anon, adore their

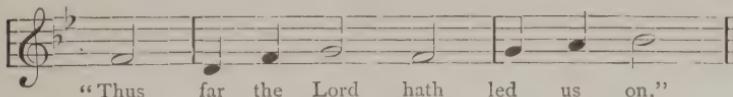
Alma Mater, and occasionally rush to banquet halls for an *especial* season, to give vent to their exuberance of filial feeling, for what she was, is now, and ever shall be, and when her Representatives and Senators of Congress lead in the affairs of the nation.

Mr. Secretary, if for reasons which history relates, Vermont had not the honor of being one of the original States, she in glory surpassed them all by her *haughty* declaration and her *heroic* maintenance of an *isolated* independence, surrounded by clamorous opposition from superior forces on every side. And Vermont is known and read of all men, the world over, as the most distinguished in sovereignty of the American States. She alone had the opportunity, and she alone took it. And, sir, I trust there will not be a son of Vermont at your brilliant festival, that will not there and then feel resting upon him, like a garment, an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, necessarily inherited from his native State.

Sir, your Association reminds the old nucleus that much of her glory is away from home. Chicago is but one of the cities where straying Vermonters light, and more halt on prairies than in cities; yet I venture the assertion that, there is scarcely a nook or corner of inhabited Vermont, that is not represented in Chicago. Take this small pastoral township of Barnard, of only about 1200 people, your "Richmond House" was built by one of our natives. He was the first to connect the Western Lakes by freight boats. He started your "Chamber of Commerce," and if he was not the most important father of Chicago, he certainly ranked with a very few of its earliest leaders. THOMAS RICHMOND, though eighty, is still perfectly intelligent. The graves of the parents of FRANCIS STEVENS are in our burying ground. BLACKMER, noted for printed Sabbath School Sheets, was one of us; so was CHARLES Atwood, of "*The Times*." Dr. I. N. DANFORTH was born here, and so was Dr. L. D. CLARKE. I think of more, but I am finding too many. I could mention as many important names in St. Louis from Barnard. We have now none of the names of some of the largest families of 40 years ago; none left to shake hands with, such a good town is this to emigrate from. I suppose Barnard to be an average specimen in this matter. I know of some of your "Sons" from adjacent towns, as Royalton, Bethel, Randolph, Pomfret, Woodstock; and others from more distant towns, as Montpelier, Craftsbury, Irasburgh, Hardwick, Danville and Chelsea. A book containing full Vermont details of this sort, would be worth glancing at occasionally. I hope, sir, that your company will be able to make a list of about a quarter of the Vermonters in Chicago; if so, they will have several hundred.

Mr. Secretary, you do not expect me and Mrs. Cheney and our two daughters to share in your entertainment of the 17th, but if I could be with you on the blessed occasion, I should expect to see many of my former pupils, whom, in their juvenile days, I used to gather into my school-room, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and in permitting themselves to be thus gathered, how widely they differed from wicked Jerusalem, who refused a much better hen.

Oh, sir! could I be in *body* with you at your sumptuous feast, and look around upon the gray-haired men and women who, in their early years "took my yoke upon them, and learn'd of me," to beat time and to read music, I think I should be tempted to give the pitch to old Hebron, and lead off with



and perhaps we would have a little congregational singing to the tune Boylston, all of which you can have without me.

Below is "Sentiment."

Vermonters Abroad: They are Vermont's best friends; and her "Sons" in Chicago are making themselves felt as such. May Peace, Prosperity and Plenteousness abound within their palaces. AMEN.

MOSES ELA CHENEY.

[From Hon. Dan'l Roberts.]

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 14, 1878.

ALBERT D. HAGER, Esq.,

Secretary, &c.:

MY DEAR SIR:—It would be a great pleasure for me to join the band of estray Vermonters in Chicago, on the 17th, and participate in the celebration of the Declaration of Independence of our sturdy little State, but I find it impossible to do so. I did up a little glorification of this kind at the "Vermont Centennial" Celebration, at Bennington, on the 15th of August last; and now, in style more prosaic, I am giving the last turn to the screw which shall compress into some 900 printed pages of the "Vermont Digest," the wisdom of all the Judges who have ever sat upon real bench or supposition wool-sack in Vermont, until now, flowing diluted through nearly sixty voluines of Reports, making the said wisdom sententious, not quite in the manner of Solomon, but more in the line of Martin Farquar Tupper.

You will naturally be moved at your gathering, as your thoughts turn towards your birth-place, and you recall the stirring romance of our State's history, to take to yourselves some of the glory that belongs to it, and to speak out, impulsively, in praise of Vermont, her history, her institutions, her homes and her people. Now, I pray you to take free rein, nor allow your ardor to be chilled by any frosty breathings of Lake Michigan, nor suffer the habit of modest and unpretentious bearing, which a residence in Chicago has compelled you, for the sake of conformity to the people around you, to assume, to restrain you from full-mouthed utterances of your inner impulses and enthusiasm, which so well befit the subject and the occasion.

Very Truly, Your Friend and Servant,

DAN'L ROBERTS.

[From L. E. Chittenden, Ex-Register U. S. Treasury.]

NEW YORK, December 24, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to the Banquet of the Illinois Association of the “Sons of Vermont,” on what you appropriately call the “Anniversary” of her Declaration of Independence, is received. I cannot be content with the statement that “I regret that business engagements prevent my acceptance!” I prefer to say that my heart warms toward Vermonters whenever I hear from them. The men who originated Vermont were the best men of New England. They secured her independence against powers and influences which would have crushed resistance in any other colony. Their courage, intellect and sacrifices, have gained her a glorious early history. Their descendants have proved worthy of their sires. At home, they have the best Government, the best Schools, the best Credit, the best Character, the best History, as compared with any other State. Abroad, throughout the world, they are leaders of men; energetic, faithful, independent workmen in all good enterprises. I cannot be with you, but you will be very happy on the evening of January 17th, 1878, if my earnest wishes can add to your enjoyment. As I have said, so many times before, as for

“*Old Vermont; God Bless Her! God Bless Her! !*”

Cordially Yours,

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

Secretary, &c., Chicago.

[From E. H. Bennett.]

TAUNTON, MASS., Jan. 11, 1878.

HON. H. N. HIBBARD AND OTHERS,

Executive Committee of the Sons of Vermont.

GENTLEMEN:—Thanks for your invitation to the Banquet of the Sons of Vermont, on the 17th instant.

It would give me much pleasure to be present on that enjoyable occasion; but time and space will not permit.

Vermont has a special interest for me, not only as the State of my birth, but because of its early settlement by people from the place of my adoption.

In the year 1735, several citizens of Taunton, whose names are before me, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts, then supposed to have jurisdiction over the southern portion of Vermont territory, for incorporation as a new town, to be called Township No. One, or New Taunton. They organized in a little school house, still standing when I came to town, in 1848, and proceeded to locate and lay out a new town in what is now Westminster, Vt. Not long after, it being ascertained that they were north of the Massachusetts line, they sold

out their improvements to settlers, who claimed under a subsequent grant from Gov. Benning, of N. H., and returned to this place, where they lived the remainder of their days.

This interesting historical fact may not be generally known to the Sons of Vermont, and apparently was not to Mr. Thompson, the author of *The History of Vermont*, for he says, speaking of Westminister: "This township was chartered, Nov. 9, 1752. At what precise time the settlement commenced, it is now difficult to ascertain. One of the oldest inhabitants thinks it to have been about the year 1741."

But since his book was published, the early records of the first proprietors was accidentally discovered among a lot of old papers in the Court House in Keene, N. H., and the facts found to be as I have stated them above.

Thus Taunton had the honor of instituting the first township in Vermont, and Vermont had the honor, if it be one, of furnishing the first Mayor of the City of Taunton.

Wishing you all a happy time at your symposium, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD H. BENNETT.

[From the President of Michigan University.]

ANN ARBOR, Dec. 24, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to thank you most heartily for the invitation to meet the "Sons of Vermont" at their banquet. Though I am a son of Vermont only by adoption, Vermont treated me so kindly and her sterling virtues impressed me so strongly, that I hardly yield to any of her sons in filial affection for the grand old State. I believe the people of Vermont form the purest democracy in the world to-day. I should like to greet her worthy sons now residing in Chicago, many of whom I am fortunate enough to know well; but my engagements will necessarily deprive me of the pleasure of accepting the invitation you so kindly extend to me.

Yours very truly,

MR. A. D. HAGER,

Secretary, &c.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

[From Hon. Luke P. Poland.]

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Dec. 31, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Annual Festival of the Sons of Vermont, on the 17th of January, at Chicago, has been duly received. I assure you it would afford me the greatest pleasure to be able to accept it, and be with you on that occasion. But business engagements make it quite impossible. I have many personal

acquaintances among the Sons of Vermont in Chicago, and it is exceedingly grateful to my feelings to know that they continue to love and cherish the memory of their old Green Mountain home, equally with those of us who still remain therein. I beg you to extend my personal regards to those whom I know, and to all, my regrets that I am unable to be present.

With many thanks to yourself,

Very sincerely yours,

A. D. HAGER, Esq.

LUKE P. POLAND.

[From Prof. A. H. Worthen, State Geologist of Illinois]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 14, 1878.

JOHN N. HILLS, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—Your cordial invitation to be present at the Anniversary Banquet of the Sons of Vermont, to be given at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on the 17th inst., is before me, and I regret that pressing official duties must prevent me from being with you on that occasion.

Among the pleasant recollections of my past life, none are sweeter or more distinctly engraved on memory's tablet than those connected with my old Vermont home, and if, as the lamented Douglas is reported to have said, "Vermont is a good State to emigrate from," I can respond, it is also a good State to return to, and there is no spot on God's green earth that I can revisit with greater pleasure, than the green hills, sunny vales and purling streams of the old Green Mountain State. Trusting that your reunion will be one of transcendent enjoyment to all who may be so fortunate as to participate, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

A. H. WORTHEN.

[From Peter Saxe.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Jan. 7th, 1878.

W. W. CHANDLER,

MY DEAR SIR:—From the fragrant orange groves of Los Angeles, Cal., I waft my greeting to old Vermont.

However odious the comparison between this and that, she is my *mother!* and as a dutiful son I venerate her. Though her *cap* be of snow, and her *sandals* of ice, her brave and noble sons, her accomplished and virtuous daughters *attest*, that beneath her granite ribs beats a warm and honest heart.

PETER SAXE.

[From S. B. Wells, for many years Door-keeper of House of Rep., Washington.]

ATHENS, Vt., Dec. 20, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND HAGER:—Your cordial invitation to attend the “Banquet” has been received. Many thanks for the kind remembrance of myself and wife.

* * * * * Vermont is a very good old State. She has done many good things in her day. She has done more for others than for herself. She has given the West the cream and kept the skim-milk. Just look up and down the tables when you are enjoying “John B. Drake’s best” and see if I am not correct. We have some good men left, but they lack the snap and go-ahead that those have who had the good luck to emigrate to the great, growing and wide-awake West. I like Vermont; but we are a close-fisted set. I like your Western style of men better, and wish I were one among you and had a finger in the pie,—especially one of John B. Drake’s best, on the 17th.

Cordially,

S. B. WELLS.

[From Hon. F. E. Woodbridge.]

VERGENNES, Jan. 14, 1878.

A. D. HAGER, Esq.,

Secretary, &c.

DEAR SIR:—It would give me great pleasure to accept the invitation of the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont, to be present at their First Annual Festival, at Chicago, on the 17th instant. Professional engagements, however, render it impossible. The conservatism of Vermont, both politically and socially; the general intelligence of her people; their respect for religion, and their obedience to law, has given her an influence among the States vastly disproportionate to her area or population.

When I see in the business centres of the Great West, the Sons of Vermont foremost in trade and commerce, and in the learned professions, I somewhat feel the truth of the saying of the lamented Douglas, “that Vermont is a good State to emigrate from.”

Her sons that have gone out from her, have honored their mother; and we who have remained under the shadows of the grand old mountains are proud of their record. I wish I could be with you, with a warm hand and warmer heart, right from the old hearth-stone, and assure you in person of the pride Vermont has in her children, who, in larger fields, are winning for themselves honorable names, and reflecting honor upon their native State.

Very truly Yours,

F. E. WOODBRIDGE.

[From Hon. E. J. Phelps.]

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, Jan. 9, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank the “ Sons of Vermont ” for their invitation to the Festival, on the 17th inst., and sincerely regret that it will not be in my power to accept it.

There are no sons of Vermont anywhere, who are more justly entitled to celebrate her birthday with thanksgiving and congratulation, than those who have made her name so known and honored in the noble State of Illinois.

Pray present to them all, my most cordial and kindly regards, and assure them that my heart will be with them on the day of their festivities.

Trusting, and not doubting, that the occasion will prove every way worthy of them and of our beloved State, I remain,

Very respectfully and cordially yours,

PROF. A. D. HAGER,

E. J. PHELPS.

Secretary.

[From T. D. Browne.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 16, 1878.

GENTLEMEN:—As the *bars* are put up between me and you, because I was born in Lyme, N. H., and was carried into Vermont to be raised, because of the rocky nature of New Hampshire soil, allow me to respond to the following Toast:

New England, and the West.

The *West!* the *West!* the wide spreading West,
Where Lakes and Prairies are biggest and best;
The place to raise cattle, raise wheat, and raise corn;
But *never* the place for man to be born.

New England! New England! among thy green hills,
Where bright sparkling waters run thousands of Mills;
Where the first rays of sunlight the hilltops adorn:
There! there! is the place for man to be born.

And when they are grown in their manhood and strength,
They seek them new homes o'er the breadth and the length
Of this mighty Nation; North, South, East and West:
Making laws for the people, the wisest and best.

Now here stands VERMONT, in her manhood and pride,
That she's well represented cannot be denied;
And when I say this the story is told—
Of one *Old Vermonter*, left out in the cold.

Yours truly,

T. B. BROWNE.

[From W. H. H. Bingham.]

STOWE, VT., Jan'y 12, 1878.

PROF. A. D. HAGER,

Secretary, &c.:

SIR:—Thanks for your invitation to the Annual Festival of the “Sons of Vermont.” Distance and want of time forbid me the pleasure. As you meet to exchange greetings, keep in mind those you have left behind, to bear the burdens and sustain the respectability of the State you have deserted. I feel proud of those who have emigrated from this State, and who could feel otherwise when they look upon their high standing in almost every department of life?

In your adopted State, Vermonters give character and standing to the Bench, the Profession, the Press, Arts and Sciences, the Commercial and Industrial interests. Who can fail to be proud of such representatives? What decision of purpose, what energy of character, what love of freedom, was displayed to the world in declaring the Independence of Vermont!

Were I present, I would offer:

The Sons and Daughters of Vermont: May their integrity be as prominent, and their devotion to principle as bold before the world, as are her mountains to the surrounding country.

Respectfully Your Obedient Servant,

W. H. H. BINGHAM.

[From Chas. M. Bliss.]

BENNINGTON, VT., Jan. 12th, 1878.

TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE “SONS OF VERMONT,”

Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN:—It will be impossible for me to attend the Banquet of your Association, but I cannot avoid sending my kindly greetings.

Your Association does well to gather annually and revive the memories of early days, and you could select no more propitious day than the Anniversary of Vermont's Independence, for this purpose. Jared Sparks, in his biography of Ethan Allen, well says, that “the first settlement of Vermont, and the early struggles of its inhabitants, not only in subduing a wilderness, but in establishing an independent government, afford some of the most remarkable incidents in American history.” In speaking of the bold and hardy enterprise of the first settlers here, of their indomitable spirit of freedom, and of their sturdy perseverance in instituting a well ordered government out of the scattered settlements of the New Hampshire Grants, he truly remarks, that “to the historian this is an attractive theme.”

Add to this the unique controversy with the greedy land ring of New York; the Council of Safety's mandatory suggestions, eagerly

caught at by Stark, to fight the battle of Bennington on his own responsibility, not only without aid from the General Government, but in the face of the positive orders of Schuyler; supplement to these the long drawn out negotiations with Canada, proving that the Revolutionary period produced other diplomatists than Benjamin Franklin. Remember, further, that the Federal Union looked askance at these rough settlers of the wilderness, denying this "Bennington Mob," that had won the victory which had made her a nation, admission to her fold. Be mindful, moreover, of their frontier position, making them for years the barrier between the savage of the forests on the West and North, and the settlements at the East and South, and we have a theme which is doubly attractive, for we have a community confessedly the most "dangerously independent" of any of the communities of those intensely democratic days. Their dauntless souls well earned for them the proud distinction which Burgoyne gave them, of being the "most active and rebellious race of the continent."

Is it any wonder that a State, born of such convulsions, developed for itself principles of self-government which have stood the test of more than a century? Any wonder that it has sent out from its borders an influence that has impressed itself, through its citizens widely scattered over the land, in new communities and new States? That it early produced judges who remanded no slave to his master, except upon a "bill of sale from God Almighty?" That when armed rebellion attacked the life of the nation, it was the equal of the sturdiest in repelling the attack, and in the considerate care of her "boys in blue," her "name led all the rest?" That when the contest was over, not unmindful of misfortune, it had no act, or word, or thought of vengeance toward the stricken foe, and that through a long line of its statesmen has maintained for itself a commanding position among the States of the Union?

With such an origin and such a record to contemplate, the "Sons of Vermont," wherever they may gather, as you gather on this Anniversary Day, can but pass the hours agreeably and profitably. Wishing you the happiness of re-unions, and thanking you cordially for the honor of your invitation, I am,

Very Sincerely Yours,

CHAS. M. BLISS.

[From Robert L. Nicholl.]

MATTOON, ILL., Dec. 21st, 1877.

HON. HOMER N. HIBBARD, AND OTHERS,

GENTLEMEN:—Your kind invitation, to myself and ladies, to attend the Banquet of the "Sons of Vermont," is received. We thank you for the compliment; but it will be out of our power to be with you. This I deeply regret, as I am a thorough-bred Vermonter.

On the 2d of February, 1808, I first saw the light of the world, in Chittenden County, Vermont. I am now an old man; but I should feel my youth renewed, could I meet with you to talk over old days.

Could my wife and I be with you at your banquet, it would be like living life over again, with all the pleasant and the sweet, while the bitter and the sad would be left out.

We are both nearing the end of our pilgrimage. The shades are gathering round us; the twilight is mild and beautiful, and as it fades, a brighter day is dawning beyond greener hills; lovelier valleys appear in the distance, more beautiful than those in Vermont. A land of everlasting spring, and never withering flowers.

Vermont has a record of which her sons have no reason to be ashamed.

Heaven bless your Association; and may the grand record of our proud old State never be blurred or blotted by any of her sons; but long as her mountains stand, her hills are green and her valleys bloom, long as her streams and rivers flow, may Vermont's patriotism, loyalty, manhood, devotion to God and the right be synonymous terms.

With many thanks for your kind remembrance of the old man with a young heart, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

ROBERT L. NICHOLL.

Many other interesting communications were received; but space will not permit their appearance in this report.

Among those crowded out, are letters from, J. A. FARWELL, Comptroller, Chicago; C. C. WHEELER, Ass't General Superintendent of the Chicago & North-western R. R.; JOHN C. MERRIAM, Logansport, Ind.; EBER KEYES, Elgin, Ill.; DR. JASON GOODRIDGE, Ellisville, Ill.; G. L. SMALLEY, Chicago; HENRY GALUSHA, Troy, N. Y., and others.

About midnight, the exercises at the table being finished, the Rev. BRAINARD KENT returned thanks, and the company left the dining-room. Many of the older members of the Association left for their homes soon after, amid the music of the orchestra, which had a peculiar fitness for dancing. The younger members of the company, as if to carry out the precepts taught them in their youth, to let nothing go to waste, remained two hours later, and took good care that none of that excellent music was needlessly wasted.

Much praise is due Mr. JNO. B. DRAKE, the proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel, for the completeness of his arrangements for this Banquet. The Bill of Fare, the adornments of the table, the extensive

corps of trained waiters, were all in keeping with Mr. DRAKE's world-wide reputation as a landlord.

We cannot close this account of this First Annual Festival of the Association, in more fitting words, than to quote the following from the editorial column of the next day's *Tribune*:

“Those of the people of Chicago who glory in the fact that they first saw the light in Vermont, were represented in large numbers at the reunion banquet last evening, which was a most exceptionally brilliant affair in every sense—in the character of the attendance, the brightness of the speeches, and in everything that goes to make a notable success.”



FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The following is a financial statement showing the expenses of the Banquet given by this Association at the Grand Pacific Hotel, January 17, 1878, and the sources from which the money was received with which to pay for the same.

It will readily be seen that the Banquet was self-sustaining, none of the funds of the Association being used for that purpose:

BANQUET ACCOUNT.

RECEIPTS.

Cash for 433 Tickets sold.....	\$866 00
" 13 Badges sold.....	13 00
Donation from Hon. H. N. HIBBARD.....	65 00
" JOHN B. DRAKE.....	49 64
" Hon. D. K. PEARSONS.....	20 00
" NORMAN WILLIAMS.....	5 00
	\$1,018 64

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid JOHN B. DRAKE & Co.....	\$899 64
" WADHAM & ROUNDY, for 17 Badges.....	17 00
" CHICAGO ORCHESTRA, for Music.....	45 00
" JAMESON & MORSE, for Printing.....	55 00
" for Postage	2 00
	\$1,018 64

ATTEST:

JOHN N. HILLS,

Chairman of Executive Committee.

FOURTH REGULAR MEETING.

MARCH 5, 1878.

The Association met at the Grand Pacific Hotel, President HIBBARD in the Chair and A. D. HAGER, Secretary.

The proposition of amending Art. 3 of the By-Laws, introduced by JOHN N. HILLS, at the last meeting of the Association, was brought before the meeting and adopted, thus making *three* members of the Executive Committee a quorum.

Mr. N. C. PERKINS and Dr. D. A. COTTON, each proposed to amend the last clause of Art. 5 of the By-Laws, thus providing for the contingency when the 17th of January should occur on Saturday or Sunday.

Mr. E. B. SHERMAN proposed to amend the first clause of Art. 5, so that instead of having quarterly meetings, they be held semi-annually, in June and December. These propositions were all laid over till next meeting, as provided in the By-Laws.

The Secretary announced that it was intended to publish a pamphlet containing an account of the banquet, the speeches made, the list of members, and like matter, and if five hundred copies were subscribed for, the price would be twenty-five cents.

Judge HIBBARD invited Mr. J. G. LUMBARD, who was born in New York, but very near Vermont, to sing a song. Mr. LUMBARD responded with a Scotch ballad, "Are ye Sleeping, Maggie?" Being encored, he sung "Oh would I were a Boy again." A vote of thanks was then given to Mr. LUMBARD.

It was voted that the Executive Committee prepare a programme of exercises for the June meeting, after which the Secretary received subscriptions for the pamphlet of which he spoke, and the meeting adjourned.

CHANGE IN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Prof. H. H. BABCOCK, resigned his office as a member of the Executive Committee, April 19, 1878, and the Committee elected Mr. L. G. FISHER, to fill the vacancy.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Fifth Regular Meeting will be held at the Palmer House, June 4, 1878, and as the September and March Meetings will doubtless be discontinued, the Sixth Regular Meeting will be held December 3, 1878, at which occurs the annual election of officers. The place of holding this meeting will be duly announced when known.

In Memoriam.

CHAS. T. COMINGS, was born in East Berkshire, Vt., June 14, 1846. In 1865 he removed, with his father's family, to Ohio, where he remained till the spring of 1868, when he came to Chicago, where he was employed as clerk and salesman, and resided till April 1877. With the hope of improving his declining health, he went to Evans, Colorado, at which place he died, June 26, 1877.

Mr. COMINGS was a man of a quiet and retiring disposition, faithful and honest, and universally esteemed by those who knew him. He was married to a New England lady, in 1872, who survives him.

ALFRED B. SAFFORD, was born in Hyde Park, Vt., January, 22, 1822. His parents were natives of Vermont, and his grandfathers both served in the Revolutionary War. When fifteen years of age, his parents came West, and settled in Will Co., Ill. At 21 he commenced the study of law, with William A. Boardman, at Joliet. At the age of 32, he went to Shawneetown, Ill., and started the State Bank of Illinois, and was its Cashier. Four years later he removed to Cairo, and organized the City Bank, and became Cashier. Subsequently he became President of the Enterprise Savings Bank, which he helped to organize. He held the two offices named till the time of his death, which occurred on the 27th of July, 1877, at Burlington, Vt., whither he and his family had gone on a visit to the land he loved so well. He was in usual health, joyous and happy as ever, and when walking the streets, was stricken down with apoplexy.

The news of his death soon reached Cairo, and the city was filled with sadness. His stern integrity, moral worth and acts of beneficence had endeared him to the people of that place.

Meetings of the united Directories of the two Banks; of the Chamber of Commerce; of the Odd Fellows Association; of the

Library Association, and of the Board of Education, of each of which he was a member, were held, and resolutions of sympathy and condolence adopted. We have space for only a part of the resolutions passed at one of these meetings:

Be it Resolved, By the united directory of the City National and Enterprise Savings Banks of the City of Cairo, now assembled to do homage and reverence to the memory of the late ALFRED B. SAFFORD;

First—That in Mr. SAFFORD we recognize, not only the original founder of the institutions, whose directory are now here present to mourn his untimely loss, but one whose sublime integrity, honesty of purpose, unsurpassed executive ability, remarkable judgment of human nature, financial forethought and intuitive knowledge of all that constitutes a perfect banker, could alone have given to these institutions the confidence they have in public estimation, and the high and justly merited position they now occupy, we are proud to say—in public favor.

Second—That to the warm heart, generous impulses and pure and lofty desire of Mr. SAFFORD to found in this community an institution where every honest man, woman and child, could lay up, and receive again with interest, each honest penny, the people of Cairo are indebted for its first Savings Bank, and for his effort in that behalf, many must and will arise to “bless his memory.”

DR. ROYAL S. SYKES, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. H. H. HURLBUT, in Chicago, on the 6th of May, 1878. He was the third child of VICTORY and RHODA (FARWELL) SYKES, and was born in Dorset, Vt., September 16, 1796.

After pursuing a course of medical studies with Dr. Elijah Baker, Canton, N. Y., and Burlington Medical College, where he graduated, he settled at Bakersfield, Vt., where, in 1818, he married HARRIET PARTRIDGE, who bore him four children, and died in 1839.

In 1843, Dr. SYKES came West, and settled in Wisconsin, and in 1875 he came to Chicago.

As a practitioner, he was sagacious, active and successful; as a man, he was honorable, candid, courteous, and possessed those elements which constitute a true christian gentleman.

CONSTITUTION.

Whereas, It is both a duty and a privilege to cultivate the social as well as the moral element of our nature; and,

Whereas, We feel that it will be a source of pleasure and profit for Vermonters residing in Illinois to become better acquainted with each other; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, natives of Vermont, on this centennial birthday of the independence of our native State, to acknowledge our love and fidelity to her, and to perpetuate her memory to those who come after us, do form ourselves into an association to be called the " Sons of Vermont," and agree to be governed by the following By-Laws:

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be called the " Sons of Vermont," and its object shall be the social improvement of its members, and a more cordial union of interest and sympathy among the natives of Vermont who have removed to Illinois.

ART. 2. The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Librarian, and an Executive Committee of seven.

ART. 3 The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and shall perform such other duties as appropriately belong to such office.

The Vice-Presidents may either of them be called upon to perform the duties of the President during the absence of that officer.

The Secretary shall keep a faithful record of all the meetings of the Association, attend to the correspondence, and notify the members of all meetings and special assessments, if any. At the request of the President or Executive Committee, he may provide books, blanks and stationery for his own use as Secretary, and for the Association. He shall also keep a suitable book of record, in which shall be recorded the names of all members of the Association, their birthplace, occupation, and present place of residence, which shall be accessible to all members of the Association.

The Treasurer shall collect all dues, and attend to the disbursements of the money of the Association, paying only those bills which are audited by the Executive Committee, and keeping vouchers for the

same; and he shall present to the Association a full report of the receipts and expenditures at the annual meeting, and oftener if called upon by the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall make arrangements for all meetings or entertainments of the Association, and have plenary powers to act in the interim of business meetings. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* members of the Executive Committee, and five members shall constitute a quorum for business.

ART. 4. The Officers shall be elected by ballot, and a plurality shall elect. They shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are elected.

The Officers shall be elected at the regular meeting next preceding the annual meeting of the Association; if not done on the day, it may be ordered by the Executive Committee, and when so ordered, a week's notice shall be given each member of the Association.

ART. 5. The regular meetings of the Association shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, December, March and June.*

There shall be an annual festival held on January 17, unless this occurs on Sunday, in which case it shall be held on January 18.†

ART. 6. The members of this Association shall consist of gentlemen who were born in Vermont, residing in Illinois at the time of joining the Association, and such other gentlemen as claim to be Vermonters, and shall be recommended by the Executive Committee upon their signing the Constitution and By-Laws and paying the admission fee.

ART. 7. The Executive Committee may, by the concuring votes of two-thirds of all its members, suspend any member from enjoying the privileges of the society, who may be guilty of gross misbehavior or scandalous or dishonest conduct.

ART. 8. The regular initiation fee shall be \$1, which sum shall be invariably paid to the Treasurer by each member before he shall be entitled to the privileges of membership; and there shall be an annual assessment to be fixed by the Association at the regular meeting in December.

ART. 9. This Constitution and By-Laws may be amended by the amendment being proposed at any regular meeting, and voted upon at a succeeding meeting.

*This Article will probably be amended so that meetings will be held only in June and December.

†There is also a proposition to amend this Clause, as will be seen in proceedings of March meeting.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.
Adams, Samuel L.	Cavendish, .	St. Charles, .	Merchant.
Aldis, Owen F.	St. Albans, .	31 Portland Block, .	Lawyer.
Alford, Albert G.	St. Albans, .	237 State St., .	Remington & Sons.
Allen, J. Adams.	Middlebury, .	503 Michigan Ave., .	Prest. Rush Med. Coll.
Allen, Ransom	Waterbury, .	126 Park Ave., .	Book-keeper.
Anderson, J. Lee	Franklin, .	Lawrence, .	Farmer.
Arnold, John R.	Brandon, .	Antioch, .	Farmer.
Atherton, M. A.	Moretown, .	Momence, .	Dealer in Agricul. Imp.
Atwood, E. S.	Woodstock, .	300 Marshfield Ave., .	Post Office.
Babcock, H. H.	Theftord, .	11 18th Street, .	Teacher.
Barrett, F. M.	Strafford, .	250 Madison Street, .	Salesman.
Bailey, J. W.	Newbury, .	548 Wabash Ave., .	Laundry.
Baldwin, E. B.	Hinesburgh, .	89 Warren Ave., .	Commission.
Barlow, A. R.	Hubbardton, .	Milan, .	Retired.
Barnes, N. H.	Springfield, .	326 Webster Ave., .	Teamster.
Barnes, O. A.	Barre, .	349 Congress Street, .	Manager.
Bennett, Edmund H.	Manchester, .	Tauton, Mass., .	Lawyer.
Bent, Joseph A.	Middlebury, .	Wheaton, .	R. R. Col'zation Agent.
Bisbee, Lewis H.	Derby, .	681 West Adams Street, .	Attorney.
Blackman, Edwin.	Jericho, .	241 Erie, 70 La Salle, .	Agent.
Blackmer, O. C.	Barnard, .	149 5th Ave., .	Publisher.
Blaisdell, Chas. W.	Montpelier, .	"Times" Building, .	Printer.
Blaisdell, Elijah W.	Montpelier, .	Rockford, .	Attorney.
Blanchard, Chas.	Peacham, .	Ottawa, .	Attorney.
Blanchard, Enoch	Peacham, .	Minonk, .	Physician.
Bliss, Peleg Young	Strafford, .	Sugar Grove, .	Farmer.
Bliss, S. E.	Jericho, .	16 Egan Ave., .	Salesman.
Boardman, Geo. N.	Pittsford, .	15 So. Sheldon, .	Prof. Chicago Theo. Sem.
Branch, B. A.	Orwell, .	144 N. Dearborn St., .	U. S. Express Co.
Bridge, Norman.	Windsor, .	81 Throop St., .	Physician.
Brink, H. A.	Rochester, .	39 Randolph St., .	Brink's Express.
Britell, Sylvester.	Addison, .	1270 S. Dearborn, .	Engineer & Machinist.
Brooks, Thos. M.	Brooksville, .	132 S. Clark St., .	Manager.
Brown, E. C.	Peacham, .	17 Honore St., .	Agent.
Browne, Francis F.	So. Halifax, .	46x Leavitt St., .	Asst. Ed. <i>Alliance</i> .
Brown, Geo. F.	Lyndon, .	1050 W. Adams St., .	Asst. Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Brown, Seneca B.	Marlboro, .	Fort Wayne, Ind., .	Dentist.
Burnham, Sherburne W.	Thetford, .	206 LaSalle St., .	Astronomer.
Burroughs, J. S.	Newbury, .	Rockford, .	Burlington Warehouse.
Buell, John M.	Berlin, .	149-53 State St., .	Loan and Land Agent.
Bullock, Geo. S.	Charlotte, .	458 W. Jackson St., .	Boot and Shoe Dealer.
Buttolph, A. C.	Waterbury, .	1214 Prairie Ave., .	Clerk.
Calkins, A. C.	Swanton, .	Aurora, .	Merchant.
Callan, John P.	Woodstock, .	91 Dearborn Ave., .	Restaurant Keeper.
Campbell, Wm. N.	Arlington, .	Aurora, .	Clerk.
Canfield, Eugene	Northfield, .	162 Washington St., .	Lawyer.
Carpenter, Jason H.	Benson, .	113 Fullerton Ave., .	Merchant.
Carter, Decatur E.	Fairfield, .	79 W. Adams St., .	Furniture Finisher.
Case, A. B.	Putney, .	202 LaSalle St., .	Printer.
Chandler, Frank R.	Danville, .	263 Ontario St., .	Banker.
Chandler, George.	Putney, .	202 LaSalle St., .	Attorney.
Chandler, Peyton R.	Randolph, .	Wash. & Dear. Sts., .	Banker.
Chandler W. W.	New Haven, .	218 Vincennes Ave., .	Gen'l Agt. Red Star Line
Childs, Seymour.	Williston, .	Drexel Bou. & 41st St., .	Blacksmith.
Chittenden, Frederick	Barre, .	188 Warren Ave., .	Book-keeper.
Clarke, A. E.	W. Westminster, .	243 White St., .	Chamber of Commerce.
Clark, Geo. M.	Montpelier, .	Grand Pacific Hotel, .	Supt. Lantern Man'g Co.
Coburn, L. L.	Montpelier, .	126 State St., .	Attorney.
Colton, D. A.	Alburgh, .	131 W. Erie St., .	Physician.
Cook, J. C.	W. Townshend,	507 W. Washington St., .	Retired.
Cook, Thos.	Middlebury, .	Chenoa, .	Ft. Agt. C. & A. R. R.
Copeland, A. H.	Clarendon, .	175 Madison St., .	Furniture Dealer.
Crocker, A. L.	Montpelier, .	111 State St., .	Clerk.
Cutler, Alonzo J.			

ROLL OF MEMBERS—CONTINUED.

NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.
Danforth, J. B.	Barnard,	Rock Island,	Editor, <i>Rock Islander</i> .
Davis, S. J.	Alburgh Springs,	91 Clark St.,	Clerk.
Denison, Franklin	Royalton,	99 Madison St.,	Attorney.
Dickinson, Wm. F.	Washington,	Aurora,	Aurora Silver Plate Co.
Dodge, Lewis	Barre,	404 S. May St.,	Carpenter.
Draper, Napoleon C.	Sheldon,	123 Vernon Ave.,	Salesman.
Drury, Lucius H.	Highgate,	1014 W. Adams St.,	Superintendent.
Dudley, Chas. E.	Barre,	554 W. Lake St.,	Druggist.
Durand, Elliot.	Colchester,	St. Caroline's Court,	Reporter.
Eaton, Collins	St. Albans,	14 South Canal St.,	Engine Dealer.
Fisher, A. G.	Barre,	71 Washington St.,	Retired.
Fisher, L. G.	Derby,	109 Lake St.,	Com. Merchant.
Fleming, R. N.	Burlington,	166 Washington St.,	Farmer.
Fletcher, Ryland	Cavendish,	Proctorsville, Vt.,	Grocer.
Ford, E. B.	Brattleboro,	412 W. Jackson St.,	Boots and Shoes.
Ford, George L.	Granville,	932 Cottage Grove Ave.,	Meat Market.
Ford, Joel R.	Granville,	930 Cottage Grove Ave.,	Dentist.
Freeman, A. W.	Brookfield,	Wabash Ave. & 14th St.	Dentist.
Freeman, D. B.	Brookfield,	16 Aberdeen St.,	Engine Dealer.
French, Chas. G.	Barre,	Douglas House, 35th St.,	Clerk.
Fuller, Geo. A.	Middlebury,	628 W. Washington St.,	Hotel Supt.
Gaige, Titus B.	Bristol,	Commercial Hotel,	Iron Molder.
Gale, Cortland A.	Barre,	165 Wabansia Ave.,	Ag'l Implements.
Gale, Fred M.	Barre,	61 1/2 Fulton St.,	
George, Alonzo.	Strafford,	Aurora,	Journalist.
Gilbert, Frank.	Pittsford,	Sub-Treasury,	Hotel Proprietor.
Gill, Sam. H.	Hartland,	Merchants Hotel,	Tea Merchant.
Gilmore, Franklin	Cambridge,	209 37th St.,	Physician and Farmer.
Goodridge, Jason.	Westminster,	Ellisville,	Photographer.
Greene, Plymton B.	Brandon,	315 W. Jackson St.,	Sec. & Lib. Chi. His. Soc.
Hager, Albert D.	Chester,	463 S. Leavitt St.,	Clerk.
Hall, Norman	Tunbridge,	157 LaSalle St.,	Messenger.
Hartshorn, Densmore G.	Lunenburg,	Am. Ex. Office,	Travelling Agent.
Harvey, Robt. N.	Barnet,	89 S. Water St.,	Dry Goods.
Haskell, S. D.	Cornwall,	Palmer House,	Banker.
Heald, C. T.	Chester,	Canton,	Register in Bankruptcy.
Hibbard, Homer N.	Bethel,	159 LaSalle St.,	Loans and Insurance.
Hills, Jno. N.	Arlington,	175 LaSalle St.,	Author Hill's Manual.
Hill, Thos. E.	Sandgate,	103 State St.,	Clerk.
Hoadley, W. F.	Hinesburgh,	A. T. Stewart & Co.,	Clergyman.
Hopson, Rev. O.	E. Poultnay,	Waverly,	Attorney.
Hough, David L.	Middlebury,	132 Park Ave.,	Physician.
Houghton, Joel.	St. Johnsbury,	669 VanBuren St.,	
Howe, Caleb.	Jamaica,	31 Langley Ave.,	Wholesale Grocer.
Hoyt, Wm. M.	New Haven,	1 to 9 Michigan Ave.,	Capitalist.
Hubbard, Gurdon S.	Windsor,	343 White St.,	Supt. in Post Office.
Hubbard, John M.	Rockingham,	218 Vincennes Ave.,	Baker.
Hull, G. S.	E. Fairfield,	799 Cottage Grove Ave.,	Farmer.
Huntley, A. R.	Bristol,	Millburn,	Attorney.
Hutchinson, Jno.	Randolph,	1435 Indiana Ave.,	Real Estate.
Isham, Henry P.	Bennington,	554 Wabash Ave.,	Attorney.
Isham, Edward S.	Bennington,	554 Wabash Ave.,	Milk Dealer.
Jackson, G. C.	Addison,	1029 Wabash Ave.,	
Jennings, Col. J.	Irasburgh,	Maywood,	Judge of Sup'r Court.
Jarveson, John A.	Irasburgh,	Hyde Park,	Printer.
Jameson, L. B.	Irasburgh,	152 S. Morgan St.,	Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Jewett, Edward A.	St. Johnsbury,	Mich. Ave. & Adams St.	Undertaker.
Jillson, James F.	Williamstown,	114 Monroe St.,	Retired.
Keith, Abijah.	Barre,	34 Randolph St.,	Merchant.
Keith, Elbridge G.	Barre,	250 Madison St.,	Notion Dealer.
Keith, Dodge W.	Montpelier,	211 Madison St.,	Hardware Dealer.
Kellogg, H. P.	Benson,	108 Randolph St.,	Physician.
Kelly, Francis W.	Derby,	257 Hermitage Ave.,	Am. Ex. Co.
Kennedy, Chas. P.	Chittenden Co.,	17 Harmon Ct.,	Roof'er.
Keyes, D. H.	Middletown,	1383 Wabash Ave.,	Druggist.
Koon, Geo. F.	Victory,	N. Bennington, Vt.,	Supt. Lunatic Asylum.
Kilbourne, Dr. E. A.	Chelsea,	Elgin,	Dentist.
Kilbourne, I. D.	Waterville,	129 22d St.,	Farmer.
Larkin, Cyrus H.	Vergennes,	Elgin,	Ex-Chief Jus. Sup'e Ct.
Lawrence, C. B.		Ashland Block,	

ROLL OF MEMBERS—CONTINUED.

NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.
Leach, D. B.	Barre,	133 22d St.,	Dry Goods.
Little, Dudley.	Chelsea,	196 Clark St.,	Cashier.
Locke, R. C. M.	Rockingham,	98 35th St.,	Foreman.
Long, Eugene C.	Brandon,	74 Washington St.,	Money Broker.
Loomis, Norman B.	Bennington,	78 Michigan Ave.,	Clerk Ill. Cent. R. R.
Marsh, John W.	Woodstock,	94 Washington St.,	Attorney.
Martin, Henry.	Middlebury,	74 Market St.,	Cement Dealer.
Marvin, Thos. H.	St. Albans,	Ottawa,	
Matthews, A. P.	Cornwall,	Danville,	Post Master.
Mattocks, John.	Moretown,	40 Dearborn St.,	Attorney.
Mayo, Z. B.	Whiting,	Sycamore,	Attorney.
McAllister, S. C.	Woodstock,	159 Mather St.,	Teamster.
McClay, A. L.	Johnson	Clarendon House,	Wholesale Fruit Dealer.
Merriam, Chas. W.	Brandon,	361 Ellis Ave.,	Wholesale Grocer.
Merriam, John C.	Stamford,	Logansport, Ind.,	Merchant.
Millard, Duane A.	Woodstock,	233 Blue Island Ave.,	Baker.
Miller, C. S.	Bridport,	Amboy,	Train Dispatcher.
Miner, Ed. G.	Rochester,	Winchester,	Banker.
Morgan, Azro B.	Bethel,	186 Kinzie St.,	Wool Merchant.
Morris, Joseph	Barre,	404 Randolph St.,	
Morrison, M. E.	Brookfield,	196 S. Paulina St.,	Clerk.
Morse, E. R.	W. Fairlee,	Davis Junction,	Farmer.
Munn, Benj. M.	Benson,	Wilmette,	Attorney.
Muzzey, Bolivar	Randolph,	186 Rebecca,	Painter.
Nash, H. Howard	Clarendon,	107 Dearborn St.,	Banker.
Nichols, J. W.	Montpelier,	71 Washington St.,	Jewelry Broker.
Nichols, Col. W. T.	Manchester,	Maywood,	Manufacturer.
Nutt, H. C.	Craftsbury,	97 S. Park Ave.,	Elevator.
Orvis, C. A.	So. Woodstock,	384 Park Ave.,	Salesman.
Paddock, Henry Crofts.	Westford,	Aurora,	Banker.
Parker, Isaac.	Bradford,	Galesburg,	Teacher in College.
Partridge, C. A.	Cornwall,	Waukegan,	Publisher of <i>Gazette</i> .
Pearsons, D. K.	Stockbridge,	19 Tribune Building,	Loan and Land Agent.
Peck, Orlin A.	Pomfret,	51 S. Water St.,	Tobacco Merchant.
Perkins, Henry S.	Shoreham,	47 S. Carpenter St.,	Music Teacher.
Perkins, Norman C.	Leicester,	86 LaSalle St.,	Attorney.
Perry, Roscoe S.	Whiting,	128 Franklin St.,	Wholesale Grocer.
Perry, Sanford B.	Athens,	1033 Prairie Ave.,	Attorney.
Pitkin, Joshua.	Brattleboro,	58 Lake St.,	Retired.
Pond, Fred. L.	Ferrisburg,	Aurora,	Physician.
Powers, David J.	Waterbury,	217 N. Clark St.,	Manufacturer.
Pratt, C. N.	Marlboro,	435 W. Madison St.,	Real Estate.
Preston, Archibald S.	Bethel,	Times Office,	Printer.
Proctor, Lucius.	Brattleboro,	34 37th St.,	Agent.
Putnam, Dan'l S.	Woodstock,	Ivanhoe,	Farmer.
Pulsifer, E. F.	Woodstock,	50 S. Park Ave.,	Commission Merchant.
Randall, Erving M.	Woodstock,	310 W. Madison St.,	Saloon Keeper.
Ranson, D.	Woodstock,	600 Morgan St.,	Clerk.
Ransom, Lake.	Woodstock,	600 S. Morgan St.,	Manager.
Raymond, Geo. M.	Woodstock,	Hillsboro,	County Clerk.
Raymond, H. G.	Bridgewater,	17 N. Green St.,	Policeman.
Raymond, S. W.	Woodstock,	Ottawa,	County Treasurer.
Rice, Henry H.	Brattleboro,	631 W. Washington St.,	Com. Merchant.
Riker, DeWitt C.	Montpelier,	Momence,	Dealer in Clothing.
Roberts, Robert	Manchester,	1009 Wabash Ave.,	Attorney.
Robinson, Norman	Chelsea,	260 Walnut St.,	Real Estate.
Russ, A. B.	Hartford,	1069 Wabash Ave.,	Undertaker.
Russell, Homer D.	North Hero,	19 Harrison St.,	
Rutherford, W. S.	Middlebury,	Bloomington,	Freight Conductor.
Sampson, Geo. H.	Woodstock,	Princeton,	Sec. Mason's Ben't Soc'y.
Sargeant, Ezra P.	Chester,	1413 Arnold St.,	Janitor.
Sawyer, Henry E.	Bradford,	284 Ohio St.,	Prop. Burlington War' h'e
Scott, Joel, E. G.	Vernon,	404 W. Adams St.,	Merchant.
Sherman, E. B.	Fairfield,	214 S. Sangamon St.,	Attorney.
Sillway, Benton	Montpelier,	282 Michigan St.,	Vinegar Manufacturer.
Skeele, J. H.	Manchester,	207 19th St.,	Lumber Dealer.
Skinner, Hon. Mark	Waitsfield,	154 Lake St.,	Attorney.
Smith, Enos W.	Wilmington,	385 W. Huron St.,	Clerk.
Smith, Wm. H.	East Montpelier,	145 Monroe St.,	Attorney.
Snow, A. J.		Cor. Dearb'n & Ontario,	Wholesale Tobacco.

ROLL OF MEMBERS—CONTINUED.

NAME.	BIRTHPLACE.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.
Snow, W. B.	Bellows Falls,	187 S. Park Ave.,	Foreman Carworks.
Southgate, Thomas A.	Woodstock,	222 Ogden Ave.,	Post Office Clerk.
Spalding, S. G.	Brandon,	9 River St.,	Tobacco Manufacturer.
Sprague, O. S. A.	East Randolph,	55 Michigan Ave.,	Wholesale Grocer.
Starring, Henry	Bennington,	Chicago,	G. B. Agt. C., B. & Q.
Stearns, J. K.	Woodstock,	222 N. Dearborn St.,	Gen. A. Ct. M. L. Ins. Co.
Stearns, Willard P.	Woodstock.	44 Erie St.,	Manager.
Stephens, James G.	Jericho,	207 10th St.,	Cooper.
Stephens, Jonathan B.	Burlington,	216 Bushnell St.,	Shipping Clerk.
Stone, Edward	Charlotte,	126 Washington St.,	Com. Merchant.
Stuart, Chas.	W. Barnet,	Neponset,	
Sutherland, Thomas J.	Wallingford,	170 LaSalle St.,	Attorney.
Swain, M.	Reading,	Englewood,	Physician.
Swasey, Jas. A.	Danville,	1124 Michigan Ave.,	Dentist.
Swett, F. M.	Hinesburgh	94 Washington St.,	
Talcott, Harvey H.	Williston,	58 Ashland Block.,	Attorney.
Thacher, John M.	Barre,	Grand Pacific Hotel.,	Attorney.
Thorndike, J. E.	Windsor,	264 W. Washington St.,	Clerk.
Tinker, Chas. A.	Chester,	45 Park Ave.,	Supt. Telegraph Co.
Tolman, Thomas F.	Craftsbury,	Aurora,	County Treasurer.
Upton, Clark W.	Calais,	88 LaSalle St.,	Lawyer.
VanOrman, W. H.	Granville,	243 State St.,	Advertising Agent.
Vinton, George W.	Burlington,	Moline,	Capitalist.
Wainwright, Chas. M.	Irasburgh,	55 Michigan Ave.,	Book-keeper.
Walker, Benj. F.	Walker,	149 S. Morgan St.,	Builder.
Walker, L. W.	Champaign,	Champaign,	Manufacturer.
Walker, Sam'l B.	Whiting,	774 W. Lake St.,	Baker.
Wanzer, Isaac H.	Brattleboro,	Elgin,	Manf. Butter & Cheese.
Ward, Augustus D.	Greensboro,	77 Van Buren St.,	
Waterman, Arba M.	Montpelier,	392 W. Randolph St.,	Lawyer.
Webb, A. W.	Rockingham,	297 W. Jackson St.,	Clerk.
Webb, Ed. A.	Highgate,	297 W. Jackson St.,	Real Estate.
Webster, Sidney T.	Underhill,	Rogers' Park,	
Wells, L. Fayette	New Haven,	432 W. Van Buren St.,	Packer.
Wheeler, Hiram	New Haven,	462 Wabash Ave.,	Elevator.
Wheeler, Tolman	Bridport,	259 Ontario St.,	Retired.
Wicker, A. C.	Ferrisburgh,	214 Leavitt St.,	Commission.
Wicker, C. M.	Saxton's River,	B. & O. R'y, Clark St.,	General Agent.
Wiley, B. F.	Georgia,	Galva,	
Willard, O. T.	Lunenburg,	111 S. Leavitt St.,	Collector.
Willard, Sam'l.	Chelsea,	327 Fulton St.,	Teacher High School.
Williams, Frank B.	Woodstock,	601 Wabash Ave.,	Prin. Clarke School.
Williams, Norman	Clarendon,	Reaper Block,	Attorney.
Wilson, Lucius O.	Barre,	DesPlaines,	Teacher.
Wood, Henry	Bradford,	1007 Wabash Ave.,	Real Estate.
Woodward, Jas. L.	Bradford,	246 Madison St.,	Wholesale Millinery.
Worthen, A. H.	Northfield,	Springfield,	State Geologist.
Worthington, Dan'l.	Thetford,	77 Ashland Ave.,	Retired.
Wright, W. C.		164 Park Ave.,	

In addition to the foregoing, at the Head-quarters of the Association, is a Register containing the names, birthplace and residence of over 1000 Vermonters residing in Illinois. This may be consulted by any one who desires.

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THIRD & FOURTH ANNUAL REPORTS
OF THE
Illinois Association



SONS OF VERMONT

1880.

NOTE.

By resolution of the Association each member, **NOT IN ARREARS FOR DUES**, is entitled to one copy of the Annual Report, free of charge. Extra copies can be obtained by applying to John N. Hills, Room 18, 175 La Salle Street, at 25 cents each, that being the cost of publication.

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THIRD AND FOURTH ANNUAL REPORTS

OF THE

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION

OF THE

SONS OF VERMONT

CHICAGO,

FOR THE YEARS 1878-79 AND 1879-80.



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JAMESON & MORSE, PRINTERS.
1880.



OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1878-79.

PRESIDENT:

D. K. PEARSONS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

CHARLES B. LAWRENCE, NORMAN WILLIAMS,
S. W. BURNHAM.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN:

ALBERT D. HAGER.

TREASURER:

HENRY H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman.*
ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, HENRY. C. NUTT,
W. W. CHANDLER. CHAS. A. TINKER,

BANQUET RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

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FRANK GILBERT, C. M. WICKER,
HOMER N. HIBBARD, E. B. SHERMAN,
LEWIS L. COBURN, L. H. BISBEE,
ELLIOTT DURAND, FRANKLIN DENISON.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE YEAR 1879-80.

PRESIDENT :

GEORGE N. BOARDMAN.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, O. S. A. SPRAGUE,
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SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN :

FRANK B. WILLIAMS.

TREASURER :

HENRY H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman.*

HENRY C. NUTT, LEWIS L. COBURN,
HOMER N. HIBBARD, NORMAN WILLIAMS.

BANQUET RECEPTION COMMITTEE :

D. K. PARSONS,	STEPHEN F. BROWN,
FRANKLIN DENISON,	E. B. SHERMAN.
EDWARD A. JEWETT,	JEWETT WILCOX,
JOHN M. THATCHER,	I. N. CAMP.
C. N. PRATT,	N. C. DRAPER,
H. H. THOMAS,	CHAS. A. TINKER.

SONS OF VERMONT.

FIFTH REGULAR MEETING.

JUNE 4, 1878.

The fifth regular business meeting of the Sons of Vermont was held in the Club Room of the Palmer House, June 4, 1878. WM. W. CHANDLER acted as Chairman, and ALBERT D. HAGER, Secretary.

On motion of JOHN N. HILLS, the Amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, proposed by NORMAN C. PERKINS, D. A. COLTON and E. B. SHERMAN at the previous meeting—March 5, 1878—were considered and adopted.* Addresses were made by Judge SAMUEL B. GOOKINS, SANFORD B. PERRY, N. C. PERKINS, A. N. WATERMAN and JOHN HUTCHINSON. The “Boy Orator,” Master HARRY SHANNON, was introduced by Mr. A. B. MORGAN, and favored the meeting with two declamations, for which the thanks of the meeting were tendered.

On motion of Mr. A. B. MORGAN the Secretary was instructed to invite the ladies, the daughters of Vermont or wives of Vermonters, to be present at the future meetings of the Society.

Adjourned.

SPECIAL MEETING.

OCTOBER 3, 1878.

In response to a call of the Executive Committee, the Association assembled in the Club Room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, in the evening of October 3, 1878, to express their sorrow at the sudden death of one of the founders of the Association, LEWIS S. MEACHAM.

The Hon. H. N. HIBBARD, President of the Association, called the meeting to order, and stated its object. He referred to the fact of the

*The amended Constitution and By-Laws are appended to this report.

deceased having been instrumental, perhaps more so than any other member, in the organization of the Association, and spoke briefly, but with evident feeling, of the character of the deceased.

On motion of E. B. SHERMAN, the Chairman appointed the following Committee on Resolutions; E. B. SHERMAN, J. N. HILLS, L. L. COBURN, CHARLES A. TINKER, and H. F. WHITE. The Committee retired, and shortly afterwards reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That by the sudden death of LEWIS S. MEACHAM, one of the founders and warmest friends of this Association, the Sons of Vermont have been deprived of a valuable member, one always devoted to its interests, and ever cherishing the memory of our native State.

Resolved, That by this sad affliction we have lost a true and devoted friend, our city an enterprising citizen, and the press one of its most valuable and conscientious members.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our record, and a copy thereof be transmitted by our Secretary to the relatives of our departed friend.

In presenting the resolutions, Mr. SHERMAN paid a brief but glowing tribute to the worth of the departed, and was followed by Mr. HORACE F. WHITE, who was a classmate of Mr. MEACHAM at Middlebury College, and by Col. JED. P. COTTRILL, of Milwaukee. The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The Chairman announced that the funeral services would be held at the chapel at Oakwood Cemetery, the Rev. Prof. BOARDMAN officiating. The train, he stated, would leave the Illinois Central depot, at the foot of Lake street, at 3 o'clock, having attached to it a chartered car for the conveyance to the cemetery, free of charge, of all who desired to attend. The car to be left at a point near the chapel, where it would remain until the services were over, and the body placed in the vault, when it would return to the city. Mr. HIBBARD also stated the arrangements regarding the selection of pall-bearers, and suggested that Messrs. SHERMAN and WHITE be delegated as such on the part of the Association, which suggestion was adopted. Mr. HIBBARD also announced that an opportunity would be given that afternoon as early as one o'clock to view the remains at ELTON's, No. 454 State street, where flowers would be received, many having expressed a desire to send such tributes.

After these announcements, and there being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

SIXTH REGULAR MEETING.

DECEMBER 3, 1878.

The sixth regular business meeting, being the Second Annual Meeting of the Association, was held in the Club Room of the Grand Pacific Hotel December 3, 1878, President HIBBARD in the chair, and ALBERT D. HAGER, Secretary.

The Treasurer, L. L. COBURN, presented his annual report, showing the cash receipts of the Association for the current year, including banquet returns, to be \$1217.81, and disbursements \$1126.67, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$91.14. The report was approved.

JOHN N. HILLS, Chairman of the Executive Committee, offered a report of the acts of that committee for the year just passed, and urged upon the Association the necessity of electing earnest working members on that committee, which report was accepted.

On motion of N. C. PERKINS it was voted that a committee of seven be appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, whereupon N. C. PERKINS, L. B. JAMESON, JOHN HUTCHINSON, A. B. CASE, H. N. HIBBARD, HENRY C. NUTT and L. L. COBURN were appointed. President HIBBARD declined a re-election, and the committee retired. Upon their return, they presented the names of the following gentlemen as officers of the Association:

For President, D. K. PEARSONS.

Vice-Presidents, C. B. LAWRENCE, NORMAN WILLIAMS and S. W. BURNHAM.

Secretary and Librarian, ALBERT D. HAGER.

Treasurer, HENRY H. NASH.

Executive Committee, JOHN N. HILLS, Chairman; W. W. CHANDLER, ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, CHARLES A. TINKER and H. C. NUTT.

The report of the Committee was received and approved, and the gentlemen named were unanimously elected to the various offices.

On motion of T. J. SUTHERLAND the Executive Committee was instructed to appoint an auxiliary committee of fifteen to assist in getting up and managing the next Annual Banquet.

The Executive Committee was instructed to confer with the proprietors of the leading hotels in Chicago, to ascertain the most favorable terms for holding the next Banquet.

On motion of E. B. SHERMAN, an assessment of one dollar was levied on each member for the current year.

The meeting was then adjourned.

SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET.

JANUARY 17, 1879.

The Second Annual Banquet of the Association was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on Friday, January 17, 1879. Over three hundred members and guests were present. Numerous letters and telegrams were received from absent "Sons of Vermont" and invited guests. Were there space in this report to give in full these regrets and evidences of devotion to the glorious old State of our birth, we would gladly do so, but we must be content to merely give the names of the absent ones from whom communications were received, which are as follows:

Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States; Redfield Proctor, Governor of Vermont; Andrew Shuman, Lieut. Governor of Illinois; George H. Harlow, Secretary of State of Illinois; Monroe Heath, Mayor of Chicago; United States Senators J. S. Morrill, Geo. F. Edmunds, and Wm. Pitt Kellogg; Ex-Gov. Horace Fairbanks and Luke P. Poland, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Daniel Roberts and George H. Bigelow, Burlington, Vt.; Judge W. C. Dunton and Charles H. Joyce, M. C., Rutland, Vt.; Simeon P. Cheney, Dorset, Vt.; Moses E. Cheney, Barnard, Vt.; C. B. Hurlburt, President of Middlebury College; Judge Hoyt H. Wheeler, Jamaica, Vt.; Rev. W. N. Wilbur, Saxton's River, Vt.; E. A. Kilbourne, Superintendent Hospital for the Insane, Elgin, Ill.; Prof. W. Shipman, College Hill, Mass.; Judge Geo. S. Robinson, Sycamore, Ill.; Stephen N. Manning, Kankakee, Ill.; J. C. Merriam, Logansport, Ind.; Joshua Pitkin, Oak Park, Ill.; E. G. Miner, Winchester, Ill.; L. Hapgood, Sterling, Ill.; E. W. Blaisdell, Rockford, Ill.; L. H. Bisbee and E. B. Sherman, then in the Legislature, at Springfield, Ill., and others.

President HIBBARD presided at the well-supplied tables, and at 10 o'clock called the meeting to order, and said he was to perform the unpleasant duty of surrendering the emoluments of the office of President of the Association. Thanking the Association for its kindness to him, he had the pleasure of introducing the new President, Hon. D. K. PEARSONS.

The new President then delivered the following address of welcome:

More than forty years ago, in a pleasant valley in Vermont, five emigrant wagons halted briefly in front of a farm-house. In those

wagons were stalwart, earnest husbands and fathers, noble wives and mothers, hearty boys, and some half-dozen as handsome girls as ever blossomed into womanhood. The entire train was just beginning its hundred days' journey to the bleak but fertile prairies on the southwest shore of Lake Michigan. As the wagons lumbered down the road again and out of sight, they were watched with keen interest by a country youth just edging into manhood, one of the dwellers in the farm-house. The long and perilous trip before the travelers, and the wild romance of the land toward which they were journeying, naturally created a fervent desire on his part to be one of them. He wished the disappearing train "godspeed," and said to himself, "Some day, I, too, will go West."

A wise Providence in later years aided him in this determination, and to-night it is his sincere pleasure to join in welcoming you to this very pleasant festival, and to thank you in all kindness for the scarcely deserved honor you have conferred in creating him President of your Society. Around this board there must be gathered some sons and daughters of the travelers in those five emigrant wagons forty years ago. Neither memory of man nor page of history shows changes more wonderful than have been wrought in the intervening time. The houseless prairies have given way to a mighty city and a glorious tributary country. The one hundred days weary ride in emigrant wagons have given way to one-third that number of hours in palace cars. All is progress, change and advancement. But through all the years and all the mighty progress, true and loyal have our hearts remained to the rugged old Green Mountain State. We meet here to-night to honor our native land, to revive the interest and memories of those earlier days in the far-away State, and with hearts brimming with good-will toward each other and to all the world, to thank God for His double blessing in letting us be born in Vermont and live in Illinois.

The following telegram was sent to the "Sons and Daughters of Vermont," then assembled at Worcester, Mass.:

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF VERMONT—

In Assembly at Worcester, Mass.:

The Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont, at their Annual Banquet, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, assembled this night, send greeting. Between you and us how vast the distance; between you and us how small the difference! Our glorious mother, crowned with the ever-green memories of all her true-hearted sons and daughters, we alike cherish and revere. Her mountains and hills, her creeks and brooks, her meadows and her daughters are perpetual standards of ideal beauty! Her patriotism never tarnished, her schools renowned throughout the continent, her children foremost in every heroic and philanthropic enterprise, have done their full share in stretching the New England zone of the best civilization of the period from Plymouth Rock, Killington Peak, Lake Champlain, and the chain of our inland seas to the Golden Gate! Thanks to our fathers and mothers, who made our glorious commonwealth what it is! Benedictions on all their children, there and here.

A. D. HAGER, *Sec'y.*

The following reply was received and read:

To A. D. HAGER,

WORCESTER, MASS., January 17, 1879.

Sec'y of the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont:

The telegram of greeting from the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont is duly received and has been read from the platform. By order of the President and Executive Committee of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, in banquet assembled, I return thanks for the kind remembrance and benedictions, and together with you rejoice that the inheritance vouchsafed to us from our fathers and mothers secures to us an honorable name, and as a reminder of this grand legacy, we should at proper intervals hold similar gatherings to those which have called forth such exchanges of greetings.

Fraternally yours,

IRA G. BLAKE, Sec'y.

The following telegram was received from the Governor of Vermont:

Vermont sends greeting to her Chicago sons. She is glad that you remember her by your gathering and honor her by your lives. May you maintain the spirit of Ethan Allen, gods of the hills on the plains of the West. Success to your banquet. I hoped to join you, but it was impossible so to do.

REDFIELD PROCTOR.

The following toasts were read and responded to:

"Chicago in her Early Days."

GURDON S. HUBBARD, a native of Windsor, Vt., who came to Chicago in 1818, responded as follows:

On old French maps, made long before white explorers had visited this region, may be found the name of our city variously spelled. One map, dated 1587, has this rendering, *Chi-a-la*. Others call it *Chi-a-ga* or *Chi-gu-a*. And one as early as 1756 shows the name as now—Chicago, and locates the place quite correctly. I have seen a map dated about 1600 where the town of Chicago is located on Lake Michigan, and what we now know as the Mississippi River, with its tributaries, traced in a general way to the Gulf of Mexico, but named the "Chicago River." Evidences exist showing that Lake Michigan at one time discharged its waters through the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers into the Gulf of Mexico. Then, probably, the Illinois River was larger than the Mississippi above its junction, and may have been a correct tradition of Chicago River. If so, the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal and the proposed deepening and widening is but the carrying out in an humble manner of the designs of the Great Artificer of the Universe, in providing an outlet for the produce of the north-western territory, as well as for the sewage of our great commercial city.

If we had present with us this evening the oldest inhabitant of this old Chicago, he would doubtless tell us more of its early history than I can do—of the various tribes who by conquest successively occupied this important point; of its councils, if not its mayors; of its judges,

if not its courts; of its trials, if not its punishments, and of its banks, if not its embezzlers. All this goes to show that our city is an ancient one, and not the mushroom growth which is popularly supposed, and that our name, "Chicago," the "land of smells," has come down to us from time so remote that civilized history furnishes no record of its baptism.

I regret that the original name of our State, "Nin-E-Noy," the "home of man," was not also more perfectly retained, but perhaps we ought to be content with possessing the thing, signified as it is emphatically the "home of man;" and our name Illinois, like Vermont, is not borrowed from foreign countries, but is born of the soil.

The first explorers of this country, as well as their successors, have invariably spoken of Chicago as a point of great importance for commercial purposes.

Until the year 1827, canoes or wooden row-boats were the only means of transportation on Lake Michigan, except a small schooner of thirty or forty tons burden, which once a year was sent by the Government with supplies for Fort Howard, Green Bay, and Fort Dearborn, Chicago.

I think the first merchant vessel, which came to this port in 1827, was the Marengo, a schooner of about eighty tons burden, bringing a mixed cargo and some passengers, and taking to Mackinaw the troops from Fort Dearborn.

From this day of small things (which is quite within the memory of many here present, being but little more than fifty years ago), one may read in the morning papers of a summer day, this heading, "Port of Chicago—Arrivals," followed by a long list of steamers, propellers, vessels, barks and barges, while in the column headed "Clearances," will be found a similar list of boats and vessels bound to every port on the inland lakes, and some of them even across the broad Atlantic to ports of the old world.

In the fall of 1826 or 1827, I made a trip alone to Detroit. I went on horseback, the journey taking about six or seven days, and saw but one house before reaching Ypsilanti, Mich., and even there, there were but three or four log cabins. When I arrived at Detroit, I found my friends, Dr. Wolcott and wife and Miss Kinzie, on board a vessel bound to Chicago, so I sold my pony and returned with them, having a rough, tempestuous voyage. We anchored off Chicago in a severe gale of wind, and were met by John H. Kinzie in a Mackinaw boat and taken ashore.

Mrs. Wolcott was the first white girl born in Chicago, her sister, Maria Kinzie, now Mrs. Gen. Hunter, being the second. They were daughters of John Kinzie, the first white settler in northern Illinois, having located here in 1804.

In 1828, the year of the Winnebago war, there were not more than forty white inhabitants in Cook County.

Chicago grew but slowly until 1835, when she began to assume some importance, vessels making regular trips from Buffalo.

Speculation ran high, money was plenty, people were sanguine of great and speedy increase, buildings were rapidly erected, and population increased, so that in 1836 it numbered 4,000. This was our first year of exports, amount, \$1,054.54. Then came the financial crash of 1837, which was appallingly severe. Real estate could not be sold at any price. Men, with few exceptions, had neither money nor credit. Chicago became a by-word. Her people were spoken of with ridicule and contempt, as adventurous swindlers, and the city was described as full of malaria, a swamp, and a death-hole. Naturally we were avoided, and for years emigration went elsewhere.

It was not until 1848 that the real character and advantages of our city were appreciated, and capital and enterprise again flowed in. Railroads soon after connected us with the East, and we reached a degree of prosperity undreamed of even in the old sanguine days.

In 1857 we again met with severe reverses, and grew backward for a season. Just as we were recovering from this the war of the rebellion broke upon us. Chicago nobly responded to the calls made upon her, furnishing money and men as long as they were needed.

The war closed, leaving Chicago in the full tide of prosperity, which continued until 1871, when our beautiful city was laid in ashes—the severest blow that ever befell her.

But true to her past, she is already arisen more beautiful than ever, and in spite of the last few years of business depression is prospering and increasing, is “enlarging her boundaries and strengthening her stakes,” and I believe has a future which is as far beyond my powers of prophecy, as the present is greater than the Chicago I first saw more than sixty years ago.

The Vermont Quartette, consisting of Messrs. FRANK LUMBERT, JOHN M. HUBBARD, R. T. HOWARD and CHARLES M. SMITH, sung “Unfurl the Glorious Banner,” and on an encore, “Beautiful Isle of the Sea,” after which the following toast was read:

“Vermont; she has been no mean contributor to our country’s excellent and honorable distinction.”

This was eloquently responded to by Mr. THOMAS J. SUTHERLAND, who said he desired to say a word about what Vermont had done for this country. No one was ignorant of the poet Saxe, or the sculptors Powers and Mead. To-day Vermont wielded a great influence in this Government. A Vermonter was Secretary of State, and the sons of Vermont represented their country at St. Petersburg, Rome and Vienna. The two Senators from Vermont were at the heads of the two most important committees of the Senate, those on judiciary and finance. No man in Congress stood higher as a lawyer than George F. Edmunds, and no one stood higher in finance than Justin S. Morrill. He congratulated the Sons of Vermont on what their State had accomplished.

"The golden age and the paper age; may neither ever lose its prestige,"

Was the next toast, and was responded to by Sub-Treasurer FRANK GILBERT. Mr. GILBERT had heard of a golden age in the past, but he was now taught that the primitive man was a monkey, and that there was no golden age. As to the paper age, the sons of Vermont had always been eminent in literature. GEORGE P. MARSH had a world-wide reputation as a litterateur. The toast also reminded him of a transition in national finance since the last banquet of the Association. The golden age had come, and come to stay. Neither gold nor paper would go. We had pooled our issues, and would keep both. Gold was not a very good friend. Seventeen years ago, when we were in need, gold deserted us. Nobody knew where it went, but it went. Then paper came, and kept the farmer and manufacturer at work. It went to the front, and was the soldiers' friend. Let us be glad it is here.

In closing he suggested the following sentiment:

"The golden age and the paper age; may they be as one and inseparable, and may neither ever fall below par."

Mr. EUGENE J. HALL was then introduced, and read the following poem:

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOYHOOD.

BY

OLD FARMER BROWN.

From the weather-worn house, on the brow o' the hill,
We are dwellin' afar in our manhood to-day;
But we see the old gables an' hollyhocks still,
Ez they looked long ago, ere we wandered away;
We can see the tall well-sweep that stan's by the door,
An' the sunshine that gleams on the old oaken floor.

We can hear the sharp creak o' the farm-gate again,
An' the loud-cacklin' hens in the gray barn near by,
With its broad saggin' floor, with its scaffolds o' grain
An' its rafters, that once seemed to reach to the sky;
We behold the big beams an' the "bottomless" bay,
Where the farm-boys once joyfully jumped on the hay.

We can see the low hog-pen, jest over the way,
An' the long, ruined shed by the side o' the road,
Where the sleds in the summer were hidden away,
An' the waggins an' plows, in the winter, were stowed;
An' the cider-mill, down in the holler below,
With a long, creakin' sweep fur the old hoss to draw,
Where we larned, by the hum'ly old tub, long ago,
What a world o' sweet raptur' ther' wus in a straw.
From the cider bar'l's there, loosely lyin' around,
More leaked from the bung-holes than dripped on the ground.

We can hear the low hum o' the hard-workin' bees,
 At the'r toil in our father's old orchard once more;
 In the broad tremblin' tops o' the bright bloomin' trees,
 Ez they busily gather the'r sweet winter's store;
 And the murmurin' brook, the delightful old horn,
 An' the cawin'black crows, that'r pullin' the corn.

We behold the bleak hillsides, still bristlin' with rocks,
 Where the mountain streams murmured with musical sound;
 Where we hunted an' fished, where we chased the red fox,
 With lazy old house-dog an' loud-bayin' hound;
 An' the cold, cheerless woods, we delighted to tramp,
 Fur the shy whirrin' partridge in snow to our knees;
 Where with neck-yoke an' pails, in the old sugar camp,
 We gathered the sap from the tall maple trees.
 An' the fields where our plows danced a furious jig,
 Ez we wearily frollered the furrer all day;
 Where we stumbled and skipped over boulders so big
 That it took twenty oxen to draw 'em away.
 Where we sowed, where we hoed, where we cradled an' mowed,
 Where we scattered the swaths that were heavy with dew,
 Where we tumbled, we pitched, an' behind the tall load,
 The broken old bull-rake reluctantly drew.
 How we grabbed the old sheep-skin, with feelin's o' scorn,
 Ez we straddled the back o' the old sorrel mare,
 An' rid up an' down thro' the green rows o' corn,
 Like a pin on a clo's-line that sways in the air.
 We can hear our stern fathers a scoldin' us still,
 Ez the careless old critter comes downon a hill.

We are far from the home o' our boyhood to-day,
 In the battle o' life, we are strugglin' alone.
 The weather-worn farm-house hez gone to decay;
 Its chimbly hez fallen; its swallers hev flown—
 Yet memory brings, on her beautiful wings,
 Her picters ag'in from the halls o' the past,
 An' fancy still fondly an' tenderly elings
 To pleasures an' pastimes too lovely to last.
 We wander agin by the river to-day;
 We sit in the school-room, o'erflowin with fun;
 We whisper, we play, an' we scamper away,
 When the lessons are larned an' the spellin' is done;
 We see the old cellar where apples were kept;
 The garret where all the old rubbish wus thrown;
 The leetle back chamber, where snugly we slept;
 The hum'ly old kitchen; the big hurth o' stone,
 Where apples were roasted, in many a row,
 Where our gran'mothers nodded an' knit long ago.

Our gran'mothers long hev repos'd in the tomb,
 With a strong, healthy race they hev peopled the land;
 They worked with the spindle, they toiled at the loom,
 Nor lazily brought up the'r babies by hand,
 The old flint-lock musket, whose awful recoil
 Made many a Nimrod with agony cry,
 Once hung on the chimbly, a part o' the spoil
 Our gallant old gran'fathers captured at "Ti."
 Brave men were our gran'fathers, sturdy an' strong;
 The kings o' the forest they chopped from the'r lands;
 They were starn in the'r virtu's; they hated all wrong,

An' they fit fur the right with the' hearts an' the'r hands.
 Down, down from the hillsides they swept in the'r might,
 An' up from the hollers they went on the'r way,
 To fight and to fall upon Hubbardton's height,
 To struggle an' *conquer* in Bennin'ton's fray.
 O ! fresh be the'r memory, cherished the sod,
 That long hez grown green o'er the'r cherished remains,
 An' grateful our hearts to a generous God
 Fur the blood an' the spirit that flows in our veins.

Our Allens, our Starks an' our Warners 'r' gone;
 But our grand old Green Mountains will fade not away;
 The souls o' our heroes 'r' still marchin' on,
 The structers they founded shell never decay.

From the weather-worn house on the brow o' the hill,
 We are dwellin' afar in our manhood to-day.
 But we see the old gables an' hollyhocks still,
 Ez they looked when we left 'em to wander away,
 But the dear ones we loved, in the sweet long-ago,
 In the old village church-yard sleep under the snow.

Farewell to the friends o' our bright boyhood days;
 To the beautiful vales, once delightful to roam;
 To the fathers, the mothers, now gone from our gaze,
 From the weather-worn house, to the'r Heavenly Home.
 Where they wait, where they watch, an' will welcome us still,
 Ez they waited an' watched in the house on the hill.

After the reading of the poem, Mr. JULES LUMBARD, by special request, sung "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie ?"

Mr. WILLIAM C. GRANT then responded to the toast:

"May the mothers of the present and future, like the mothers of the past, send their sons West."

Mr. GRANT said it was absurd to expect him to do justice to the mothers of Vermont, past, present and future, in five minutes. The superiority of Vermont mothers was largely attributable to the unexampled interest taken in education in Vermont. There were more than 3,000 public schools and forty academies within her borders, and, out of the 330,000 population, 56,000 were in the former and 4,000 in the latter and Normal schools—one-fifth of the population of the State. This was the secret of their mothers' success in the past, and their hope for the future.

The next toast was:

"Vermont, the nursery of sentiment, thought, and strong common sense thatmingles largely in the forces that shape the affairs and destiny of our nation."

This was responded to by Mr. L. L. COBURN, who said he didn't know why he was called upon to speak of Vermont as a nursery unless

it was because he was the oldest bachelor present. He thanked the President for calling upon him, but suggested that in consequence of the lateness of the hour, he would beg to be excused from making a speech.

President PEARSONS suggested that before parting all join in singing "AMERICA," which was done.

Rev. GEO. N. BOARDMAN, D. D., then pronounced the benediction, and the company left the Dining Hall. Some of the older members retired to their homes, but a large majority remained, and in response to the music of the grand orchestra, engaged in dancing, and remained till a late hour—or, more properly, to an early hour of the next day.

The occasion was an enjoyable one, and in every respect may be recorded as a grand success, which was largely owing to the untiring efforts of the Executive Committee of the Association, and to the Banquet Reception Committee, composed of the following gentlemen: SANFORD B. PERRY, FRANK GILBERT, H. N. HIBBARD, L. L. COBURN, ELLIOTT DURAND, STEPHEN F. BROWN, C. M. WICKER, E. B. SHERMAN, L. H. BISBEE and FRANKLIN DENISON.

The following is a list of the members and guests who attended this banquet.

Eugene J. Hall and lady, Fred. B. Tuttle, T. T. Sutor, H. H. Nash, Capt. Jewett Wilcox and wife, Rev. Arthur Little and wife, E. Morton Smith and wife, J. G. Lombard, Frank Lombard, Jno. Howard, Chas. Smith and wife, Jno. Waterman, Mrs. C. C. Weber, Moline, Ill., F. M. Blunt, S. P. Blunt and wife, R. S. Critchell and wife, Mrs. J. D. Chapman, Rock Island, Ill., H. G. White, L. B. Jameson and wife, Gurdon S. Hubbard and wife, Henry E. Hamilton and wife, G. W. Marble and wife, W. C. Grant, M. A. Farwell and wife, N. C. Draper and wife, Dr. O. S. Pine, A. S. Brownell and wife, Elmhurst, Ill., James G. Stephens, J. B. Stephens and wife, E. V. Davis and wife, W. W. Chandler, Lucius Hurlbert, H. H. Meacham and wife, Ira Bassett and wife, E. A. Webb, Miss Clara A. Webb, Miss Mary E. Webb, H. J. Webb and wife, Cleveland, O., Jno. Nutting, Miss Helen Nutting, H. C. Nutt and wife, Henry Towne and wife, Bacon Wheeler, W. S. Crosby, A. E. Clark, J. C. Bundy and wife, Miss Mary Nutt, P. G. Gifford, T. J. Sutherland and wife, Franklin Gilmore and two friends, Thos. Cook and four friends, Miss Julia A. Chapin, Geo. A. Persons, Fort Dodge, Iowa, D. K. Persons and friends, W. H. Gleason and four friends, E. F. Pulsifer and wife, Mrs. Roberts, J. Robinson and friend, A. B. Russ and wife, J. C. Jackson and wife, Dr. O. A. Barnes and wife, B. F. Morse and

wife, Dr. Norman Bridge and two ladies, Dr. C. M. Fitch and lady, Dr. J. A. Freeman, I. N. Camp and lady, Mr. Shennan and lady, E. B. Stillman and wife, Horatio L. Waite, Miss Marie Waite, H. N. Hibbard and wife, Norman C. Perkins, Miss Fannie Perkins, S. B. Bliss and wife, Sanford B. Perry, Wm. N. Perry, Roscoe A. Perry, Frank Gilbert and wife, Fred. M. Blount, J. Ogden Bryant, J. L. High and wife, Rev. S. Gilbert, Miss Helen Heath, A. J. Cutler, L. G. Fisher and daughter, Wm. A. Bond and wife, Franklin Denison and six friends, Walter S. Howe, Miss Laura Howe, R. S. Tuthill and wife, S. F. Brown and three ladies, W. H. Dudley and three friends, D. H. Hammer and wife, F. M. Barrett and wife, Geo. P. Jones and wife, J. L. Woodward and wife, E. B. Ford, Miss Emeret Ford, A. F. Nightingale and wife, Miss Birdie O. Bassett, D. Eyer and wife, Horace F. White and wife, H. P. Wood, Wm. H. Wood, Watago, Ill., O. H. Placer, W. H. Newcomb and wife, W. H. Smith, Miss Lou M. Olmsted, O. E. Atwood and wife, Blue Island, Alonzo N. Townsend and wife, Miss Mary Townsend, Miss Susan Townsend, Blue Island, L. B. Ray, Morris, Ill., Jno. N. Hills and wife, Jno. Stearns, Chas. A. Tinker and wife, Miss Flora E. Tinker, J. T. Curtis and lady, J. A. Fitch, W. R. Baker, wife and daughter, Wm. Borner and wife, B. H. Hibbard and wife, J. F. Curtis and wife, J. M. Worthing and wife, Frank R. Chandler, C. M. Wicker, J. M. Hubbard and wife, Miss Mary P. Hubbard, Seymour Childs and wife, M. D. Kendall and wife, H. J. Milligan, Mrs. E. L. Watkins, A. D. Hager and wife, Eugene Dresser and wife, J. S. Conwell, W. H. Cook, A. W. Waldo and wife, Annie E. Waldo, B. W. Shipley, W. D. Allen, Miss Grace Allen, L. L. Coburn and lady, F. B. Williams, N. H. Barnes and wife, Gen'l N. Gleason, Logansport, Ind., Charles Stewart and wife, Neponset, Ill., Miss Belle J. Stewart, Lake Forest, Ill., Mr. Phelps, T. P. Kellogg, Arlington Heights, Chas. Blanchard, Ottawa, Ill., W. N. Campbell, Benj. Hinman, Miss Mary Hinman, Derby, Vt., Mrs. L. H. Bisbee, W. C. Wright and wife, L. Pitkin, Belvidere, Ill., Lewis Dodge and wife, C. W. Thompson, J. H. Viele, Moline, Ill., A. N. Draper, Mrs. Smith, Dr. E. A. Kilbourne and wife, Elgin, Ill., Mrs. J. S. Curtis, John Davis, H. B. Kellogg and wife, Mrs. Mattie J. Kent, J. J. Luther, Miss J. M. Kellogg, A. P. Brink and wife, E. B. Griswold, M. A. Tooksbury and lady, West Randolph, Vt., Geo. L. Pratt and lady, Geo. M. Clark, D. G. Whittemore, Burlington, Vt., A. J. Snow, Miss Tooksbury, West Randolph, Vt., J. E. Thorndale, Mrs. Emily Wright, W. S. Rutherford and Miss Addie Fisher, Bloomington, Ill., Jennie Armstrong, Arcola, Ill., Annie Morgan, Washington

Hesing, A. W. Rollins and wife, Mr. Carsons and wife, A. W. Freeman and daughter, E. F. Horton and wife, J. G. Shafter and wife, St. Albans, Vt., A. M. Hitchcock, Vermont, Wm P. Jones, Jr., Evanston, Ill., Gen'l E. P. Smith, St. Paul, Minn., D. B. Freeman and wife, Geo. E. Gooch, Geo. A. P. Kelsey and wife.

SEVENTH REGULAR MEETING.

JUNE 3, 1879.

The seventh Regular Meeting of the Association was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, June 3, 1879. D. K. PEARSONS presided, and A. D. HAGER was Secretary. The Treasurer, H. H. NASH, submitted a report, which showed a balance of \$12.39 in the treasury. The Secretary was asked why the annual report had not been printed. His reply was that a lack of the necessary funds in the treasury was the only reason of its non-appearance. On motion of Mr. T. J. SUTHERLAND, it was resolved that no printed report be issued this year, but one should be published in the year 1880, containing the proceedings of the Association for two years. It was resolved that a copy of that report be sent to every member not in arrears for dues at the time of its publication.

The meeting then adjourned.

EIGHTH REGULAR MEETING.

DECEMBER 2, 1879.

The eighth Regular, being the third Annual Meeting of the Association, was held in the Club Room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, December 2, 1879.

President PEARSONS occupied the Chair, and in the absence of the Secretary, E. B. SHERMAN acted as Secretary *pro tem.*

Treasurer H. H. NASH submitted his report, showing the total cash receipts for the current year had been \$697.64; disbursements, \$685.25, leaving a balance in treasury of \$12.39.

The report was adopted.

MR. JOHN N. HILLS, Chairman of the Executive Committee, made his annual report. It showed that much labor had been done in getting up the banquet of January 17, 1879, which was a pronounced success. He attributed this agreeable result, in a great measure, to the indefatigable and well applied labors of MR. CHAS. A. TINKER, a member of the Executive Committee, who had done much of the work properly belonging to other members of the Committee, and the Secretary. He expressed regret that the Association would be deprived of the active services of MR. TINKER, who had removed to Baltimore to assume a very responsible position in connection with one of the leading railroad and telegraph lines of the country.

In consequence of other pressing duties, Secretary HAGER had declined to longer act as Secretary of the Association, and MR. HILLS, in closing his report, urged "the necessity of electing men to fill the offices of the Society, especially those of Secretary and Executive Committee, who are working men, who have the interest of the Association at heart, and who had the time to spare sufficient to insure success and permanency of the Association." The report was adopted.

The following gentlemen were, on motion, appointed a Committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, viz.: A. N. WATERMAN, NORMAN C. PERKINS, N. H. BARNES, L. B. JAMESON, and J. L. WOODWARD.

President PEARSONS said he thought the honors of the office of President should be distributed among the members, and therefore declined a reëlection.

The Committee retired, and H. N. HIBBARD, in response to an invitation, made some remarks suited to the occasion.

The Committee reported the names of the following gentlemen as candidates for the several offices, viz.:

For President, GEORGE N. BOARDMAN.

Vice-Presidents, ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, O. S. A. SPRAGUE, and EUGENE CANFIELD.

Secretary, FRANK B. WILLIAMS.

Treasurer, H. H. NASH.

Executive Committee, JOHN N. HILLS, Chairman; H. C. NUTT, L. L. COBURN, H. N. HIBBARD, NORMAN WILLIAMS.

The report was adopted, and they were unanimously elected.

On motion of MR. N. C. PERKINS, it was voted that the Executive Committee be instructed to associate with them an auxiliary committee of fifteen, if they find it desirable, to assist in getting up and managing the next Annual Banquet.

The Executive Committee were also instructed to invite Mr. N. C. PERKINS to write a poem for the anniversary.

On motion, Mr. JOHN M. HUBBARD was appointed a Committee on Music.

On motion of Mr. CASE, the unpaid dues of the assessment of December, 1878, were remitted or made voluntary on the part of the members.

On motion of Mr. L. L. COBURN, it was resolved to make an assessment of one dollar on each member of the Association for the coming year.

It was voted that the next Annual Banquet be held Friday, Jan. 16, 1880, at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

The meeting was then adjourned.

THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET.

JANUARY 16, 1880.

The Third Annual Banquet of our Society, held at the Grand Pacific Hotel on the evening of Friday, January 16, 1880, was, in all respects, a grand success, far surpassing in the completeness of the arrangements, all its predecessors.

There were about five hundred people present, representatives of our city, the State and the country at large. Pound's full orchestra furnished the music, and four electric lamps illuminated the vast Banquet Hall.

The following interesting lines are taken from the *Chicago Times'* report of the Banquet:

"The general reader may wonder why it is that the Vermonters should have such a pride in their State, so much beyond that entertained by the citizens of other States.

"Vermont belonged originally, some years before the revolution, to what was known as the New Hampshire grants, comprehending all the territory lying west of the Connecticut river. A controversy arose between New York and New Hampshire as to which colony owned the territory, and in 1763 the Governor of New York issued a proclamation claiming it under grants from Charles II. to the Duke of York. New Hampshire denied the validity of New York's title, and New York appealed to the King of Great Britain. His majesty decided in favor of New York, and the Governor attempted to take forcible possession.

But the citizens of Vermont had an absurd notion that they ought to have something to say in the contest as to their persons and property, and when the officers from New York invaded the territory, the people, under the leadership of the sturdy Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and other such men, made forcible resistance. Then New York offered a reward of \$150 for the head of Allen, and \$50 for the heads of the other leaders, and the Vermonters retaliated by offering a reward for the Attorney General of New York. It was in this controversy that the people of Vermont, bound together to protect themselves against the attempted dominion of a neighboring State, acquired a clannishness which has never left them. The revolution coming on suspended the quarrel, but neither New York nor Vermont forgot it. The latter had almost an anomalous position in the war of the colonies against the mother country. She was not directly the subject of Great Britain, for she was claimed as a province of New York; and she would not recognize her would-be-mistress, so that she was practically an independent country, taking a hand with the other colonies in a cause in which she had no direct interest. But she was true to the cause of liberty. In vain did the British try to gain her to their side. She stood firm by the colonies, made common cause with them, and did magnificent service in the conflict. The capture of Ticonderoga by the gallant Ethan Allen is familiar to all. The Vermont troops were among the most valiant in the invasion of Canada, and they and their commanders rendered invaluable aid in the masterly retreat. The capture of the British garrison at St. John's was one of the critical acts of the war; the battles on Lake Champlain, and the two battles near Bennington, resulting in the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne, rendered the Green Mountain boys immortal in history. In 1776 the colony asked for admission to the colonial federacy, but New York strenuously objected, and she withdrew. On January 17, 1777, she declared her independence of Great Britain, and again asked admission to the confederacy, but with the same result. She was nine years outside, alone, and these years, when her people had to stand shoulder to shoulder to resist the encroachments of New York, only served to make them more clannish. At last, in 1790, New York offered to accept \$30,000 for all her right and title to the land. The offer was accepted, and the people purchased their liberty for the sake of peace. She was then admitted to the Union. From that time to this, Vermont has been one of the most steadfast friends of the American nation, and during the rebellion she sent out twenty-five regiments, and lost five thousand in slain. And she is, as has been truly said, the only State in the Union whose citizens boast their allegiance to both State and nation. The clannishness which was born before and during the Revolution lasts to this day. Wherever the energetic, sturdy men and women go, they are always "sons and daughters of Vermont." Their cider and apple-sass and butter-nuts never lose their charm, and you can always reach a Vermonter's heart by speaking of the old family hearthstone. The Association known as Sons of Vermont was organized in this city in 1877, with small beginnings, and it is now one of

the most substantial of orders, having a membership in many towns throughout the State, and comprehending in its membership the most successful and prominent gentlemen in law, medicine, the ministry, and mercantile pursuits."

At 8.30 o'clock the guests marched into the Banquet Hall. Before taking seats at the table the Divine Blessing was invoked by the Rev. DUANE S. PHILLIPS, of Kankakee, Ill., formerly rector of St. Peter's Episcopal church, at Bennington, Vt.

The repast being over, the retiring President, Mr. D. K. PEARSONS, called the meeting to order, saying he had the honor to introduce a teacher of divinity, who represented the theology of the Mayflower, and the truths that had made the people of Vermont such as he now saw before him. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. GEO. N. BOARDMAN, of the Congregational Theological Seminary, the newly elected President of the Association. Dr. BOARDMAN said Mr. PEARSONS had not enlarged so fully as he might have done on the virtues of the third president of the Association, and the compliment to the speaker's theology was such as he would like to have carved on his tomb; but till he was dead it did not become a man to boast. This was a country full of good speakers and good lecturers, and of the former, two things were required, one that they should have something to say, and the other, that they should be stimulated by such mild beverages as would not incapacitate them from being worthy citizens of Vermont. There were larger States than Vermont, but no State of more individuality or more widely known. This, perhaps, because Vermont was born by an act of will. Neither New York nor Massachusetts had succeeded in stealing it, and even its hills couldn't lift it above the regions of Indian corn and maple sugar. It was well balanced; it had a clear head; a substantial back-bone, and was usually sound to the core. The glory of Vermont was that no town had run away with it. It had a character of its own, from the town where fifteen men sent a representative to Montpelier, up to its most populous city. That State gave her people their characteristics. It had a back-bone which her sons did not fear would break; a brain that would not soften. The State had a few jails and an occasional hanging, but mostly for the benefit of outsiders. It was a grand State to live in as well as to come from. Look at New York and New Hampshire. He supposed that these States had raised people who loyed them—though it was difficult to say why. A man never said he came from New York. He would always say Cattaraugus, Schoharie, or some other county. Vermonters always came from Vermont. It was known as Old Vermont, because it was straightforward.

and steady, and not given to Yankee tricks. The Mountain-BUILDER knew what He was doing when He made Vermont. He made just such a State as was needed in this country, to furnish, not the Syracuse salt, but the salt of society. He didn't claim that Vermont was perfect; but it was an honest, contented State, knowing its own duties and its own business. She had continually a reserve force in her two hundred small towns which could outweigh and overbalance every evil influence. She had been called the Star that Never Sets,—certainly not the largest of the constellation, but it gave a clear and steady light, which if not followed always, ought to be. A State that loved the old, and left experiments to other people, feeling that the old was the better.

Mr. FRANK B. WILLIAMS, the Secretary, read letters of regret from President Hayes, Secretary of State Evarts, Senator Edmunds, Gov. Gear, of Iowa; Gov. Williams, of Indiana; Gov. Smith, of Wisconsin; Gov. Proctor, of Vermont; Gov. Cullom and Lieut.-Gov. Shuman, of Illinois; Ex-Gov. Hiland Hall, of Vermont; Ex-Gov. John B. Page, of Vermont; Ex-Gov. Horace Fairbanks, of Vermont; Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Burlington, Vermont; Hon. Geo. H. Bigelow, of Burlington, Vermont; Hon. Wm. F. Vilas, Madison, Wis.; Lieut.-Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan, President Jas. B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; M. D. Gilman, Librarian Vermont Historical Society; Hon. Chas. Dewey, Montpelier, Vt.; Hon. E. W. Keyes, Madison, Wis.; J. P. C. Cottrell, of Milwaukee, Wis.; John A. Barnes, of Decatur, Ill., and others.

The Vermont Quartette sang "Hurrah for Old New England," when Rev. Dr. BUCKHAM, President of the Vermont University, in response to the first regular toast,

"Vermont, our old home; God bless her,"

arose and said: In response to kind invitation, he had come to the festival with fresh greetings from Vermont. Vermont was proud of her sons elsewhere, and proud that her sons were proud of her. Vermont did not regard her absent sons as the Moses who went out and got cheated—they were too sharp for that; nor did she look up to them as the son who had got out into the world and grown greater than his brothers and sisters. Modesty, it was known, was one of the characteristics of Chicago, and reverence was not one of Vermont's virtues. It was pleasant for those who stay in Vermont to know that those who have so much to enjoy and admire here, still have so much affection for and pride in the old State. We think it honorable both to us and to you that, although you have committed the fortunes of the State to us, you love the State none the less on that account, and that we love

the State more because of your unchanged affection. He thought as rich and smart as we are out here we must miss some of the old things. What surprised him in coming West was the lack of hills. Why, he hadn't seen a hill steep enough for a boy to slide down on, and never before realized how much of a gap there is in the mental condition of a person who has been used to mountains, when the mountains all fade down below the horizon. What would the Chicago Vermonters think if he were to tell them that he lay where he could look out of his window in the morning and take in the whole summit of Mount Mansfield? He could get the lemon-green tint every morning before sunrise which the Italian traveler looked for, and considered it was good fortune to catch once in a great while. The scent of the flowers on the tables before him was pleasant; but he wanted to lead the Vermonters to the scents of Vermont. He wanted them to take in what was known as the "woodsy smell." If there was a Vermont woman sick in Chicago, and her physician could not cure her, he would gather some pine and spruce boughs and maidenhair ferns, and send it to her, and have it opened in her room. It would cure her.

If one would find how many true hearted men there are in Vermont do not send the census-taker, for he cannot find them, but let there come danger from violence, domestic or foreign, and Vermonters would start up from places where it is now supposed there are no Vermonters. At the opening of the war a meeting was called to see what was to be done. George P. Marsh said that, if necessary, Vermont must raise a regiment of men, and they cheered him. If it must be they would raise two regiments, and they cheered him again. If the worst came to the worst they must raise three regiments, and they cheered him again. He reached the climax by saying that they might be called on to raise five regiments. They didn't cheer then. It was getting serious. Vermont did raise twenty regiments, and might have raised twenty more. The reason Vermont can furnish any number of men the occasion requires, however great the occasion may be, is because Vermont keeps the institutions, the habits, the ideas, the principles which make men and women great. Up in Vermont they have a simple, democratic constitution. Vermont is a Godly State. It keeps fifty-two Sundays a year, and, in exceptionally good years, fifty-three. It keeps them not according to the blue laws, nor according to the Parisian idea, but in a straightforward, honest way.

When he started for Chicago, a great many said to him "Give our love to all the boys and girls in Chicago." That is what he had come for, to bring the love of genuine Vermonters at home to unspoiled

Vermonters in Chicago. When he should go back he would be asked many questions as to how the boys and girls here were doing; whether they were still standing by the old landmarks. He wanted to carry something back with him. College Presidents were always at something of that sort. He was not thinking of what his hearers were thinking when he said that. He wanted to take back some of the life and energy of the West. He wanted to increase the pulse-beats of Vermont about five to the minute. He hoped he should be able to say he found all the boys and girls out here just as simple-minded, just as true-hearted in all their splendor and the grandeur of their achievements, as they were in the old days when they drove the cows to the pasture, whistling as they went, and when the young heart that beat under the smock frock didn't even dream of the splendors which are our daily fare now. He hoped that all we owe Vermont for our training we would pay back in our affection for her and devotion to her interests. He closed his remarks with this sentiment: "*The old State of Vermont; God bless her; may the love of her sons encompass her, the love of all her daughters cherish her.*"

The next toast was,

"*The cultivation and expression of public spirit, a great want in America,*"

and was eloquently responded to by Rev. WILLIAM R. ALGER. The reverend gentleman said that whatever took one from the struggle and rush and crush of everyday life was good for all so taken aside. Vermont had done much in this direction. "The cultivation and expression of public sentiment in America, a great want," was the sentiment for him to speak to. He believed that this sentiment was not as true in the United States as of any other country. A little State like Vermont, for instance, sent twenty thousand men to the war, only fifteen thousand of whom ever returned. This was but a sample of the public spirit shown all over the country. Granting the truth of this, it should be even more manifestly true. This country belonged to the people, and public sentiment should govern it, not only to the extent of its preservation, but to the overthrow of all public wrong. He believed that public sentiment was growing, and that public virtue was not on the wane. All public acts were more closely scanned and more strongly criticised than ever before. Public spirit was that which sought the good of the whole community; of whatever was right and Godlike. Ambition for place and power should not be confounded with public spirit; devotion to party with devotion to country. Seekers after

personal ambition should be retired from public life. The essential degree of public spirit was in the character of the man; the second or formal degree was in what a man professed; the third or fruitful degree was in action. The first showed what he is; the second what he would be thought, and the third the resultant of the two.

The Glee Club sang "The Old Oaken Bucket, to the air of "Araby's Daughter."

Mr. NORMAN C. PERKINS was then introduced, and read the following poem:

A RHYME OF THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

BY NORMAN C. PERKINS.

The small, square school-house, with its sloping shed,
With clap-boards covered, always painted red,
Stood like Fame's temple that did overlook
The Hill of Knowledge in the spelling-book.
'Twas Learning's cheap and ever free abode,
And public, for it stood right in the road.
Its play-ground stretched, with many a guide-board sign,
From Massachusetts up to Derby Line.
Within, the teacher's throne stood at the end,—
Two rows of desks on each side did ascend,
With seats in front for little victims, where
Their feet hung useless, dangling in the air.
A mighty stove down in the middle stood,
And roared all day with heaps of maple wood.
There may have been a black-board, and perhaps
There hung a set of Mitchell's Outline Maps.

This was the school of forty years ago;
We don't remember it ourselves, you know,
For we are boys yet, and we do but seem
Gray-headed patriarchs, walking in a dream!
Our hair is false! and where the bald spots rise
They only show how thin is the disguise!

Once more I see that troop of little girls
With shining hair, all innocent of curls,
Imprisoned close in little silken nets,
Barefooted, and with calico pantaloons,
All wending school-ward on the Summer's day—
Now stopping to pick berries by the way—
Now standing all a-row, with glances shy,
To "make their manners" to the passer-by!

The school-ma'am sits there as of old she did—
Her watch ticks loudly, in her bosom hid,
As to the little pupil at her knee
She points the letters out, from A to Z,
With that sharp penknife which she always had
To cut off children's ears when they were bad.

Once more through open windows comes the tone
 Of murmuring bees—the harvest-bug's long drone—
 The hammer's sound comes from the distant shop—
 The swallows twitter in the chimney-top,
 And children read, with many a drowsy nod,
 That "No man may put off the law of God."

What house could hold that crew of boisterous boys
 Whose sex and presence were made known by noise,
 As of a winter morning they rushed in
 With caps of fur, and dinner-pails of tin,
 With trousers legs tied down with bits of twine,
 With rosy cheeks that evermore did shine
 With health's own luster; with the melting tracks
 Of snow-balls sticking still upon their backs,
 And stood, in coats that their own mothers wove,
 To thaw their aching fingers at the stove?

There stands the youngster, with a quivering lip,
 Who was the "snapper" when they "snapped the whip,"
 And whose short length end over end did go
 And stuck head-foremost in a drift of snow.
 Here stand the big boys, who for morning's play
 Have taken a run a good half-mile away
 And slid down hill—there was no "coasting" then—
 And drawn their sleds with patience back again.

Soon order came; each racked his little pate
 O'er dire subtractions on his tiny slate,
 And learned that maxim, dear to many men,
 "When you are short, you always borrow ten."

Some playful wight, perchance, was doomed to sit
 Between two girls, as retribution fit
 For his great crimes; and so he learned e'en then
 The truth that comes in time to all young men—
 'Tis more than twice as hard for Adam's son
 To sit with two girls as to sit with one!

Behold that spelling-class, with eager look—
 With hands beside them—finger in the book—
 No looking sideways, and no looking back—
 Heads up, and every toe upon the crack—
 Ranged in long line like soldiers as they stand,
 Ready to bow and "curchy" at command!
 —The times have changed; boys still can make a bow,
 But where's the girl can make a "curchy" now?

Now here to-night before our school is done,
 We'll read once more the Fable Number One:

"An old man found a rude boy in his tree,
 A-stealing apples;"—from which fact we see
 The scene is laid not in Vermont—no; but
 Down in New Hampshire, or Connecticut.
 "The old man desired him to come down, with what he'd got;
 But the young saucy-boy told him plainly he would not."
 Now every boy that we knew in our school
 Always came down, and with his pockets full!
 "O, won't you," said the old man; 'then I will fetch you down!'"
 Who ever heard such language in a Vermont town?
 "So he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him,

Which made the youngster laugh, astride the limb.
 'Well, well,' said the old man, 'if kind words and grass won't do'—

Just see how wicked this bad old man grew!—

"I'll try what virtue now there is in stones;
 And pelted him heartily"—may be, broke his bones—
 "Which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree,
 And beg the old man's pardon."—Now we see
 This story's meant for children very small,
 And is nothing but a fable, after all.

The MORAL of this tale each schoolboy obvious found:
 "—Always steal apples when the old man is n't 'round!"

The teacher boarded round; I see him yet—
 The matron in her gown of bombazet,
 With two shell side-combs looping up her hair,
 And extra cap-strings floating in the air,
 Just greeting him within her open door,
 With homely words of welcome, o'er and o'er.

'Twas, "Yis, sir; walk right in sir; take a chair;
 Stomp off the snow—it wont do any hurt;
 We've been expectin' you, but I declare
 You wouldn't think we had, to see the dirt!

Fact is, we butchered only t'other day—
 We don't look quite so bad's this, many nights;
 We're sort o' cluttered up, as you might say,
 It takes so long to put the house to rights!

But supper's ready; come, sir, set right down;
 We don't stand much on ceremony here,
 Jest help yourself; my husband's gone to town,
 But 'long 'bout nine o'clock guess he'll appear.

Like baked pertaters? That's a hard one though,
 Come, have another that is better done;
 I guess them biscuits are about all dough,
 But some look brownish—take that corner one!

Now try a little sassage; we don't make
 Pretensions—we're plain folks, just as we seem;
 And is your tea agreeable? won't you take
 More sugar, or another drop o' cream?

Wal, this is washin'-day; in every room
 The children they have scattered all their duds—
 I've had my hands full, with the oven-broom
 And clothes-pins, and most everything in the suds!

This Injin pud'n!—wal, 'twas most to soon
 To take it out—I see it aint quite prime—
 I allus put 'em in a-Monday noon,
 And let 'em stay till Tuesday dinner-time.

Jane pass them nutcakes; now my husband, he
 Consaits that I make nutcakes hard to match;
 Sometimes they're short and crips—you've no idee;—
 I didn't have luck, though, somehow, with this batch.

These cookies have got awful hard and dry,
 The caraway seeds like little bits of wood;
 But mebbe you can eat one—now, do try—
 The children allus think they're proper good.
 Can you make room for flap-jacks on your plate?
 They've stood so long I guess they're ruther tough—
 This boy don't mind it—seems as if he ate
 As though he never could git half enough.

Children are master hungry at his age,
 Now, don't you think so?—I declare, this pie
 Is drefful hot!—the punkin's best, I'll wage;
 We'll cool the mince, and have it by and by.

This sweet-cake, now, it riz up nice and light,
 And then it fell—I'm sorry, for my man
 Sets great store by it when he comes at night—
 Now, do make out a supper if you can!"

So speaking in apologetic strain
 This woman placed before the teacher's eye
 A supper that, repeated once again,
 Might tempt the very saints to gluttony.

In time the sleigh bells' jingle, sharp and clear,
 Came to the children's ever listening ear,
 And quick they crowded round the frosty pane
 To watch their father coming home again;
 And then the youngest climbed upon a chair
 To place the candle for a beacon there.
 His chores all done, the bargains of the day
 Told one by one, the boot-jack hung away,
 His coat removed, but wearing still his hat,
 The farmer then sat down to have *his* chat :

"Wal, you're a poaty good marster, they say,
 And you be, I've no doubt—I've no doubt;
 But you'll hev to look sharp or the big boys, some day,
 Will p'raps put you out—put you out.
 We tried that game once, Sir, when I was a boy,
 As we 'membered long arter—long arter;
 He gin us a put-out we didn't enjoy,
 For we jest caught a Tartar—a Tartar!
 O, I had to travel to school a good ways,
 And 'twas up on a hill—on a hill;
 They 'peared to locate all on 'em, them days,
 As they would a wind-mill—a wind-mill.
 They had poaty hard work, with the snows and the sleet,
 To keep us from freezin'—from freezin':
 There was consid'able coughin' up on the back seats,
 And a good deal of sneezin'—of sneezin'.
 'Twas a log house, you know, with hewed logs for a floor,
 And the fire-place look grimly—look grimly;
 The cold air went in through the chinks and the door,
 And the warm air up chimly—up chimly.
 A good education I've thought for my son,
 A good deal consarnin'—consarnin',
 For I've made up my mind that, when all's said and done,
 There's nothing like larnin'—like larnin'.

Now, 'twouldn't be no favor to some boys I see,
 To send 'em to college—to college,
 For they don't never seem to git no sort of idee
 Of the vally of knowledge—of knowledge.
 The Book says you can't never make a fig grow
 Worth a cent on a thistle—a thistle,
 And a pig's tail, as all on us very well know,
 Don't make a good whistle—good whistle.
 You plant pink-eyes and bilbows both in the same field,
 But you can't change their naters—their naters;
 The tops look alike, but you find by the yield
 There's a difference in 'taters—in 'taters.
 Now, you compare Vermont boys with what others you will,
 With Yankees—York Staters—York Staters,
 You'll find they aint small ones, nor few in a hill;—
 That's the difference in 'taters—in 'taters!"

Another home appears: upon the snow
 The lingering twilight shed its parting glow
 And gave that dreamy landscape with the hue
 Of earth and heaven, all blended, to the view,
 Till shade by shade it slowly crept away,
 Like some weird ghost of the departing day,
 And darkness wrapped the outer world from sight
 And brought the stillness of the winter night.

In the room, when night advancing
 Set the firelight's gleam to dancing
 With the wild, fantastic shadows on the wall,
 And the husband's day's work ended
 Left him with his legs extended
 On the huge, old-fashioned settle, broad and tall,

There I see the mother sitting,
 As she gently takes her knitting
 Work from out curious basket that the Indians wove—
 Sitting in her old position,
 On a patchwork, feather cushion,
 In her own old rocking-chair beside the stove.

Then her nimble-handed daughter
 Started up and swiftly brought her
 Cherry light-stand from the corner where it stood by day—
 Spread the linen cloth in order,
 With tied fringe around the border—
 Brought the candle, with the snuffers and the tray.

Like a miser with his riches,
 Counting one by one the stiches,
 So she "widdened" and she "narrowed" o'er and o'er,
 While the dog, of sleepy habits,
 Lay and dreamed of chasing rabbits,
 And the kitten chased the ball upon the floor.

So she sat there, slowly rocking,
 As she knit the little stocking,
 Looking up with many nod a and tender smile
 At her children's faces ruddy,
 As she saw them at their study,
 Softly humming some old ditty all the while.

And each note, perchance, was bringing
 To her as she sat there singing,
 Its own story of the shadowy long ago;
 Then a moment seemed to blend her
 Voice with memories yet more tender,
 And lullaby came from her, soft and low.

Knitting still, and never speaking,
 Naught was heard except the creaking
 Of her chair's unceasing motion to and fro,
 Till her ball of yarn diminished,
 And the baby's sock was finished,
 With a little tip of whiteness at the toe.

And then came her boy's distractions,
 Puzzling o'er his Vulgar Fractions,
 But she said, "My son, to-night I would not try;"
 And, a smile her face adorning,
 "Twill seem easier in the morning:
 Take good courage—it will come out by and by!"

O, that faith of loving blindness!
 O, those words of loving kindness
 Of the ones who gave their lives for such as we!
 In our ears they sound forever,
 Like the echoes, ending never,
 In the shell that brings its music from the sea!

Like their spirits' fond caressing,
 Let their names fall like a blessing
 On our children as we bring them to the font;
 For something nobler than all others
 God created all our mothers—
 God created all the mothers of Vermont!

"Vermonters at home and abroad,"

was the next toast, and responded to by Col. A. N. WATERMAN, as follows:

Assembled in the metropolis of the Northwest, surrounded in this palatial hotel by so many evidences of wealth and luxury, we might almost forget that the State whose sons we are has no great cities, and that the people out from among whom we have come are, in the main, of frugal habits, humble means, and simple ways.

Her thirty thousand farmers, with farms averaging less than a hundred acres, find in the cultivation of her hillsides that something more than mere tickling is needed to make them laugh with an abundant harvest. Farm life in Vermont is a struggle with inclement weather, stubborn rocks, tough stumps, and a meagre soil.

The winter is consumed in foddering cattle and getting out firewood, odd times being filled in by the manufacture of sap-buckets, which from immemorial usage have become legal tender at ten cents apiece; while

the small remainder of the year is devoted to a sharp endeavor first to get behind then ahead of frost, ever lingering near.

For the Vermont farmers, the possibilities of existence hardly include the getting of great possessions, but rather the great peace that comes from a simple and well-ordered life.

The Vermont farmer works hard, lives well, and, if you reckon his gains by dollars and cents, dies poor; but if you weigh him and his in the scales of eternity, then, by heaven! you will find his class are the richest in the universe. For there is wealth of purse, wealth of mind, and wealth of soul. The first is of the earth, earthy; the second is of the spirit, refined; the third is of the heavens, divine. Because greatness of soul is not born of riches, neither cometh it out of places of pride and power, but from the heart that finds contentment in the discharge of the duties, the fulfillment of the obligations, the doing of the work of daily life.

The end and aim of civilization is the promotion of human happiness; if they do not conduce to this, then your wealth, your art and science, literature and law, are useless. Judged by this standard there is in the world no higher civilization than that of Vermont. Nowhere are to be found less of extremes of wealth and poverty, less of violence and destitution, suffering and crime, more of industry, sobriety and prosperity, as well as actual and practical liberty, equality and fraternity.

The tenant-farmer is one whose money comes hard and does not go easily; he counts his pennies ere he pays them—but he will pay that which he hath promised.

The Vermonter is not above being a politician; he is the stiffest of partisans; thinks it an honor to represent his town in the legislature, and to be charged with the conduct of its affairs. Animated by this spirit, he has given such thought, time and labor to political affairs that mankind have never seen a government the superior of that under which he lives; a government that more perfectly answers the end for which governments are instituted—the protection of life, the security of property, and the establishment of liberty.

In the common sense Vermont is not a grand State. Her mountains are noble, but they are not Himalayas; her rivers are beautiful, but they are not Amazons; her valleys are picturesque, but they are not like Chamouni or the Yosemite; her institutions of learning are honorable, but they are not endowed like Yale or Harvard; her capitol building only a creditable structure, costing one-twentieth of what your court house will when finished; but her women and her girls—forgive me, reverend sir, if, with memories of youth crowding thick upon me, I say, “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive” anything more beautiful than they.

And her men—not we degenerate children away from the sight and shadow of her mountains; away from the clear, hard granite of her hills; away from the clear water of her springs, and the sweet shade of her maples; not we who see her rocks and breathe her air no more; not we, corrupted by the influences of other scenes and richer lands—

but her men, those who dwell in the land in which it is good to be born, to live and to die—her men! Did I say she is not a grand State?

What constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlements,
 Thick walls, and moated gate,
 But men, high-minded men,
 Who know their rights
 And, knowing, dare maintain.

The next toast was,

“Chicago, our adopted home, and its Mayor,”

to which his Honor, CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor of Chicago, briefly but very pleasantly responded. He said that he was a believer in brevity as the soul of wit. When the dial pointed to midnight, it became both the soul and body. Upon the first half of the toast he had thought out a very long speech, which he had been enabled to do from his association with the city's affairs. In consideration of the hour, however, he had decided not to deliver it; but if they would invite him to the banquet one year hence, he would let them have it all.

In regard to the portion of the toast referring to himself, he had little to say. During the evening two references had been made to Chicago people. “One speaker,” continued His Honor, “said they are modest. That's me. Another spoke of men being pushed into office. That's me. If you want to hear all that's bad about me, read the daily papers for the next three days. If you want to hear all that is good, wait till I get a tombstone. You will never find it anywhere else.”

The “Doxology” was sung by the entire assembly, and a benediction pronounced by Rev. Wm. C. HOPKINS, of Champaign, Illinois, son of Rt.-Rev. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, for many years Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont, after which the company adjourned to the vast corridors of the hotel, where many of its members joined in the dance, while others passed the few remaining hours in social converse.

The general impression seemed to prevail that this reunion was not only the largest but also the most enjoyable that had been held since the Association was formed.

The Reception Committee at this Banquet was composed of the following members of the Association, who contributed largely to the comfort and pleasure of the guests:

D. K. PEARSONS, STEPHEN F. BROWN, FRANKLIN DENISON, E. B. SHERMAN, EDWARD A. JEWETT, JEWETT WILCOX, JOHN M. THATCHER, I. N. CAMP, C. N. PRATT, N. C. DRAPER, H. H. THOMAS, and CHARLES A. TINKER.

Below we give a list of the members, and their guests, who were present at this banquet:

Hon. C. H. Harrison, C. M. Smith and wife, R. T. Howard, E. C. Hale, W. H. Smith, J. T. Sutor, N. C. Perkins, Henry H. Meacham and wife, Rev. Lyman N. Freeman, Lyman N. Freeman, Jr., D. K. Pearsons and wife, Rev. Father Kent, Mrs. John A. Pearsons, A. Clement and wife, N. T. Kendall, Robt. Greer and wife, John Waterman, Miss Alice Snell, Miss Grace Snell, J. H. Moore and wife, Willard F. Myrick and wife, Alex. Wolcott and wife, R. J. Bennett and wife, E. Dresser and wife, Thos. Andrews, Lemont, Ill., J. H. Meddaugh, Miss Annie Carter, Miss Florence Rockwell, N. H. Smith, Miss L. M. Olmstead, John W. Bennett, Col. E. A. Jewett and wife, H. N. Hibbard and wife, Hyde Park, Ill., Miss Edith Hibbard, Miss Mary Noble, W. B. Johnson and wife, Geo. W. Kemp, H. B. Bogue and wife, Geo. M. Bogue and wife, Lucian Bradley and wife, Mrs. Warren Smalley, Geo. W. Newcomb, J. N. Barker and wife, Geo. Wood and wife, Miss Mary Wood, Prof. L. Saloux, Miss Maria Waite, H. L. Waite, Norman Williams and wife, S. B. Perry, wife, and two friends, W. N. Campbell, A. L. Hopkins, E. D. Redington and wife, Prof. Geo. N. Boardman, Col. H. C. Nutt and wife, Bacon Wheeler, C. B. Pope and wife, C. H. Greenleaf and wife, White Mountains, N. H., Mrs. W. Wheeler, Marshall, Mich., F. M. Barrett, J. Benham and wife, E. G. Keith and wife, Miss Annie Lynch, H. S. Dean and wife, Chas. Costler and wife, J. L. Bennett and wife, L. F. Brown, Miss Laura Hall, A. D. Hager and wife, Thos J. Sutherland, A. B. Russ and wife, C. N. Pratt and wife, M. W. Catlin, Chas. French, A. M. Wright, E. B. Baldwin, Miss H. Mills, Hinesburgh, Vt., H. C. Rew and wife, E. W. Bailey and wife, J. C. Clement and wife, H. Towne and wife, Geo. C. Eldridge and wife, F. O. Bailey and wife, Montpelier, Vt., L. B. Jameson and wife, A. E. Clark and wife, J. C. Wirt and wife, H. L. Flint and wife, D. H. Hammer and wife, E. B. Sherman and wife, L. E. E. Sherman, Colorado Springs, Ambrose Risden, Dr. O. S. Pine, Miss Mattie J. Kent, Chas. A. Tinker and wife, Baltimore, Md., Stuart Spaulding and wife, J. M. Worthing and wife, A. L. Sheldon, R. L. Thompson, Miss M. E. Thompson, John M. Marsh, John N. Hills and wife, George Farnsworth and wife, Nathan Mears, Charles Mears, Rev. Wm. Smith, John M. Clark and wife, P. A. Newton and wife, G. C. Jackson and wife, A. T. Heminway, D. A. Wiley, Geo. S. Marsh, S. W. Raymond, Ottawa, Ill., Fred A. Ward and lady, A. J. Snow and wife, Wm. F. White, Alonzo J. Cutler, Miss Nellie L. Scripture,

Bellows Falls, Vt., John B. Langdon and wife, Eugene Canfield and wife, Aurora, Ill., John J. Hackney and wife, W. H. Gleason and lady, E. C. Grow, Wayland Whitman, Col W. S. Scribner, J. Evarts, Yorkville, Ill., H. C. Paddock, Aurora, Ill., J. M. H. Burgett, H. H. Nash and wife, S. P. Blount, O. L. Fox and wife, H. P. Kellogg and wife, Geo. W. Marble and wife, Mrs. Aldrich, J. F. Curtis and wife, H. C. McClary and wife, M. W. Nelson, Miss Nora Nelson, R. W. Bates and wife, W. Mayer and wife, Col. A. N. Waterman and wife, F. F. Pettibone, J. R. Walsh and wife, O. S. Cook and wife, D. A. Pierce and wife, J. A. Jameson and wife, Mrs. Emily Taylor, Paul Cornell, A. G. Lull, W. W. Chandler, W. M. Hoyt and wife, H. D. Harris, Jr. and wife, Gen. H. H. Thomas, Mrs. Wm. H. Smith, W. R. Baker and wife, Miss Gertrude E. Baker, F. B. Wilkie and wife, Rev. W. A. Lloyd and wife, Miss Charlotte Wolcott, Seymour Childs and wife, Miss Mary P. Hubbard, W. O. Tyler, J. W. Butler and wife, Fred C. Tyler, Col. W. A. Ray and wife, A. P. Brink and wife, Mrs. J. Sherk, Dr. W. Converse, H. F. White and wife, N. B. Boyden, Miss May Boyden, J. M. Thatcher, B. F. Horton and wife, F. F. Browne, H. L. Ensign, Charles Blanchard, Ottawa, Ill., Miss May Blanchard, Lewis Dodge and wife, Geo. H. Sampson, Princeton, Ill., F. Denison, L. L. Coburn, Miss Hollister, Miss Swan, Miss Mary Webster, J. P. Callan, Aurora, J. B. Callan, Miss Julia A. Chapin, Hon. D. K. Stanton, Manchester, N. H., W. M. Smith, J. J. Luther, C. E. Hosford, Terre Haute, Ind., Mrs. M. N. Walton, C. W. Thompson and wife, Milwaukee, Wis., I. N. Camp and wife, F. H. Pierce, Miss Josie A. Pierce, D. W. Jackson and wife, A. W. Freeman, Miss E. Randall, Miss O. Steward, Miss McFarland, Reuben Taylor and wife, Joseph Morris, Seymour Morris, A. S. Camp and wife, Rev. Mr. Wheelock, Miss Sarah Snow, Dr. Kelly, Miss Fannie Kelly, H. D. Russell, Simeon Gilbert, A. N. Taggart, A. W. Rollins and wife, W. W. Ormsbee, J. A. Fitch, Samuel W. Bassett, W. A. Watkins and wife, G. V. Marsh and wife, Charles Stewart and wife, Stewart, Ia., C. C. Briggs, Rockford, Ill., Rev. W. C. Hopkins, Champaign, Ill., E. M. Smith and wife, M. Nutt, Harry Nutt, Rev. D. S. Phillips, Kankakee, Ill., J. M. Hubbard and wife, Frankie Hubbard, J. W. Hobart, S. S. H. Clark, C. W. Smith, H. B. Ledyan, T. J. Patton, Dr. H. P. Strong, John C. Gault, G. O. Manchester, W. B. Strong, Miss E. A. Starr, Miss Nellie Starr, Miss Fannie C. Perkins, J. B. Wayman, N. L. Clement and wife.

VERMONT DELEGATION TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Several members were anxious to have the Association, Sons of Vermont, make provision for the accommodation of the delegates from Vermont to the National Republican Convention, which met at Chicago June 2, 1880. Accordingly, the Executive Committee held a meeting to take this matter into consideration. It was decided to appoint a committee of members of the Association to secure the necessary accommodations. Such committee was appointed, of which NORMAN WILLIAMS was Chairman. The acts of that committee are fully shown by the following correspondence.

JNO. N. HILLS, Esq.,

CHICAGO, March 26, 1880.

Chairman Ex. Com. Sons of Vermont:

SIR—Your Committee, appointed to secure suitable headquarters for the use of the Vermont delegation during the coming Republican National Convention, beg leave to report that upon the day after its appointment it directed its Chairman to communicate with the delegation and tender apartments at the Grand Pacific Hotel, having first secured the refusal of a parlor at the rate of \$25.00 per day at that hotel. That thereupon a telegram was addressed and forwarded to Hon. John Gregory Smith, announcing the action of the Sons of Vermont, and their intention to make the provisions as above suggested. His reply is herewith inclosed, informing your Committee that headquarters had already been selected by himself for the delegation at the Palmer House. Your Committee then made inquiry at the Palmer House as to the rooms reserved for the delegation, and ascertained that suitable quarters had been reserved.

Your Committee having thus performed its duties, herewith report the same.

Very respectfully,

NORMAN WILLIAMS,

For Committee.

(TELEGRAM.)

MONTPELIER, VT., March 20, 1880.

To NORMAN WILLIAMS:

Your telegram received, forwarded to me in Boston. Many thanks for your kind invitation in behalf of the Vermont Association in Chicago. It would give me, personally (and I think I speak the sentiments of our entire delegation), great pleasure to accept; but aware that there would be a crowd on the occasion of the Convention, I lost no time after our appointment in securing the requisite accommodations, and have them already engaged at the Palmer House. Please convey to your Association my own and the thanks of the other members of our delegation for their courtesy, and accept for yourself assurances of my high regard.

J. GREGORY SMITH,

Chairman Vermont Delegation.

The Executive Committee then decided to appoint a committee to meet the Vermont delegation on its arrival, and escort them to the Palmer House. Accordingly the following telegram was forwarded to their chairman:

TO HON. J. GREGORY SMITH,

CHICAGO, May 28, 1880.

St. Albans, Vt.:

Will you please inform me on what day and hour, and by what route, the Vermont delegation to the National Republican Convention will arrive in Chicago. Will they all come together?

By order Executive Committee Illinois Association Sons of Vermont.

JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman.*

The following telegram was received in reply:

TO JOHN N. HILLS,

ST. ALBANS, VT., May 28, 1880.

Chairman Executive Committee Sons of Vermont:

Our delegation will arrive by different routes and on different days up to Monday. It was not practicable for them to come by one route and on the same day; only two with me.

J. GREGORY SMITH.

Chairman.

It thus appearing to be impracticable to give the delegation any formal reception, the project was abandoned. Very many of the members of the Association called on the delegates at their rooms at the Palmer House, and were very hospitably received, and to these delegates several members of the Association are indebted for courtesies extended, and for tickets of admission to the National Convention.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Ninth Regular Meeting of the Association, which, according to its by-laws would occur on the first Tuesday of June, 1880, was postponed by the Executive Committee, until Tuesday, the 6th day of July, to be held at the club-room of the Grand Pacific Hotel. This postponement was deemed necessary by the Committee because the National Republican Convention, for nomination of their Presidential candidate, was held at Chicago in the first week of June.

In Memoriam.

LEWIS S. MEACHAM.

LEWIS S. MEACHAM was born at New Haven, Vermont, about 1846. Died at Chicago, Oct. 2, 1878.

Mr. MEACHAM was the originator of the notice, which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, calling upon the natives of Vermont residing in Chicago, to assemble at the Sherman House, one evening in January, 1877, to take into consideration the formation of a society of native Vermonters residing in the West. He was present on that occasion, and stated the objects of the meeting, and suggested plans for the organization of this Association, which plans were mainly followed in its formation. He can therefore be considered as largely its founder.

The next day after his death the Association met at the Grand Pacific Hotel, to hold a memorial meeting, the proceedings of which, including the resolutions passed, are fully reported in the regular order of the meetings of the Association in this pamphlet. The particulars regarding the death of Mr. Meacham, and a comprehensive biographical sketch of his life, appeared in the columns of the *Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 3, 1878, from which we quote below:

"Mr. MEACHAM was a son of JAMES MEACHAM, of New Haven and Middlebury, Vt., a Congregationalist minister, Professor at Middlebury College, and the Representative in Congress from that district from 1849 to 1856, a man whom he resembled in mental as well as physical qualities. He went to school at Amherst, Mass., and at Middlebury, Vt. At the outbreak of the war he left College and enlisted in a Vermont regiment as a private. At the expiration of his term of service, which was a year, he reënlisted in the New York Highlanders, in which he served until the close of the war, rising to the rank of First Lieutenant. He was badly wounded in the leg, and also in the head, in some of the many engagements before Petersburg, and contracted during those long campaigns an army diarrhea, which he could never shake off, and which was one of the causes that led to his death. Soon after being mustered out, he came West, and acted as tutor for a time in Christian College, on the Wabash, in Sullivan County, Ind.

Leaving there after a few months, he came to Chicago, and was first employed on a spiritualist paper here. Then he became proof-reader on the *Chicago Times*, where he stayed but for a short period, and then went to proof-reading on the *Tribune*. Afterwards he was employed as a local reporter, and worked in that capacity until the fire of 1871, when he returned to proof-reading.

In December he was appointed private Secretary by the then Mayor of Chicago, and remained with him until long in 1872, when he went to Burlington, Vt., and, with his uncle, Mr. Gifford, started a brush factory. That proved unsuccessful, and, in 1873, he went to Colorado to go into the sheep raising business. That, too, he gave up, and in 1874 went back to Vermont, and became local editor of the *Rutland Herald*. He returned to Chicago in the spring of 1875, and did temporary work on the *Tribune*, and finally was again steadily employed by it. Since the summer of 1875 he has been its base ball reporter, and in that capacity gained a high reputation wherever that game is played. He had special qualifications for general newspaper work, a keen instinct for what constitutes news, and an unwearied persistency in seeking and finding it. Personally he was liked and respected by newspaper men, and by all others with whom he came in contact, and his death came to them fraught with much sorrow.

At a meeting of the Chicago Base Ball Club held last evening, resolutions of sorrow and respect were passed. The flag on their grounds was at half mast in memory of Mr. Meacham, and his seat in the reporters' stand was tastefully decorated in mourning, while each member of the club wore a strip of crape on his right arm."

At a meeting of the members of the Chicago Press, held at the Grand Pacific Hotel October 3, 1878, to express their sorrow at the untimely death of Mr. MEACHAM, who had been their intimate and esteemed associate, the following testimonial was adopted:

"The professional brothers of LEWIS S. MEACHAM deem it not only a sacred duty to his memory, but also to the large professional and social circle which for so long held him in high regard; but, moreover, a sad privilege, the necessity for which they deeply deplore. They desire to testify to his manly qualities and professional excellencies, and judge it eminently fitting that in this solemn hour they should present such testimony in formal shape, for the purpose of a suitable and permanent record of the same. It is therefore

Resolved, By the associated members of the press of the city of Chicago, constituting the various staffs of the morning and evening daily newspapers of the city, that, while we bow in reverential submission to that fate which has, in the flower of his years, deprived us of the companionship, sympathy, and assistance of our late associate, we do unanimously, and with saddened hearts, at this time of bereave-

ment, unite in the expression of our affectionate regard for the man as we knew him, and bear lasting witness to his manifold virtues and abilities—alike in the social circle, in which he was ever a true man and staunch friend, and in the profession, a vocation of which he was for so long an ornament; and further, be it

Resolved, That a copy of this expression of our heartfelt esteem be conveyed to the immediate family and relatives of the deceased; to the society of the Sons of Vermont, of Chicago, of which he was a member, with a request that it be duly spread on their records; and to the newspapers of the city for publication."

AZRO B. MORGAN.

AZRO B. MORGAN was born at Stockbridge, Vt., in the year 1824, came to Chicago in February, 1876, and engaged in the wool trade. He died very suddenly at Troy, N. Y., November 25, 1878.

Mr. MORGAN was one of the first of the Vermonters in Chicago to join our association, of which he was a zealous and active member up to the time of his death.

AUGUSTUS D. WOOD.

AUGUSTUS D. WOOD was born at Brattleboro, Vt., and died very suddenly at Chicago, on the morning of January 1, 1879. Mr. Wood joined our association in 1878. Since his death his widow has moved to Indiana, and we are unable to procure further particulars in regard to his life and death.

ZELOTES B. MAYO.

ZELOTES BINGHAM MAYO was born at Moretown, Washington Co., Vt., in 1813, removed to Sycamore, Ill., in May, 1842, and died in that town March 7, 1879.

Mr. MAYO was a man of more than ordinary ability, of a clear mind, and good judgment. He held the office of Justice of the Peace in the town of his adoption for over thirty years.

He married HARRIET MITCHELL (formerly of Pike, N. Y.), at Mayfield, Ill., July 3, 1844, who now survives him.

ISAAC D. KILBOURNE.

ISAAC D. KILBOURNE was born at Chelsea, Vt., May 7, 1826, came to Chicago in 1866, and died at Geneva Lake, Wis., August 24, 1879.

DR. KILBOURNE was the fourth of a family of seven sons. He was a classmate of the Hon. Wm. Pitt KELLOGG, U. S. Senator, at the old Montpelier Academy. He graduated from the New York College of Dentistry in 1850, practising his profession at Montpelier and St. Johnsbury, Vt., until 1866, when he moved to Chicago, where he lived up to the time of his death, which occurred while temporarily sojourning at Geneva Lake, Wis.

He married MARY JANE CROSSMAN, at St. Johnsbury, May 22, 1855, who now survives him.

JOSHUA PITKIN.

JOSHUA PITKIN, Jr., better known by his many friends as "Uncle Joshua," was born in Marshfield, Vermont, Aug. 22, 1815. He was the youngest child of a family of thirteen, of JOSHUA and RUTH (CASE) PITKIN.

He married CAROLINE HAND Oct. 23, 1844. On the 24th January, 1880, his wife died. Mr. PITKIN was sick at the time, and when told that his wife was dead, he turned his head to the wall, said he did not care to live without his wife, with whom he had lived so long and pleasantly, and, on the 27th, three days after her departure, he "passed on" to meet her.

He was a pre-eminently honest man, and one who fulfilled the whole command by loving God and also loving his fellow men.

SAMUEL B. GOOKINS.

SAMUEL BARNES GOOKINS was born at Rupert, Bennington County, Vermont, May 30, 1809, and died at Terre Haute, Ind., Monday, June 14, 1880. He married MARY C. OSBORN, a New York lady, at Honey Creek, Ind., January 23, 1834, who, with two children, survives him.

JUDGE GOOKINS' death was very sudden; the morning of the day he died, he appeared in perfect health, and ate a hearty breakfast, but

during the forenoon was taken with a difficulty in breathing. A physician was summoned, who applied remedies which relieved him. In the evening, while conversing with his daughter, Mrs. Geo. C. Duv, he fell and expired, without a struggle, of disease of the heart. The call of his Master, though it came without a moment's warning, did not find him unprepared. His had been a *life* of preparation. He was a strictly moral and religious man, and extremely conscientious. He had been a member of the Congregational church since 1841, and was prominently and favorably known, both in Chicago and Indiana, in religious, as well as in business and professional circles. He was a Republican in politics, and had been since the organization of that party, and one of his last public party acts was to preside over the Republican Convention of Vigo County, Indiana, on the 14th of last February.

As an author and poet he was somewhat known, and has contributed quite extensively to literature, his last work in this line being a History of the Wabash Valley, which was completed but a short time before his death. In 1862 he wrote a political satire, entitled "Tom Johnson's Bear," which was addressed to President Lincoln. Its object was to show the absurdity of holding the negroes in slavery, while their masters were at war with the government. This poem was read at a public meeting in Chicago. Soon after that, the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, when he wrote another poem, entitled "How Mr. Lincoln became an Abolitionist." Both of these productions appeared in the *Continental Magazine*. Among other articles written by him were two, entitled "Tippletonia," and "The White House, a National Drama," in which the President's wife and the Secretary of State were the *dramatis personæ*. They were designed to exhibit some of the features of social life in their true colors.

A writer for a *Terre Haute* paper thus writes of the appearance of Judge Gookins at an interview he had with him but a few days before his death.

"Judge Gookins observed that he never felt better in all his life than he then did. He was the very picture of health, his complexion being of good color, and his eyes beaming with vivacity and good humor. His "age was as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," his voice was full and rich; his manly form was erect, and his step firm. He presented, as the great dramatist expresses it,

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"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Judge GOOKINS' last attendance at the meetings of the Illinois Association Sons of Vermont, was at the meeting held at the club rooms of the Palmer House, Chicago, June 4, 1878, when he delivered a short address, referring pleasantly to the prominence of Vermonters in Chicago.

The following facts concerning his history are gleaned from an autobiography written a short time before his death.

SAMUEL B. was the youngest of ten children of WILLIAM and RHODA GOOKINS. In 1812, the family, excepting the oldest two children, daughters, who had married and settled in Vermont, emigrated to New York State, and took up their abode in the town of Rodman, Jefferson County. The father died two years after, leaving the mother and her eight children dependent solely upon their own exertions. May 5, 1823, the mother, an older brother of twenty-three, and Samuel, set out for the West. They took passage at Sackett's Harbor on the *Ontario*, the second steamer that navigated the waters of Lake Ontario, and landed at Lewiston, thence around Niagara Falls by wagon, thence to Buffalo in an open boat, to Detroit by schooner, to Fort Meigs by another schooner, to Fort Wayne by canoe, across the Portage, drawing their canoes by oxen, to Little River, down that to the Wabash, and down the Wabash to Fort Harrison and Terre Haute, making the trip in six weeks and two days, a remarkably short time in those days, a great improvement upon the old route, by way of the Ohio, over which the emigrant was fortunate if he made his way in three months.

Northern Indiana was then occupied by Indians, but they were quite friendly. The emigrants located near Terre Haute, whither other members of the family had preceded them. In July, 1826, SAMUEL apprenticed himself to the editor of the *Western Register*, the first newspaper published at Terre Haute. At the close of his apprenticeship, four years later, he went to Vincennes and bought out the *Vincennes Gazette*. One year later he returned to Terre Haute as editor of the *Western Register*, which position he held until June, 1832, when, at the earnest solicitation of the Hon. ARMORY KINNEY, he began the study of law in the office of that gentleman. He had many difficulties to encounter, but although, lacking a classical education, he

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decided to make the venture upon the capital acquired in an English education, obtained from country schools.

Admitted to the bar of Vigo County in 1834, and to that of Supreme Court in 1836, he pursued his chosen avocation at Terre Haute until 1850, when he succeeded the Hon. JOHN LAW as Judge of the Circuit Court of Terre Haute and Vincennes. He represented Vigo County in the Legislature in 1851-52, when he was largely instrumental in framing the new constitution of that State. In 1854 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, which position he held for three years, when he resigned on account of the insufficiency of the salary of that office fixed by the legislature, and on account of ill-health. He came to Chicago in 1858, and practiced his profession until 1875, when he returned to Terre Haute, where he associated with him his son-in-law, GEORGE C. DUY, and practiced law up to the time of his death.

We copy the following tribute to his memory from the *Terre Haute Gazette* of June 15, 1880:

"In 1877, Judge GOOKINS gave up a large and lucrative practice in Chicago to return to his old love, the Prairie City, and to take the receivership of the Wabash and Erie Canal. This business he almost entirely wound up before his death. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Supreme Judge of Indiana. He was one of the trustees of Wabash College.

"Judge GOOKINS was a man whose life and character, whose professions and manner of living, were all in sweetest harmony. What he professed, his daily life continually showed forth. Most kindly and humane, he was ever found ready to succor the unfortunate and friendless. Never censorious, his judgments, both official and social, were always impartial and true.

"It is, however, as a Christian gentleman, that Judge GOOKINS was best known, and, as such, his memory will be the longest cherished. Men saw him ever, at home, in his profession, everywhere, walking in the light which radiates from the Sun of Righteousness. And then, how magnificent and beautiful was his death. He had accomplished the three score and ten of the allotted time of man. In the home that he himself had builded, a home made joyous with trees and flowers and clambering vines, in the bosom of his family, with his children and his grandchildren around him, he was called to his rest.

"To be suddenly summoned to be with Christ was mercifully vouchsafed, for he was ready. Like a warrior returning triumphant from the conflict, the battle fought, the victory won, he has gone to secure the crown and palm of glory."

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation.
Adams, Samuel L.	Cavendish	St. Charles, Ill.	Merchant.
Aiken, Daniel	Benson	428 Oakley Ave	Wool Merchant.
Aldis, Owen F.	St. Albans	32 Portland Block	Lawyer.
Alford, Albert G.	St. Albans	23 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.	Merchant.
Allen, J. Adams	Middlebury	1456 Michigan Ave	Prest. Rush. Med. College
Allen, Ransom	Waterbury	616 W. Washington St.	Book-keeper.
Anderson, J. Lee	Franklin	Lawrence, Ill.	Farmer.
Andrus, Thomas	Wallingford	Lemont, Ill.	Farmer.
Arnold, John R.	Brandon	Antioch, Ill.	Farmer.
Atherton, M. A.	Moretown	Momence, Ill.	Deal. in Agricultural Imp.
Atwood, E. S.	Woodstock	2823 Calumet Ave	Post Office.
Atwood, O. E.	Bridgewater	3454 Cottage Grove Av	Stationery.
Babcock, Henry H.	Thetford	11 18th Street	Teacher.
Barrett, Fred'k M.	Strafford	250 Madison St.	Salesman.
Bailey, Ed. W.	Elmwood	439 Dearborn Ave.	Commission Merchant.
Bailey, John W.	Newbury	582 State St	Laundry.
Baldwin, Erastus B.	Hinesburgh	89 Warren Ave.	Commission.
Barlow, A. R.	Hubbardton	Milan, Ill.	Retired.
Barnes, Nelson H.	Springfield	326 Webster Ave	Teamster.
Barnes, Orvis A.	Barre	349 Congress St	Manager.
Bennett, Edmund H.	Manchester	Taunton, Mass.	Lawyer.
Bennett, J. L.	Manchester	Wheaton, Ill.	Stenographer.
Bent, Joseph A.	Middlebury	Wheaton, Ill.	R. R. Col'zation Agent.
Bisbee, Lewis H.	Derby	3920 Vincennes Ave.	Attorney.
Blackman, Carlos H.	Jericho	707 W. Adams	Commission Merchant.
Blackman, Edwin	Jericho	241 Erie St, 70 LaSalle	Agent.
Blackmer, Orlando C.	Barnard	149 5th Ave.	Publisher.
Blaisdell, Chas. W.	Montpelier	"Times" Building	Printer.
Blaisdell, Elijah W.	Montpelier	Rockford, Ill.	Attorney.
Blanchard, Chas.	Peacham	Ottawa, Ill.	Attorney.
Blanchard, Enoch	Peacham	Minonk, Ill.	Physician.
Bliss, S. E.	Jericho	16 Egan Ave.	Agent Akron Iron Co.
Boardman, Geo. N.	Pittsford	368 W. Washington St.	Prof. Chicago Theo. Sem.
Bradley, Lucien	Sunderland	1713 Michigan Ave	Pass. Ag't M.C. & C. B. & Q.
Branch, Burton A.	Orwell	143 Dearborn Ave	U. S. Express Co.
Bridge, Norman	Windsor	81 Throop St.	Physician.
Brink, H. A.	Rochester	59 State St	Brink's Express.
Britell, Sylvester	Addison	2512 Dearborn St.	Engineer and Machinist.
Brooks, Thos. M.	Brooksville	Wilmette, Ill.	Manager.
Brown, Ephraim C.	Peacham	17 Honore St.	Travelling Agent.
Brown, Geo. F.	Lyndon	1050 W. Adams St.	Book-keeper.
Brown, N. J.	Plymouth	Lemont, Ill.	Real Estate and Stone.
Brown, Seneca B.	Marlboro	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Dentist.
Brown, Stephen F.	Swanton	Vermont Block	Lawyer.
Browne, Francis F.	So. Halifax	Hyde Park, Ill.	Editor <i>Dial</i> .
Buell, John M.	Newport, N. H.	Rockford, Ill.	Lawyer and Loan and Land Agent.
Bullock, Geo. S.	Berlin	149-53 State St.	Boot and Shoe Dealer.
Burgett, John M. H.	Hartland	175 LaSalle St.	Lawyer.
Burnham, Sherburne W.	Thetford	161 LaSalle St.	Astronomer.
Burroughs, J. S.	Newbury	Burlington Wareh'se	C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.
Buttolph, Albert C.	Charlotte	456 W. Jackson St.	Clerk W. M. Hoyt & Co.
Calkins, Allen C.	Waterbury	2826 Indiana Ave.	Solicitor.
Callan, John P.	Swanton	Aurora, Ill.	Restaurant Keeper.
Campbell, Wm. N.	Woodstock	194 Michigan Ave	Clerk.
Canfield, Eugene	Arlington	Aurora, Ill.	Lawyer.
Carpenter, Jason H.	Northfield	(Left city)	Merchant.
Carter, Decatur E.	Benson	" "	Furniture Finisher.
Case, A. B.	Fairfield	203 Clark	Printer.

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation
Chandler, Frank R.	Putney	72 Dearborn St.	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, George.	Danville	263 Ontario St.	Attorney.
Chandler, Peyton R.	Putney	72 Dearborn St.	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, William W.	Randolph	Wash. & Dear. Sts.	Gen'l Agt. Red Star Line.
Chatfield, Geo. L.	Tunbridge	4630 Dearborn St.	Foreman R. I. Car Shops.
Childs, Seymour.	New Haven	3843 Vincennes Ave.	Carriage Trimmer.
Chittenden, Frederick.	Williston	129 Drexel Boulevard	Com. Merchant.
Churchill, Edward P.	Montpelier	764½ W. Lake St.	Clerk.
Churchill, Stillman	Stowe	764½ W. Lake St.	Real Estate & Insurance.
Clark, Alson E.	Barre	188 Warren Ave.	Com. Merchant
Clark, Geo. M.	W. Westminster	239 White St.	Supt' Lantern M'f'g Co.
Cobb, Simeon.	Salem	528 W. Washington St.	Vessel Owner.
Colburn, L. L.	Montpelier	Grand Pacific Hotel	Attorney.
Colton, D. A.	Montpelier	20 16th St.	Physician.
Converse, Wm.	Wethersfield	2504 Michigan Ave.	Physician.
Cook, Julius C.	Alburgh	131 W. Erie St.	Retired.
Cook, Thomas.	Fayetteville	505 W. Washington St.	Capitalist.
Copeland, A. H.	Middlebury	Chenoa, Ill.	Ag't C. & A. R. R.
Crocker, A. L.	Clarendon	130 Wabash Ave.	Furniture Dealer.
Curtis, John F.	Pawlet	698 W. Washington St.	Dealer in Cheese.
Cushman, Josiah.	Pomfret	132 Hurlbert St.	Veterinary Surgeon.
Cushman, Wm. W.	Ludlow	245 Mohawk St.	Policeman.
Cutler, Alonzo J.	Montpelier	1303 Michigan Ave.	Clerk.
Dana, W. V.	Peckham	587 W. Jackson St.	
Danforth, J. B.	Barnard	Rock Island, Ill.	Editor, <i>Rock Islander</i> .
Davis, John.	Barre	Hyde Park, Ill.	Steam Heating.
Davis, S. J.	Alburgh Springs	91 Clark St.	Clerk.
Deane, C. W.	Grafton	52 Major Block	Attorney.
Denison, Franklin.	Royalton	129 Dearborn St.	Attorney.
Dickinson, Wm. F.	Washington	Aurora, Ill.	Aurora Silver Plate Co.
Dodge, Louis.	Barre	401 S. May St.	Carpenter.
Draper, Nelson C.	Sheldon	2950 Vernon Ave.	Wholesale Tea Dealer.
Drury, Lucius H.	Highgate	1014 W. Adams St.	Inspector Customs.
Dudley, Chas. E.	Barre	51 Lake St.	Druggist.
Durand, Eliot.	Colchester	31 S. Ashland Ave.	Reporter <i>Tribune</i> .
Eaton, Collins.	St. Albans	14 South Canal St.	Engine Dealer.
Edgerton, Harvey	Cabot	1403 Michigan Ave.	Livery Stable.
Edson, Heman H.	Bellows Falls	38 Lake St.	Cashier.
Elkins, Henry K.	Peacham	2241 Calumet Ave.	Elevators.
Ellis, Wm. H.	Fairhaven	Greenfield, Ill.	
Felton, E. C.	Franklin	137 LaSalle St.	Coal Dealer.
Fisher, Augustus G.	Barre	559 Wabash Ave.	Telegraph Operator.
Fisher, Lucius G.	Derby	55 Michigan Ave.	Retired.
Fitch, C. M.	Sheldon	520 W. Madison St.	Physician.
Fitch, John A.	Montpelier	2 River St.	Dep't Collector Customs.
Fleming, R. N.	Burlington	153 Washington St.	Com Merchant.
Fletcher, Ryland.	Cavendish	Proctorsville, Vt.	Farmer.
Ford, Elisha B.	Braintree	412 W. Jackson St.	Grocer.
Ford, Geo. L.	Granville	928 Cottage Grove Av.	Boots and Shoes.
Ford, Joel R.	Granville	930 Cottage Grove Av.	Meat Market.
Fox, Orvin L.	So. Hardwick	177 LaSalle St.	Editor.
Freeman, Andrew W.	Brookfield	1354 Wabash Ave.	Dentist.
Freeman, D. B.	Brookfield	16 Aberdeen St.	Dentist.
Freeman, I. A.	Brookfield	468 W. Randolph St.	Dentist.
Freeman, L. N.	Essex	147 Park Ave.	Clergyman.
French, Chas. G.	Barre	20 Aldine Square.	Sec'y M. & T. Sav. Loan & Buildg' Assoc'n.
Fuller, Geo. A.	Middlebury	44 Wabash Ave.	Clerk.
Gaige, Titus B.	Bristol	Commercial Hotel	Hotel Sup't.
Gale, Cortland A.	Barre	165 Wabansia Ave.	Iron Molder.
Gale, Fred M.	Barre	1053 Wilcox Ave.	Agr'l Implements.
George, Alonzo.	Strafford	Aurora, Ill.	Banker.
Gilbert, Frank.	Pittsford	Sub-Treasury	Sub-Treasurer.
Gill, Sam. H.	Hartland	Ogden House	Hotel Proprietor.
Gilmore, Franklin.	Cambridge	209 37th St.	Tea Merchant.
Gleason, Wm. H.	Wardsboro	Probate Court	Deputy Clerk.
Goodridge, Jason.	Westminster	Ellisville, Ill.	Physician and Farmer.
Greene, Plymon B.	Brandon	315 W. Jackson St.	Photographer.
Hager, Albert D.	Chester	465 S. Leavitt St.	Sec. & Lib. Chi. His. Soc.
Hall, Norman.	Tunbridge	55 So. Water St.	Book-keeper.
Hartshorn, Densmore G.	Lunenburgh	Am. Ex. Office	Messenger.
Hartigan, Michael C.	Swanton Falls	Bloomington, Ill.	Accountant.
Hartigan, John G.	Swanton Falls	St. Louis, Mo.	Sup't Ferry Co.
Harvey, Robt' N.	Barnet	89 S. Water St.	Travelling Salesman.
Haskell, Simon D.	Cornwall	Palmer House	Dry Goods.

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation.
Heald, C. T.	Chester	Canton, Ill.	Banker.
Hemingway, L. C.	Shoreham	Moline, Ill.	Postmaster.
Hibbard, Homer N.	Bethel	Custom House	Lawyer.
Higgins, George	St. Johnsbury	Aurora, Ill.	Physician.
Hill, Thos E.	Sandgate	103 State St.	Author Hill's Manual.
Hills, John N.	Arlington	175 LaSalle Street	Loans and Insurance.
Hitchcock, A. M.	Westfield	125 Monroe St.	Tailor.
Hoadley, W. F.	Hinesburgh	A. T. Stewart & Co.	Clerk.
Hodges, Leonard	Williston	2009 Prairie Ave.	Real Estate.
Holden, Orvel.	Mt. Holly	250 So. Halsted	Meat Market.
Hopkins, A. S.	Pittsford	276 Wabash Ave.	Book-keeper.
Hopson, Rev. Oliver	E. Poultney	Madalin, N. Y.	Clergyman.
Hough, David L.	Middlebury	135 Park Ave.	Attorney.
Houghton, Joel.	St. Johnsbury	669 VanBuren St.	Physician.
Howe, Caleb	Jamaica	Englewood, Ill.	Am. Ex. Co.
Hoyt, Wm. M.	New Haven	1 to 9 Michigan Ave.	Wholesale Grocer.
Hubbard, Gurdon S.	Windsor	343 White St.	Capitalist.
Hubbard, John M	Rockingham	3843 Vincennes Ave.	Supt. in Post Office.
Hull, Gaylord S.	E. Fairfield	3756 Cottage Grove Av	Baker.
Huntley, A. R.	Bristol	Milburn, Ill.	Farmer.
Hurlbut, Lucius	Pawlet	19 Aldine Square	Dep. Assessor.
Hutchinson, Jno.	Randolph	3143 Indiana Ave.	Attorney.
Isham, Edward S.	Bennington	554 Wabash Ave.	Attorney.
Isham, Henry P.	Bennington	166 Pine St.	Real Estate.
Jackson, Gideon C.	Addison	2300 Wabash Ave.	Milk Dealer.
Jennings, Joseph	Hubbardton	Maywood, Ill.	Prest. Maywood Co.
Jameson, John A.	Irasburgh	Hyde Park, Ill.	Judge of Sup'r Court.
Jameson, Leonard B.	Irasburgh	151 S. Morgan St.	Printer.
Jewett, Edward A.	St. Johnsbury	Mich. Av. & Adams St.	Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Jilson, James F.	Williamstown	114 Monroe St.	Undertaker.
Jones, Jr., Wm. P.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Evanston, Ill.	Editor <i>Inter-Ocean</i> .
Keith, Abijah.	Barre	108 Pine St.	Com. Merchant.
Keith, Dodge W.	Montpelier	250 Madison St.	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Keith, Edson.	Barre	250 Madison St.	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Keith, Elbridge G.	Barre	250 Madison St.	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Kellogg, T. P.	Benson	108 Randolph St.	Hardware Dealer.
Kelley, Francis W.	Bennington	Arlington Heights, Ill.	Farmer
Kendall, M. D.	Derby	296 Ogden Ave.	Physician.
Kendall, Nathaniel T.	Enosburgh Falls	1452 Prairie Av.	Loans.
Kennedy, Chas. P.	Coventry	506 Marshfield Av.	Clerk.
Keyes, D. H.	Chittenden Co.	17 Harmon Ct.	Am. Ex. Co.
Koon, Geo. F.	Middletown	3122 Wabash'Av.	Roofers.
Koon, Geo. F.	Victory	N. Bennington, Vt.	Druggist.
Kilbourne, Dr. E. A.	Chelsea	Elgin, Ill.	Supt. Lunatic Asylum.
Langdon, John B.	Montpelier	177 LaSalle St.	Publisher.
Larkin, Cyrus H.	Waterville	Elgin, Ill.	Farmer.
Lawrence, C. B.	Vergennes	32 Honore B'l'dg	Ex-Chief Jus. Sup'e Ct.
Leach, David B.	Barre	133 22d St.	Dry Goods.
Little, Dudley.	Chelsea	195 Clark St.	Cashier.
Locke, R. C. M.	Rockingham	8 Wabash Ave	Agent.
Long, Eugene C.	Brandon	18 Nat. Life B'l'dg.	Money Broker.
Loomis, Norman B.	Bennington	78 Michigan Ave.	Clerk Ill. Cent. R. R.
Lull, A. G.	Windsor	555 W. Jackson St.	Sec'y O. F. Ben. Soc'y.
Luther, J. J.	Stockbridge	59 State St.	Supt. Brink's Express.
Marsh, Geo. S.	Craftsbury	{ Transit House, Union Stock Yards.	R. R. Man.
Marsh, John W.	Woodstock	3601 Ellis Park.	Attorney.
Martin, Henry.	Middlebury	2313 Wabash Ave.	Agent Union Cement Co.
Marvin, Thos. H.	St. Albans	Ottawa, Ill.	Agent C. B. & Q. R. R.
Matthews, A. P.	Cornwall	Danville, Ill.	Postmaster.
Mattocks, John	Keeseeville, N. Y.	40 Dearborn St.	Attorney.
McAllister, Sidney C.	Whiting.	150 Mather St.	Teamster.
McClary, H. C.	Albany	111 Lake St.	Salesman.
McClay, Albert L.	Woodstock	89 So. Water St.	Wholesale Fruit Dealer.
Meacham, Harvey H.	Benson	532 W. Madison St.	Lumber.
Merriam, Chas. W.	Johnson	50 River St.	Wholesale Grocer.
Merriam, John C.	Brandon	Logansport, Ind.	Merchant.
Millard, Duane A.	Stamford	231 Blue Island Ave.	Baker.
Miller, C. S.	Woodstock	Amboy, Ill.	Train Dispatcher.
Miner, Ed. G.	Bridport	Winchester, Ill.	Banker.
Morris, Joseph	Bethel	79 Randolph St.	Ag't Mosler Safe & L'k Co.
Morrison, M. E.	Barre	350 Burling St.	Clerk.
Morse, Benj F.	Barre	164 Clark St.	Printer.
Morse, E. R.	Brookfield	Davis Junction Ill.	Farmer.
Munn, Benj. M.	W. Fairlee	Wilmette, Ill.	Attorney.

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation.
Muzzey, Bolivar	Herkimer	186 Rebecca St	Painter.
Nash, H. Howard	Benson	107 Dearborn St	Banker.
Newcomb, Geo. W.	Putney	236 Warren Ave	Lawyer and Loan Agent.
Nichols, J. W.	Randolph	71 Washington St	Jewelry Broker.
Nichols, Wm. T.	Clarendon	Maywood, Ill.	Pres. Maywood Co.
Nutt, Henry C.	Montpelier	5 Metropolitan Block	Elevator.
Orvis, Columbus A.	Manchester	133 LaSalle St	Salesman.
Osgood, Henry H.	Brattleboro	216 Monroe St	Dealer in Hats and Caps.
Packer, Chas. P.	Guilford	222 Madison St	Clothing.
Patch, J. P.	Ludlow	Buda, Ill.	R. R. Foreman.
Paddock, Henry Crofts	Craftsbury	Aurora, Ill.	Banker.
Parker, Isaac	So. Woodstock	Galesburg, Ill.	Teacher in College.
Partridge, C. A.	Westford	Waukegan, Ill.	Publisher of <i>Gazette</i> .
Pearsons, D. K.	Bradford	19 Tribune Building	Loan and Land Agent.
Peck, Orlin A.	Cornwall	52 S. Water St.	Tobacco Merchant.
Perkins, Henry S.	Stockbridge	47 S. Carpenter St	Music Teacher.
Perkins, Norman C.	Pomfret	Hyde Park, Ill.	Attorney.
Perry, Roscoe A.	Shoreham	128 Franklin St	Wholesale Grocer.
Perry, Sanford B.	Leicester	2229 Prairie Ave	Attorney.
Pine, O. S.	Williston	343 W. Washington St	Physician.
Pond, Fred. L.	Whiting	Aurora, Ill.	Physician.
Pope, Chas. B.	N. Danville	1727 Wabash Ave	Commission Merchant.
Powers, David J.	Athens	7 N. Clark St.	Prest. U. W. Mattress Co.
Pratt, Cyrus N.	Brattleboro	9 Bishop Ct	J. H. Haverly & Co.
Preston, Archibald S.	Ferrisburg	2243 Wabash Ave	Printer.
Proctor, Lucius	Waterbury	34 37th St	Agent.
Putnam, Daniel S.	Bethel	Ivanhoe, Ill.	Farmer.
Pulsifer, Edward F.	Marlboro	2300 S. Park Ave	Commission Merchant.
Randall, Irving M.	Bridport	310 W. Madison St.	Saloon Keeper.
Ransom, D.	Woodstock	600 So. Morgan St.	Clerk
Raymond, Geo. M.	Woodstock	Hillsboro, Ill.	County Clerk.
Raymond, Henry G.	Bridgewater	434 W. Madison St.	Restaurant.
Raymond, S. W.	Woodstock	Ottawa, Ill.	County Treasurer.
Redington, Ed. D.	Chelsea	19 Elizabeth St.	Cashier.
Rice, Henry H.	Brattleboro	732 W. Monroe St.	Commission Merchant.
Riker, DeWitt C.	Montpelier	Momence, Ill.	Dealer in Clothing.
Roberts, Robert	Manchester	Burlington, Vt.	Attorney.
Robinson, Norman	Chelsea	260 Walnut St.	Real Estate.
Roys, Cyrus D.	Waterville	Mich. South. Depot	Attorney L. S. & M. S.R.R.
Russ, A. B.	Hartford	101 22d St.	Undertaker.
Russell, Homer D.	North Hero	Clark & Madison Sts.	Cashier.
Rutherford, W. S.	Middlebury	Bloomington, Ill.	Freight Conductor.
Sampson, Geo. H.	Woodstock	Princeton, Ill.	Sec. Mason's Ben't Soc'y.
Sargeant, Ezra P.	Chester	2827 So. LaSalle St.	Janitor.
Sargent, H. P.	Marshfield	Oregon, Ill.	Stone Cutter and Mason.
Sawyer, Henry E.	Bradford	284 Ohio St.	Prop'r Burling'n War'h'e.
Scott, Joel E. G.	Vernon	549 W. VanBuren St.	Merchant.
Sheldon, Archie L.	Rutland	42 Madison St.	Clerk.
Sheldon, W. E.	Rupert	60 S. Clark St.	Agent Kan. Pacific R. R.
Sheridan, M. J.	Pawlet	Momence, Ill.	Grain Dealer.
Sherman, Elijah B.	Fairfield	Custom House, 4th flr.	Attorney.
Silloway, Benton	Montpelier	282 Michigan St.	Vinegar Manufacturer.
Skeele, John H.	Peacham	3014 South Park Ave	Lumber Dealer.
Skinner, Mark	Manchester	158 Lake St	Attorney.
Smith, Enos W.	Waitsfield	Arkadelphia, Ark.	Clerk.
Smith, Wm. H.	Wilmington	106 Fifth Ave	Attorney.
Snow, A. J.	East Montpelier	169 Calumet Ave	Wholesale Tobacco.
Snow, W. B.	Bellows Falls	2551 South Park Ave	Forem'n I.C.Ry. Car W'ks.
Southgate, Thos. A.	Woodstock	222 Orange Av.	Post Office Clerk.
Spaulding, D. A.	Castleton	Alton, Ill.	Surveyor.
Spaulding, Samuel G.	Brandon	9 River St.	Tobacco Manufacturer.
Spaulding, Stewart	Middlebury	155 State St	Book-keeper.
Sprague, O. S. A.	East Randolph	1 to 9 Randolph St.	Wholesale Grocer.
Starring, Henry	Bennington	C. B. & Q. R. R. Depot	Gen'l Baggage Agent.
Stearns, John K.	Woodstock	299 W. Jackson St.	Gen. A. Ct. M. L. Ins. Co.
Stearns, Willard P.	Woodstock	44 Erie St	Manager.
Stephens, James G.	Jericho	207 19th St.	Cooper.
Stephens, Jonathan B.	Burlington	670 37th St.	Shipping Clerk.
Stephens, Wm. H.	Jericho	2737 Portland Ave.	Cooper.
Stone, Edward	Charlotte	126 Washington St.	Commission Merchant.
Stuart, Chas.	W. Barnet	Neponset, Ill.	Farmer.
Sutherland, Thomas J.	Wallingford	170 LaSalle St.	Attorney.
Swain, M.	Reading	Englewood, Ill.	Physician.
Swasey, Jas. A.	Danville	3003 Michigan Ave	Dentist.
Sweet, James M.	Hinesburg	Palmer House	Merchant.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Birthplace.</i>	<i>P. O. Address.</i>	<i>Occupation.</i>
Talcott, Harvey H.	Williston.	52 Ashland Av.	Attorney.
Thacher, John M.	Barre.	Grand Pacific Hotel.	Attorney.
Thompson, Charles W.	Pomfret.	456 W. Jackson St.	Jeweler.
Thordike, J. E.	Windsor.	264 W. Washington St	Clerk.
Tinker, Chas. A.	Chelsea.	Baltimore, Md.	Supt. Tel. B. & O. R. R.
Tolman, Thomas F.	Craftsbury.	Aurora, Ill.	County Treasurer.
Town, Henry.	Georgia.	528 W. Monroe St.	Com. Merchant.
Tucker, Alba M.	W. Hartford.	Elkhart, Ind.	Ass't Supt. L.S & M.S.Ry.
Upton, Clark W.	Montpelier.	Waukegan, Ill.	Lawyer.
VanOrman, W. H.	Calais.	243 State St.	Novelty Dealer.
Vinton, Geo. W.	Granville.	Moline, Ill.	Plow Manufacturer.
Wainwright, Chas. M.	Burlington.	84 Bryant Ave.	Book-keeper.
Waldo, Abner W.	E. Randolph.	235 Webster Ave	Lumber Merchant.
Walker, Benj. F.	Irasburg.	149 S. Morgan St.	Builder.
Walker, L. W.	Whiting.	Champaign, Ill.	Manufacturer.
Walker, Samuel B.	Whiting.	774 W. Lake St.	Baker.
Wanzer, Isaac H.	Fairfield.	Elgin, Ill.	Mfr. Butter and Cheese.
Wanzer, Moses.	Fairfield.	Dundee, Ill.	Farmer.
Waterman, Arba M.	Greensboro.	88 LaSalle St.	Lawyer.
Waterman, John.	Orange.	Hyde Park, Ill.	Boot and Shoe Factory.
Webb, A. W.	Montpelier.	299 W. Jackson St.	Clerk.
Webb, Ed. A.	Rockingham.	299 W. Jackson St.	Real Estate.
Webster, Si'ney T.	Highgate.	Rogers' Park, Ill.	Telegraph Operator.
Wells, L. Fayette.	Underhill.	432 W. VanBuren St.	Packer.
Wheeler, Hiram.	New Haven.	462 Wabash Ave.	Elevator.
Wheeler, Tolman.	New Haven.	259 Ontario St.	Retired.
Wicker, A. C.	Bridport.	214 Leavitt St.	Commission.
Wicker, C. M.	Ferrisburg.	Evanston, Ill.	General Freight Agent.
Wiley, B. F.	Saxton's River.	Galva, Ill.	Railroad Agent.
Willard, Orril T.	Georgia.	748 W. Washington St.	Collector.
Willard, Samuel.	Lunenburg.	327 Fulton St.	Sec'y Washington'n H'me
Willard, Willis.	Chester.	Jonesborough, Ill.	Retired Merchant.
Williams, Frank B.	Chelsea.	1418 Wabash Ave.	Prin. Marquette School.
Williams, Norman.	Woodstock.	Reaper Block.	Attorney.
Williamson, Francis D.	Cornwall.	Milwaukee, Wis.	Merchant.
Wilson, Lucius O.	Clarendon.	DesPlaines, Ill.	Teacher.
Wood, Henry.	Barre.	Kenwood, Ill.	Real Estate.
Wood, Willard.	Randolph.	Crete, Ill.	Farmer and Lawyer.
Wood, William G.	Hyde Park.	159 LaSalle St.	Insurance Agent
Woodward, Jas. L.	Bradford.	250 Madison St.	Wholesale Milinery.
Worcester, Louis E.	Windsor.	Whitehall Ill.	Lumber Dealer.
Worthen, A. H.	Bradford.	Springfield, Ill.	State Geologist.
Worthing, James M.	Bakersfield.	43 N. Sheldon St.	Manuf'r of Show Cases.
Worthington, Dan'l.	Northfield.	77 So. Ashland Ave.	Retired.
Wright, Abner M.	Waterford.	701 W. Jackson St.	Com. Merchant.
Wright, Wm. C.	Theford.	1145 Taylor St.	Travelling Agent.

In addition to the foregoing, at the Headquarters of the Association, is a Register containing the names, birthplaces and residences of over 1000 Vermonters residing in Illinois. This may be consulted by any one who desires.

DEATH ROLL.

The following is a Roll of Deceased Members of our Association, which is as full as we have been able to make it.

NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF DEATH.	DATE OF DEATH.
COMINGS, CHARLES T.	East Berkshire	June 14, 1846	Evans, Colo.	June 26, 1877.
SAFFORD, ALFRED B.	Hyde Park	January 22, 1822	Burlington, Vt	July 27, 1877.
SYKES, ROYAL S.	Dorset	September 16, 1796	Chicago, Ill.	May 6, 1878.
MEACHAM, LEWIS S.	New Haven	About 1846	Chicago, Ill.	October 2, 1878.
MORGAN, AZRO B.	Stockbridge	November 24, 1824	Troy, N. Y.	November 25, 1878.
WOOD, AUGUSTUS D.	Brattleboro	Unknown	Chicago, Ill.	January 1, 1879.
MAYO, ZELOTES B.	Moretown	December 29, 1813	Sycamore, Ill.	March 7, 1879.
KILBOURNE, ISAAC D.	Chelsea	May 7, 1826	Geneva Lake, Wis.	August 24, 1879.
PITKIN, JOSHUA A.	Marshfield	August 22, 1815	Oak Park, Ill.	January 26, 1880.
GOOKINS, SAMUEL B.	Rupert	May 30, 1809	Terre Haute, Ind.	June 14, 1880.

NOTE.—The above list is probably not complete. Although our Association is but three years old, there are already about fifty members whom we are unable to find. Letters addressed to them are returned to us, endorsed by the post office department as follows: "Dead," "Moved," "Cannot find," "Left city," etc., etc. Members will advance the interests of the Association and largely diminish the gratuitous work of its officers, *by informing the Secretary of any change of address*, and in the case of death of a member, his surviving relatives or friends will confer a great favor on us, and help to perpetuate his memory, by informing us of the fact, giving *place and date of death*, for entry in the Records and Membership Books of the Association, also furnishing us with any information in regard to the past life, cause of death, etc., of the deceased, which will be of interest for insertion among the obituary notices in our annual printed reports.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

OF THE

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION, SONS OF VERMONT,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CONSTITUTION.

Adopted January 17, 1877, and as subsequently amended.

Whereas, It is both a duty and privilege to cultivate the social as well as the moral element of our nature; and

Whereas, We feel that it will be a source of pleasure and profit for Vermonters residing in Illinois to become better acquainted with each other; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned natives of Vermont, on this centennial birthday of the independence of our native State, to acknowledge our love and fidelity to her, and to perpetuate her memory to those who come after us, do form ourselves into an Association to be called the "Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont," and agree to be governed by the following By-Laws:

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

NAME AND OBJECT.

This Association shall be called the "Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont," and its object shall be the social improvement of its members, and a more cordial union of interest and sympathy among the natives of Vermont who have removed to Illinois.

ARTICLE II.

OFFICERS.

The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Librarian, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee of seven, including the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE III.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and shall perform such other duties as appropriately belong to such office.

The Vice-Presidents may, either of them, be called upon to perform the duties of the President, during the absence of that officer.

The Secretary shall keep a faithful record of all the meetings of the Association, attend to the correspondence, and notify the members of all meetings and special assessments, if any. At the request of the President or Executive Committee, he may provide books, blanks and stationery for his own use as Secretary, and for the Association. He shall also keep a suitable book of record, in which shall be recorded the names of all members of the Association, their birthplace, occupation, and present place of residence, which shall be accessible to all members of the Association.

The Treasurer shall collect all dues, and attend to the disbursements of the money of the Association, paying only those bills which are audited by the Executive Committee, and keeping vouchers for the same; and he shall present to the Association a full report of the receipts and expenditures at the December meetings, and oftener, if called upon by the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall make arrangements for all meetings or entertainments of the Association, and have plenary powers to act in the interim of business meetings. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* members of the Executive Committee, and three members shall constitute a quorum for business.

ARTICLE IV.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers shall be elected by ballot, and a plurality shall elect. They shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are elected.

The Annual Election of Officers shall occur at the regular meeting of the Association, in December. *Provided*, that, if it is not done at that meeting, a Special Election may be ordered by the Executive Committee, and when so ordered, a week's notice shall be given each member of Association.

ARTICLE V.

MEETINGS.

The regular meetings of the Association shall be held on the first Tuesday in June and December.

There shall be an Annual Festival on the 17th day of January in each year. *Provided*, that when this occurs on Saturday or Sunday, or, when, in the judgment of the Executive Committee it shall be, for any reason, inexpedient to hold the same on the 17th, the time for holding the annual festival may be fixed by that Committee at a day as near to the 17th day of January as may be.

Special meetings of the Association may be called by the Executive Committee, at any time, in their discretion.

ARTICLE VI.

MEMBERS.

The members of this Association shall consist of gentlemen who were born in Vermont, residing in Illinois at the time of joining the Association, and such other gentlemen as claim to be Vermonters, and shall be recommended by the Executive Committee, upon their signing the Constitution and By-Laws, and paying the admission fee.

ARTICLE VII.

SUSPENSION OF MEMBERS.

The Executive Committee may, by the concurring votes of two-thirds of all its members, suspend any member from enjoying the privileges of the Society, who may be guilty of gross misbehavior or scandalous or dishonest conduct.

ARTICLE VIII.

FEES.

The regular initiation fee shall be \$1, which sum shall be invariably paid to the Treasurer by each member before he shall be entitled to the privileges of membership; and there shall be an annual assessment, to be fixed by the Association at the regular meeting in December.

ARTICLE IX.

AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution and By-Laws may be amended by the amendment being proposed at any regular meeting, and voted upon at a succeeding regular meeting.

JUNE 4, 1878.

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1880/82

Fifth and Sixth

ANNUAL REPORTS

OF THE

Illinois Association



SONS OF VERMONT



— — —
+ 1882 +



♦ N O T E ♦

By resolution of the Association each member NOT IN ARREARS FOR DUES, is entitled to one copy of the Annual Report, free of charge. Extra copies can be obtained by applying to JOHN N. HILLS, Room 36, 115 Dearborn Street, at 25 cents each, that being the cost of publication.



FIFTH AND SIXTH ANNUAL REPORTS

OF THE

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION

OF THE

SONS OF VERMONT

CHICAGO,

For the Years 1880-81 and 1881-82.

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1882.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR 1880-81.

PRESIDENT:

CHARLES B. LAWRENCE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, EZRA J. WARNER,
E. A. KILBOURNE.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN:
FRANK B. WILLIAMS.

TREASURER:

HENRY H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman.*

HENRY C. NUTT, LEWIS L. COBURN,
NORMAN WILLIAMS, LUCIUS H. DRURY.

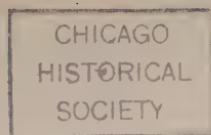
BANQUET RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

SANFORD B. PERRY, *Chairman.*

HOMER N. HIBBARD,
N. C. DRAPER,
D. K. PEARSONS,
E. B. SHERMAN,
O. S. A. SPRAGUE,
A. J. CUTLER.

STEPHEN F. BROWN,
EDWARD A. JEWETT,
H. D. RUSSELL,
WM. H. SMITH,
OWEN F. ALDIS,
H. H. THOMAS.

974.3
926
1880/82



OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR 1881-82.

PRESIDENT :

NORMAN WILLIAMS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

O. S. A. SPRAGUE, LEWIS L. COBURN,
EUGENE CANFIELD.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

E. B. SHERMAN.

TREASURER :

HENRY H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

JOHN N. HILLS, *Chairman.*

E. D. REDINGTON, A. N. WATERMAN,
JOHN M. HUBBARD, LUCIUS H. DRURY.

BANQUET RECEPTION COMMITTEE :

H. N. HIBBARD, *Chairman.*

EDSON KEITH, SANFORD B. PERRY,
GEORGE N. BOARDMAN, JOHN MATTOCKS,
FRANK GILBERT, D. K. PEARSONS,
LUCIUS G. FISHER, W. T. NICHOLS,
WM. M. HOYT.

SONS OF VERMONT.

NINTH REGULAR MEETING.

July 6, 1880.

The Ninth Regular Meeting of the Illinois Association Sons of Vermont, was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, July 6, 1880. This meeting, according to the by-laws, would have occurred the first Tuesday in June, but was postponed until the above date by the Executive Committee. This postponement was deemed necessary by that Committee because the National Republican Convention, for nomination of their Presidential candidate, was held at Chicago the first week in June.

In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, the meeting was called to order by JOHN N. HILLS, and JOHN M. THATCHER was elected to preside *pro tem.* The Secretary also being absent, Mr. HILLS acted in his stead.

The minutes of the regular meeting held December 2, 1879, were read and approved.

H. H. NASH, Treasurer, reported his receipts and disbursements for the last six months, as follows: Receipts, \$834.64; disbursements, \$809.50, leaving a balance on hand of \$25.14. His report of the last annual banquet showed a deficit of \$84, with \$50 still due for tickets sold and not accounted for.

Mr. HILLS proposed the following amendments to the by-laws:

That Article IV. be so amended as to read after the second line thereof as follows: "and no member who has held the office of President for one year shall be eligible for a re-election during the year next following;" also that Article VII. be amended by adding the words, "or any member who shall be one year in arrears for dues."

These amendments, under the by-laws, were laid over for consideration at the next meeting in December.

The third pamphlet issued by the Association, containing fifty-six pages, embracing the proceedings of the years 1878-79 and 1879-80, was presented.

Adjourned.

TENTH REGULAR MEETING.

The Tenth Regular Meeting, being the Fourth Annual Meeting, of the Association was held at the Club Room of the Palmer House, Dec. 7, 1880,—President BOARDMAN in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The amendments to By-Laws that were proposed by Mr. HILLS at the meeting of July 6, 1880, were read and adopted.

H. H. NASH, Treasurer, reported total receipts for the year, \$1,018.89; disbursements, \$1,018.75; showing a balance of 14 cents in the treasury. His report was referred to a special committee, who examined and reported it to be correct, and it was approved by the Association.

The Executive Committee, through its chairman, made a report favoring an assessment of one dollar for the ensuing year, and recommended that the Fourth Annual Banquet be held at the Palmer House, Tuesday, January 18, 1881. Adopted.

A motion was carried that the president appoint a committee of three to nominate officers for the ensuing year. He appointed on such committee H. N. Hibbard, E. B. Sherman and W. H. Gleason. This committee nominated the following:

For President—CHARLES B. LAWRENCE.

For Vice Presidents—ELBRIDGE G. KEITH, EZRA J. WARNER, E. A. KILBOURNE.

For Secretary and Librarian—FRANK B. WILLIAMS.

For Treasurer—HENRY H. NASH.

Executive Committee—JOHN N. HILLS, HENRY C. NUTT, LEWIS L. COBURN, NORMAN WILLIAMS, LUCIUS H. DRURY.

The report of the committee was adopted, and the gentlemen nominated were all elected.

Adjourned.

FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET.

JANUARY 18, 1881.

The Fourth Annual Banquet of the Association was held at the Palmer House on Tuesday, January 18, 1881, and was, in all respects, a grand success. The dinner was served in the main dining room. Across the south end was a long table, at which were seated the officers and speakers. The general company sat at smaller tables.

Behind and over the president's chair was beautifully draped an immense flag of the Green Mountain State. This flag was a munificent gift to the Association from Norman Williams and Edward S. Isham. It is over forty feet in length, and is a *fac simile* of the flag of Vermont during the time she acknowledged no allegiance "to any prince or potentate whomsoever." That period was from January 17, 1777, at which time she declared her independence, to March 1, 1791, when she was admitted to the American Union, as the first accession to the original thirteen states. This flag had thirteen red and white stripes, showing her friendship to the thirteen states, and the blue field contained a solitary star in the center of which was the coat of arms of Vermont, and above and partly encircling the star this motto, "THE STAR THAT NEVER SETS."

About four hundred persons marched into the banquet hall to the notes of Hand's orchestra. When all had taken their places, Dr. GEORGE N. BOARDMAN, the retiring president, rapped for order, and at his request, Bishop CHARLES EDWARD CHENEY invoked the divine blessing on the feast.

Seated at the main table were: Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Vermont; Hon. Egbert Phelps, of Joliet; Judge John G. Rogers; Rev. Dr. Post, of St. Louis, one of the earliest of Chicago's settlers, having been a government agent here in 1833; Bishop Cheney, Rev. Dr. Boardman, Hon. Charles B. Lawrence, Gen. A. L. Chetlain, and others.

The following pretty little morsel was circulated among the guests at the tables, supposed to give the feelings of an ancient Son of Vermont, one of ye olden time, on perusing the list of viands. It was written by a member of the Association, whose name is not made public:

AT THE TABLE.

Eisters? Wal, yes, I don't care if I du
 Try five or six, though I'm not partial tu 'em;
 They're tol'able good, though, fixed up in a stew.
 But when they're raw I don't like bitin' through 'em.

The stage that run to Boston used to bring
 Eisters in kags, and quahaugs, I've heerd tell,
 But I don't set much, as a gineral thing,
 By sech-like creeturs that live in a shell.

The *Menu*? O, you mean the Bill of Fare,
 And mighty fine and Frenchified it looks!
 I s'pose this furrin lingo, everywhere,
 Jest comes o' havin' literary cooks.
 I allus wonder what the use can be
 O' namin' honest victuals with sech flam;
 Aint English 'roast' as good as French *rôti*?
 Is *jambon* any better 'n home-made 'ham'?

O, yes, it's right convenient, I da' say,
 To set a table without meat or drink,
 But with a posy—I should say *bouquet*—
 Beside each plate, but then I really think
 The old way 's best; I allus like to see
 The whole meal put before us all complete;
 It makes a thrible feast—that's my idee—
 To have the sight and smell o' what we eat.

The feast ended, President BOARDMAN again rapped for quiet, and Maj. HUBBARD's quartet sang an appropriate song.

The retiring president then, in a few fitting words, introduced the incoming president, Hon. C. B. LAWRENCE.

The new president, Judge LAWRENCE, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The love we all bear to the land that gave us birth finds its natural expression in the organization of such societies as ours, and such a gathering as is here to-night. We are loyal to the state of our adoption, as we are to our common country, but it is with a different and tenderer sentiment that we look back to the land where we were born and bred—to the mother that bore us. This sentiment, I doubt not, is quickening the pulses of every son and daughter of Vermont, who is present at this table. We are conscious of a common sympathy. We feel a common bond of fellowship. We are traveling back together into the past, and our memories are dwelling, with half sadness, upon the same mountains, and lakes, and skies. We are again sitting upon the banks of some bright stream or climbing the hills we used to climb in the short but radiant summer; or, perhaps, we are recalling the glories of the autumnal landscape, or the grim winter and its glittering stars, as they shone down upon us through the clear wintry air with a brilliancy we have never seen elsewhere.

It is an old theory that the men of the mountains have a stronger sense of local attachment than the men of the plains. The mountains make the grand scenery of the world, and they print their images upon the memory of those who have passed their youth among them in characters that time does not dim, nor distance obscure. They have a meaning and an individuality that we can never forget. The Swiss soldier, serving in a foreign land, has died of homesickness, and the

Scotch Highlander, wander where he may, hopes to pass his last days upon his native mountain heather.

It is much the same with us. We have left our native hills to seek a more promising field of labor, but the love of the land we left behind us is a sentiment that will never die. In the late war, while you felt a just pride in every instance of heroic valor on the part of a regiment of Illinois, did not some story of glorious daring and self-sacrifice told of a soldier from Vermont awaken a deeper emotion and touch even the fountain of your tears? Vermont sends forth many children. They fight life's battle with various success, but until dust returns to dust they keep fresh an honest pride in the fame of all her sons and daughters.

We have reason to love her. We have a right to be proud of her; proud of her natural beauty, proud of her history, and proud of the character her people have achieved, and the fame they have won for her in the days that are gone. Her early settlers were of pure Puritan blood, strict in religion, grim in aspect, and ascetic in life, but they were of the stuff that was needed to turn vast forests and a sterile soil into smiling farms, and lay the foundation of a state which may fairly be called the exemplar of a pure republic. They were strong of arm and brave of heart. They had bought their lands from the Governor of New Hampshire, and they counted not the odds in defending them against the claims of the powerful colony that bordered them on the west. No sheriff from New York could be permitted to serve his process within their limits. The only authority they acknowledged was that of the Committees of Safety appointed by themselves; and when the day of Lexington and Concord came, and, in the language of Emerson,

The embattled farmer stood,
And fired the shot heard 'round the world,

these self-governed men, with Ethan Allan at their head, crossed the lake, and "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga. It was a quaint summons, and not ill-befitting men in whose veins ran the blood of Cromwell's followers at Naseby and Marston Moor. Though denied admission to the confederacy, these settlers of the "Grants," as they were termed, bated not a jot of their patriotism. The intrigues of the English agents to withdraw them from the common cause were vain, and they fought at Bennington the battle that made possible the defeat and capture of Burgoyne, the turning point of the Revolutionary war. In a letter from Burgoyne to Lord Germain, written just after the battle of Bennington, he says: "The New Hampshire Grants in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abound in the most active and most rebellious race on the continent, and hang like a gathering storm on my left."

So, too, when the second war with England came, and an English force was marching upon Plattsburg, a strong body of Vermont militia crossed the lake as simple volunteers, without orders from the Governor, and helped to beat the enemy on land, while the gallant

McDonough was defeating him upon the lake. Our fathers were a religious people, but they worshipped the God of battles, and held it their duty to smite their enemies hip and thigh. This spirit has not died out.

In the late civil war no State sent her sons more freely to the field, and no regiments won more honor for gallantry and endurance than those which came from the mountains of Vermont.

We may be equally proud of the record made by Vermont in civil life. Where else in all these States can you find the people among whom prosperity is so fairly distributed and domestic comfort so universal. There are few vast fortunes, but there is no abject poverty. I deem her fortunate in having no great city within her borders. With a Legislature that has never learned corruption, a Judiciary upon which the shadow of suspicion has never rested, a people steadfast in their conviction of duty, she can challenge comparison with any of her sister States as to the practical results of her policy in law.

But while Vermont has no great city, with the resources in art and science which congregated wealth brings together, it has, nevertheless, in its beautiful villages, a type of social life and civilization which seems to me, all things considered, as excellent as can be found in any land. Villages the like of those in New England do not exist in Old England, nor in any of the Western or Southern States. They could come to us in time, but they are not here yet. They have a charm peculiarly their own; they have the same sense of repose and dignity that belongs to the ancient elms and maples that border and beautify their streets. As you walk beneath the silent shadows of these venerable trees, and take note of the old homesteads that are sheltered by them, you know that within those homes there flows on a quiet life of as much refinement and culture as can be found in any city in this broad land. The best literature is within those walls, the best cultivation of manners, and the angelic purity and beauty of girlhood, full of bright intelligences and crowned with all gentleness and grace. There is hardly a better society than may be found in those New England homes, and nowhere else are the Chris ian virtues of life brought to a better development. There is some pride of family, a sense of having had a grandfather, but there is withal so wide a sympathy, so much of that kindly feeling towards your neighbors that comes from having known them, and gone to church with them from their childhood, that the idea of blue blood does not mar the harmony or interfere with the sweet charities of daily life. If I desired to give a foreigner the most favorable impression of American society and manners, free alike from pretension or servility, as the outgrowth of American institutions, I would take him to a New England village of the best class, and bid him stay there until he had learned the spirit of the place and people. If I could choose a spot where my children should spend their childhood and youth it would be in such a village.

In conclusion, let me say, God bless the home of our fathers and our mothers, and may its children in the Great West uphold its stainless name.

Telegrams and letters of regret were read by SECRETARY WILLIAMS from President R. B. Hayes, Hon. James A. Garfield, Hon. William M. Evarts, Senator Edmunds, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, of New York; Governor Cullom, of Illinois; Governor Geer, of Iowa; Governor Jerome, of Michigan; Hon. Henry Clark, Governor Smith, of Wisconsin; Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, of Illinois; Lieutenant General Phil. Sheridan, Hon. William F. Vilas, of Madison, Wis.; Mayor Harrison, Bishop McLaren, Rev. Dr. E. P. Goodwin, T. W. Harvey, C. P. Kimball, W. S. Winslow, R. J. Kimball, of New York; C. A. Tinker, C. N. Pratt, C. M. Morse, L. A. Grant, President of the Des Moines Association, and others.

The following are the telegrams and letters from some of the more important personages.

[From President Hayes.]

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1881.

HON. CHARLES B. LAWRENCE,

President Sons of Vermont:

I congratulate Chicago on having so many Vermonters among her citizens, and I congratulate her Vermonters on their good fortune in being good citizens of Chicago.

R. B. HAYES.

[From President-elect Garfield.]

MENTOR, Ohio, January 18, 1881.

HON. CHARLES B. LAWRENCE:

Accept for yourself and your associates my thanks for the kindness of your telegram and the Vermont greeting which it brings.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

[From Secretary Evarts]

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1881.

HON. CHARLES B. LAWRENCE:

I greatly regret my enforced absence from your festivities in grateful remembrance of Vermont, to whom you do so great honor in your useful and prosperous lives.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

[From Mayor Harrison.]

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CHICAGO.

FRANK B. WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

MY DEAR SIR: Your very polite note, with tickets to the banquet of the Sons of Vermont, just received. I regret very much my inability to be present, for I have rarely enjoyed myself more than last year when, for one brief evening, I was a son of Vermont. I am compelled to go to Springfield this evening, and shall not return in time for your festivities.

Very respectfully,

CARTER H. HARRISON.

[From Senator Edmunds.]

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, January 14, 1881.FRANK B. WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

DEAR SIR: I have your very kind invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Banquet of the Sons of Vermont, on the 18th inst. I greatly regret that it is impossible for me to accept it. I wish all the members of your Association every pleasure on the occasion referred to, and all success in the great work they are doing in the West in building up an empire on New England principles.

GEORGE F. EDMUND.

[From Dorman B. Eaton.]

NEW YORK, January 15, 1881.

FRANK B. WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

DEAR SIR: Your kind invitation to the banquet of the Sons of Vermont reached New York during my absence, so that I am not able to express my thanks, or to make even a written contribution to your proceedings in season to reach you before your gathering. Gladly would I be with you, for Vermonters may well be proud equally of the earlier and later history of their State, and I hold it to be altogether good and useful to commemorate and keep fresh the record of patriotism and public virtue.

The Legislature of Vermont has been the first to instruct her members of Congress to promote reform in her civil service—a fidelity to a great issue of the time quite worthy of the sons of those whose fathers were among the bravest in the revolution, and the most philanthropic and self-sacrificing in the war against slavery.

Thanking you for your kind invitation, and hoping that the grandsons of Vermont may be tenfold more numerous than their fathers, and make the prosperity of Chicago a certainty by living and eating the banquet in it a thousand years,

I remain your obedient servant,

DORMAN B. EATON.

[From Governor Geer.]

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF IOWA.
January 15, 1881.

F. B. WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from your Executive Committee to attend the Fourth Annual Banquet of your Association.

I much regret that official engagements will prevent my being present. Thanking your Association for the invitation, and wishing the sons and daughters of Vermont a happy reunion, I have the honor to be, yours truly,

JOHN H. GEER.

[From Hon. Shelby M. Cullom.]

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Springfield, Ill., January 15, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your favor of the 12th inst. inviting me to be present at the Fourth Annual Banquet of the Sons of Vermont, at Chicago, on the 18th inst. I thank you for the invitation, and assure you I would accept it with much pleasure if my official duties would permit me to attend, but they will not.

The Sons of Vermont may well be proud of their native State, the first State of the Union formed by the thirteen original colonies. Her sons, upon her own soil, battled at Bennington for American freedom, and they have ever been for American freedom, and been conspicuous for their love of liberty and for their patriotism to the Union. Every page of the history of Vermont is replete with the record of great and grand deeds, and her sons have borne an honorable part in all the important acts of the great historical drama of our country. You have my sincere good wishes for a pleasant and profitable reunion.

Very truly yours,

S. M. CULLOM.

PRESIDENT LAWRENCE then spoke briefly of the flag draped behind him, and the symbol on its field which had come down to this day as a remembrancer of the time when Vermont was an independent State or nation, and closed by introducing HON. EDWARD S. PHELPS, of Vermont, as a worthy son of a worthy sire.

MR. PHELPS was warmly greeted, and spoke in substance as follows:

I am not sorry, Mr. President, that, far as I have come through the snow, as you have just remarked, to sit down at your feast, I have brought with me no formal speech to offer you in return. It would certainly have perished out of my memory and died on my lips if I had, in the glow and warmth of the genial and fraternal atmosphere that makes this occasion so delightful,—this meeting of the family, of the kindred, of the brotherhood, in which the uppermost thought is the clan, the whole clan, and nothing but the clan; God bless it!

I cannot express to you how well I have been repaid for coming here, or how much I have enjoyed this occasion thus far; although I must admit that I feel a little like a poor relation at a Thanksgiving feast,—somewhat abashed by the unaccustomed splendor of the surroundings, but proud at any rate to remember that I belong to the family, however little I may contribute to its importance.

There is something about the character of Vermonters—for I think we may brag a little about the family here among ourselves without violating good taste—there is a sort of individuality about the character of Vermonters—a kind of self-reliance, a sort of silent, tireless energy that distinguishes them, I think, from the people of most sections of the country. Perhaps, as your President has very eloquently said in his opening remarks this evening, they enjoy those qualities in common with others who are born amid “the strength of the hills.” There is a kind of moral gravitation, as well as physical, by which strength is sometimes acquired by coming down hill, and by which people coming down from the mountains bring strength with them, and gather strength as they come. It is easier to see what I am trying to describe than accurately to describe it. I once saw a poor quack doctor suffering under cross-examination in a court of justice, and he was very much pressed with a question that he didn’t know how to answer, and that was: What were symptoms of typhoid fever? and, at last, after much tribulation, a bright thought struck him. “The leading symptom,” I should think, “he said, “was death.” [Laughter.] With as poor a logic and as little accuracy, I might, perhaps, say that the leading quality in the character of Vermonters, as far as I know, is success. [Applause.] They are a sort of men that pray, but put their own shoulders to the wheel. They trust in God, but they keep their powder dry likewise.

I should go a little further than your President in the remark that he made about the character of the mountains impressing itself on the character of the men that come from there. It seems to me it impresses itself likewise on their personal appearance. I have sometimes

thought I could pick out the Vermonters from a miscellaneous crowd,—and not by anything in their appearance that was to their disadvantage either,—just as I have thought sometimes, in looking at the water of the St. Lawrence, hundreds of miles below Niagara, that there seemed to be a sort of swirl and resistless strength about it that was like a memory of the great cataract, as if the water had not forgotten its birth-place. Something in the man's appearance that *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* in the play calls "The appearance of the probability of succeeding"—something that the poet tried to describe in the look of the man

"Who oft had set his face
In many a solitary place
Against the wind and open sky."

Now, you are not celebrating this occasion like that people who sat down by the waters of Babylon and bewailed their exile, and hung their harps on the willows. That is not the character of this occasion. You are celebrating that conspicuous and memorable and permanent success that has built up for yourselves such a home as this in which you live. And I don't know on which you are most to be congratulated,—the country of your birth or the country of your adoption which you have built up. [Applause.]

Why, what a city!—this city of the plain, that has arisen as rapid and as beautiful and as silent as the glittering fabric of a vision, and yet with a permanence and stability that are for all time. There is no such place in geography, there is no such tale in history as the story of the birth and the growth of the city of Chicago. [Applause.] And yet, large as it is, and grand as it is, it is but in its infancy. It is destined to be one of those cities which are the great metropolises of the world. The world is full of cities; there are very few that deserve the name of metropolis. There are some things about towns and cities that, like individuals, indicate leadership, and these are the qualities which this city has already demonstrated; and not merely in material prosperity but in culture, in art, in those beautiful charities and humanities that give a better character to a city than any material prosperity in the world. Why, when I have been here occasionally, always upon visits that were all too brief, and have tried, as countrymen do, to escape from being run over in the hub-bub and hurly-burly of your streets, and then have remembered that I myself am older than Chicago—I can remember its very beginning—I feel as old as the Wandering Jew. [Laughter.] I should expect to be apostrophized, if there was anybody in Chicago not too busy, in the language of Webster, "Venerable man, you have come down to us from a former generation; heaven has bounteously lengthened out your years to enable you to behold this joyous day." It reminds me of what Mike Walsh once said in the Legislature of New York when it was proposed to increase the salaries of the judges of the city over those of their brethren in the country, and it was objected to, and was urged that the duty was the same, and the talent required was the same.

"Mr. Speaker," said Walsh, "I assert that it requires more talent for a man to find his way across Broadway, at the head of Fulton street, in the middle of the day, than it does to hold the Supreme Court in all the rural districts of New York. [Laughter.] And I think a man—a countryman and a stranger, I mean—that can take care of himself in and around and about a large city like this is manifestly able, and in another situation might become a very distinguished man." [Laughter.]

I say I can remember it all. I can remember the first turn of the tide of emigration toward the West. We used in Vermont, as some of you know, to be ourselves the point of emigration. Excellent men came there and found a home. Your father, sir, [turning to Judge Lawrence] and mine, were emigrants to Vermont, and there were many others of that sort. I remember your President, who has, as has been well said in substance by your ex-President, built up here a reputation which is co-extensive with American law—I remember him when his principal claim to distinction was that all the girls maintained he was the handsomest student in Middlebury College [great laughter], and that, too, when there was many a handsome student in Middlebury College [renewed laughter]; more than there are now, I am sorry to say. And if there is any doubt about it I believe there are living voices enough still remaining of the more truthful sex by which I can prove that the Middlebury girls were right, as they generally are. [Laughter.] Then the time came when the tide turned away from us. All the promise, and attraction, and romance, and hope of life began to gather in the West, until, in those days, that young man was thought very little of who turned his back on the great battle and the great march and staid at home; and that is the reason why it has come to pass, as I am most forcibly reminded when I look upon this assembly, that Vermont has become more prominent and more celebrated from those men that have gone out from it than from any that have remained at home. And I am glad to see that in the ordering of this festival you remember as well as I do that Vermont has children that are yet dearer than her sons—her daughters. The men I have referred to that came out here, came not alone, or if they did they went back and took a better start. I undertake to say that the best women in the world are the American women [applause], and the best of all the American women are the New England women, and the best of all the New England women are the Vermont women, and the best of all the Vermont women I leave every man to designate for himself. [Laughter and applause.]

But that some of them are to be found in the homes of the Sons of Vermont in Chicago is a fact I can swear to upon personal knowledge. I shall remember all the days of my life those young girls that one after another have turned away from a thousand altars and a thousand homes, that were better than altars, to come out to the West—each one like a shooting-star in the midnight sky attracting attention by the momentary brilliance of her departure, then gone into the West—gone out to lives, not of noise, but of power; heralded by no

triumphs or banners, emblazoned in no history, but lives of beneficence and self-sacrifice and devotion. They are not all here—those fair young faces that I have seen turned toward Chicago. Some of them have passed through the morning gates into a saintlier life, and those that remain—some who came in the spring are now here in the autumn. But they never grew old somehow, these Vermont girls, thank God. Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. Theirs is only the succession of beauties like the succession of the seasons, when the spring ripens into the summer and the summer into the glory of autumn—a beauty that looks back again and presages a better life beyond.

Vermont was then robbed of her children, but she mourns for them not as one that is not to be comforted, because she knows where they are and what they are doing. Vermont may well say that in her devotion to the common nationality, she knows no South, no East, no North, but she does know the West. To that country her whole heart goes out like water. Because the rays of every evening sun that return to us with such indescribable splendor across mountain and lake, fall all the way from the far Pacific, in an unbroken pathway, on the homes of her children. And we can well imagine when we look at the glories of those sunsets, when color surpasses color, and glory rises above glory, that we see as it were reflected in the sky the towers, and the battlements, and the temples, and the homes, and the golden fields of the great, gorgeous, glowing, boundless magnificent West.

[Applause.]

But I fear I am already exceeding that brevity which is not only the soul of wit, but which alone renders wit tolerable. One word more, if you will pardon a little to the garrulity of an old man when he begins to talk to the boys. Hospitality could not so consecrate nor friendship so dignify such an occasion as this, that it would be anything but a Barmecide feast if it had not some significance—something worthy to be celebrated and worthy to be remembered. You are celebrating on this occasion, as I hope you will celebrate on many occasions to come, your part in the great march of our race from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the great march to the sea. History is a succession of great marches to the sea, and the greatest of the marches that has thus far taken place—greater than that first march across the sea that brought our ancestors here—is the stately, triumphant and irresistible march across this continent of the dominant race. And it is a triumph of great principles rather than of men—a triumph of the great and final principles that our fathers brought from England—of what Burke calls “the ancient, honest, judicial principles of England,” and of the grand old Christian faith that grew up with them on the same soil; these have been and are destined to be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that has gone on, and will go on, before this race in the great march of civilization and progress and liberty. These great and noble ideas constitute your birthright, the inheritance that you brought from home in the place of the silver and gold that the home had not to give you. And just in

proportion as those principles are preserved and maintained will the great march of prosperity and civilization go successfully on. Until, as we have now England and New England and new New England, and as we have now the Sons of Vermont in Chicago, we shall have by and by, at no distant day, the Sons of Chicago—the grandsons of Vermont—celebrating their march on the shores of the great Pacific Sea. And this march will still go on, and go on, and go on, “far on in summers that we shall not see.”

I wish Vermont had a better representative here; I wish she were here to speak for herself; I wish all her people could look in for a moment on this scene. I have tried to imagine what greeting the State would send if the State could speak—if a voice could come as the wind comes in the night, that should embody the spirit and the heart of the old home that looks out toward the West so often and so anxiously. Perhaps the great voice after all would falter and hesitate as human voices do under the pressure of emotion too large for speech. What is left unsaid is sometimes better than what is said. If speech is silver, silence is sometimes golden. Perhaps the voice could only say, at last, “God bless you all, my children, everyone, all the days of your lives.” [Long and continued applause.]

The President next introduced the Rev. Dr. Post, pastor of the First Congregational Church of St. Louis, who, after the applause that greeted him subsided, said that as the hour was growing late the kindest thing he could say was to express his thanks and decline to make further remarks. His audience, however, insisted on a speech, and he spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF VERMONT—For such I assume this large and brilliant assemblage to be, by birth or heredity, or by adoption, either through the grace of election or the election of grace. I feel, though personally we may be strangers, that a peculiar freemasonry unites us this evening,—a freemasonry not of the grip or pass-word, not of the clan, or clique, or school, or party, of nothing with air or attitude of exclusiveness towards the good, the noble and the true wherever found, but the freemasonry of conscious common memories, associations, obligations and affections binding to the same natal soil; of a consciousness that when “our life-stream tracks its parent lake” it brings us to the same grand old mother-land—land of the mountain and the lake, of summer sun-burst and winter storm; to the same scenery of field and forest, fountain and brookside, whose armorial pines throw out their evergreen banners from the battlements of the everlasting hills over the rush of waterfalls or roar of tempests, in challenge to the thunder-cloud; or in glorious sunrise or sunset stand sentinels over vast snowfields or landscapes of sweetest Junes.

I am conscious of a freemasonry that brings us back alive to the old schoolhouse and church, and the old church-yard and friends of the long ago sleeping there; to the same vision of the sweet, brave

faces of childhood and youth; to the waking of our soul-life under the same tonic skies, the same influences of outward nature and social genius, and the same primordial ideas and sentiments, those beginnings of thought and feeling that are the primal light of all our seeing, the master hue of all life's picture, the deepest undertone in all life's music—"thoughts that wake to perish never."

We are conscious as the hour bears us to the background of far off years in a far off land, of looking at the same social scenery—a society of the purest type of Republicanism under the sun; a democracy most perfect in equality and fraternity and general simplicity of manners and of life, yet where a sturdy manhood and homely virtues blend with a high average of general intelligence, and present types of the rarest elegance and richness of culture; a democracy in which nestle the sweetest and purest of homes, graced with manly strength and womanly beauty, animate with bright and happy childhood and with the high ideal and aspiration of youth, and haunted by old heroic and saintly traditions, which blend with the mountain and lake and walk as guardian sentinels the old land forever; a land not of the wealth or luxury of more Iolian climes, but with hardier virtues and more resolute brace of character, bred under sterner skies and in conflict with scantier soil and briefer summers; and with a purity of manners and a manly independence, and a quick and varied faculty of hand and eye and brain worth more than all California's; where industry is honored, where humanity has a value of itself, and

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

* * * * * * * * *
" 'Tis a rough land of rock and stream and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord, no cabined slave,
Where hearts and hands and thoughts are bold and free,
And friends may find a welcome, foes a grave."

* * * * * * * * *
Every land has its own treasured traditions and associations, its special type of the grand and beautiful in nature or in the soul and achievements of man, which are wrought into character in its children, and from which it has its peculiar genius, and its distinctive Palladium and Pantheon. These it must guard as for its life, and not for that only but for the race of man. These are its especial contribution to the world's stock of moral forces, creative of a higher type and better era of humanity; and which are to build the composite civilization of the coronal cycle of the world.

* * * * * * * * *
We recognize loyalty to one's birth-land, wherever we find it, as the stamp and sign of a nobility of nature, token of something sweet, genial, generous, true. * * * * On the other hand, disloyalty to it, shocks us as a crime against nature, as something essentially malign, vile, evil, like ingratitude to the mother who bore him—

ingratitude the natural mother of vices never long alone. The craven renegade, the demagogue that thinks in the land of strangers to win opinions by vilifying the land of his birth, you feel there is something about him out of nature, monstrous, foul! You would not like to go alone with him through the forest by night. As Horace says of the miscreant guilty of impiety towards the gods, you would not like to venture with such an one in a skiff on the waters, lest celestial wrath, hurling its bolts against the ingrate, shouldwhelm you both in one ruin. Let the land to which he comes beware of him! Disloyal to the land of his birth, he will be untrue to the land of his adoption. Self, and pelf, and office, sum up his wretched soul. But Messrs. Dry-as-dust and Cent-per-cent affect to sneer at all feeling toward the old land as puerility and moonshine; the glamour of distance, mere sentiment.

Mere sentiment! Why, sentiment is the noblest thing we have—the grandest, loftiest, best. Our human *knowledge* is but as the fire-fly in flight and flash; but in *sentiment* the veriest little child may approach the God-like. Sentiment differentiates the man from the clown or the clod; from sordid, sensuous souls, that measure everything by the interest-table, or the dinner-table, and set no value on a land but its capacity for pelf and fodder; that pride themselves on their realism and sharpness for the main chance; that sneer at your clambering up Killington or Mansfield, or wonder what sheep you are hunting amid the Adirondacks. From all such souls, Good Lord deliver us! Sooner the veriest hunter after bric-a-brac, such as I remember floundering and sweltering over a broken wall in Mt. Vernon, and bringing back a brick in his pocket from Washington's stables, with the exult, "I must have something to carry away," and I think the brick was all he earned.

Such dry, realistic natures, I pity them! They repel me. To such a man the great material world is a mass of matter, nothing more. The mountain is a mere pile of rocks, obstructive of the wagon or the plow, nothing more. The lake, a thoroughfare only for traffic or travel, nothing more. To him, Jerusalem the Golden were so much gold, and nothing more.

Such men must rejoice in the realism of the homely nomenclature some of the old fathers of this type have given some of the Vermont mountains. "Potato Hill;" why, it is to them Potato Hill and nothing more; and "Hog's Back," why, it suggests the animal indicated, nothing more; and "Camel's Hump,"—how such men had imagination and ideal enough to find that ruminant of the desert in these latitudes, seems passing strange,—"Camel's Hump" was "Camel's Hump" to them and nothing more, I was going to say, but in the old nomenclature I remember it was something more. It figured in the old geographies as "Camel's Rump," * * * * * But to souls not "of the earth, earthy," a land is indexed and estimated by different factors. What it can do to make strong, pure, noble, beautiful souls,—this is the true value, the ultimate outcome. It is for outcomes of this kind you honor Vermont, and think you can do nothing better for your-

selves or your children, or for the land to which you have come, than to assemble from time to time, as you now do, to commemorate the grand old mother. * * * * I love old Vermont for what she is and what she has been; for what she gave, and what she was to me; I love her as the land where I first saw the light; for the arms that first received, cherished and guarded me; for the sweet faces—sweetest in life's memory—that then bent o'er me; for the air she breathed on me; for the grand old hills with which she cradled my childhood; for the primal waking of mind and soul under her inspiration. I love her for the companions of earlier years, the brave and genial boys and the sweet and gentle maidens, that were the starlight of my boyhood; for the noble, and beautiful, and gifted that still live with her, and for those that have long since vanished beyond the skies of life's morning; I love her for the old schoolhouse and the church; for the church-yard and those that are sleeping there, o'er-sentinelled by the awful mountains that keep their guard until the resurrection morning.

I have loved her all my life for the freedom she gave me in my childhood of her mountains, and forests, and torrents, and lakes. I love her that she opened to me her secret of the grand and beautiful in nature, and taught me to seek nature and love her, and not fear her in her darkest, wildest, stormiest mood. I love her for the vision that comes to me in the far-off years, of her sweet homes, clustering in the deeps of memory, and their living scenery of forms found no more beneath the sun, transfigured by mortal years if still walking the earth or by the touch of eternity; and for the picture that comes up of life and manners,—frugal, wholesome, simple, pure, yet blent often with high intelligence and elegant culture, and of a hardy discipline and manly independence, wedded to reverence of law and right and God. And the distance of years through which I see them is no glamour. Through them I see and measure things more truly. If "distance lends enchantment to the view," that enchantment is truth. Things may be too near for truest vision, for due proportion, harmony and beauty. The colossal statue requires the lofty pedestal.

St. Peters is duly realized in its grandeur as seen from the Pincian height. Our nation's capitol discloses its true and relative vastness to the view from the Arlington hills, and Mt. Blanc is seen as "awful sovereign Blanc," emergent from its silent sea of pines, only as looked at from far beyond its girdle of satellite peaks.

So things in the past are seen truly in their beauty and greatness only across the valley of years. * * * * The voice of old Vermont from those far-off years has ever followed me through all my exile, calling as did the London bells to the departing boy—the future Lord Mayor—"Turn again, turn again." A voice such as seemed to call to me from the high Alps as I was descending one of them, amid scenery, whose wild, strange beauty and awful grandeur would have persuaded me to linger forever; a strain of melody—wild, weird, melancholy, and strangely sweet—came floating through the air, mingling with the bursts of sunlight, the flash of glaciers, the rush of torrents, the awe of vast gorge and precipice in deep shadow, and cloud-masses

charioted along the peaks by the mountain winds—a strain, that with wailing, echoing refrain seemed pleading around my departing footsteps—"Turn again, turn again." I looked around, above, beneath, amid the torrent, the glacier, the gorge, and the echoing peak and cloud to see where and what the voice might be. At first, in vain. Presently I saw across a deep gulf, on the slope of an opposite mountain, an Alpine boy seated on a rock, and from his lone, high perch, flooding the earth and sky with his Alpine melody.

Such a voice from the far-off mountains of childhood has seemed to follow me all the years, calling, "Turn again, turn again." In all my wanderings I have heard it. In early youth, as I turned from the Atlantic shores to the then mysterious new world of the West, I heard it. I heard it as I descended the Alleghenies, and looking back, saw through their openings eastward, faces sweetest, most loved, most honored in all life's drama, looking out pleadingly and sadly on the departing boy, and, then, receding away and away, forever.

On the Ohio, descending its meanderings, through shores of vast wildernesses and lone cliffs, with caves still haunted with frontier banditti, I heard it—"Turn again, turn again." It mingled with the rush of the Mississippi as I entered its lone, mysterious stream. I heard it as I first saw starting from its wave and the wilderness, a little solitary hamlet, yet climbing the river bluff, St. Louis—so many years my home—then hanging upon the fringe of a dark continent, extending to Pacific seas.

I heard its sad refrain over the vast prairies as I wandered on foot through the green solitudes of the beautiful Illinois, or rode farther northward through the boundless seas of verdure stretching to the great lakes—to shores where the green Michigan was reflecting the infant Chicago—a little hamlet of a few scattered, hastily built houses, nestling on the banks of this lone inland sea, under the shelter of a military fortress, and thronged with 7,000 of the children of the wilds and the forests, fragments of red nations that rendezvoused there that day for a talk with the pale faces, and as if to cast one longing, lingering look on the lake of beauty before turning their faces anew towards the setting sun.

That voice has followed me through all the years of my sojourn in the then new world, till I and it, too, have become old. Often have I thought of listening to it, and have dreamed of a return. It was long my dream; for I have loved the old land with a passionate love, and with a life-long longing; and sometimes in my day-dreaming I have been selecting the spot for the new home, where amid old memories, my sun in peaceful setting might go down, where in life's morning first it rose. But I have never returned—never to abide. The time for it, like the rainbow on the wild, has seemed ever receding as I advanced. And now the voice comes to me from another quarter, from shores that lie beyond the chrysolite of setting suns.

Meanwhile, friends, comrades of exile, as we meet here for the hour, in rendezvous on life's voyages, far away from the old home, let it be for no Lotus eater's dream on the banks of some Lethean stream,

in the "land where it is always afternoon;" but let it be to lift high the scutcheon of the old land, in the confidence and the purpose that if we may not rebuild here the magnificence of her mountains, we may, at least, incorporate something of her granite with the structures of the new empire here so fast rising; that we may build anew much of what is good and beautiful and true and noble in the land we have left, into vaster and mightier Vermonts in this new world.

JULES LUMBARD followed with a Scotch serenade song, "Are ye sleeping, Maggie?" rendered in a delightful manner.

CAPTAIN EGBERT PHELPS, of Joliet, read the following original poem on Vermont's struggle for independence:

VERMONT.

There's a far distant land where the mountain peaks rise,
Wedding earth's purest green to the blue of the skies—
Where Beauty sits throned on the far-stretching hills,
And health-giving fountains feed life-giving rills—
Where the breezes of Spring-time aye gladness impart,
And the frosts of the Winter ne'er enter the heart—
Where the smiles of the Summer in fading give birth
To Autumnal glories, unrivaled on earth;
Where Winter delights his best garment to wear,
And the garb of the Summer is witchingly fair.

There History, proud of each glorious page,
Delights to recount to each wondering age
How blazed the first fires—on those mountain peaks grand—
By Liberty kindled in this, our fair land;
And to grave on her scutcheon, in letters of gold,
The glorious deeds of her heroes of old—
Of Allen and Warner and Baker—the three
Who on her green sward planted liberty's tree,
And woke the first tocsin that thundered sublime
Humanity's claims down the vistas of time,
Arousing the world to a glorious strife,
From the slumbers of centuries waked to new life.
For among those green hills, ere Columbia spoke
In the clash of her steel through the battle's black smoke,
Those rude mountaineers sent their standard on high
And swore by their hearth-stones to conquer or die,
When Oppression would grasp all the fruits of their toil
And with iron heel trample the sons of the soil.
Those struggles heroic were Liberty's work
When they won independence from haughty New York,
Soon to begin the same battle once more
With the legions that swarmed from Britannia's shore.

No charter they held, save the God-given right
Their homes to defend by the strong arm of might;
And the great seal it bore often left its red track
On some poor, luckless sheriff, well stamped on his back
With the "twigs of the wilderness" stalwartly plied
In token of rights that might not be denied.
What a blow was then struck at that old "right divine"
When the Doctor swung up to the "Catamount" sign !

When sheriffs, surveyors, and marshals were plucked
 Of their writs, swords, and plumes, and right legally ducked,
 Then sent "on the tramp," to complete the affront,
 Exiled to New York for the weal of Vermont!
 They were law-loving people, yet some made it known
 That the law that they practiced was strictly their own,
 For no Court under heaven e'er made such decree
 As they wrote with the twigs of the withy beech tree!

Now turn we the page, to remember with pride
 How in Freedom's great battle the first martyr died
 On the hills of Vermont, where with tyranny's clan,
 At old Westminster Court House, the struggle began
 Ere in blood, smoke, and slaughter the wide world had seen
 Columbia's christening on Lexington's Green:
 And when the wild beacon fires, blazing afar,
 Gleamed over the hill-tops the signal of war,
 How they sprang to the front and with Ethan went forth
 To face the proud foe on the hills of the North,
 And the first bloodless victory won as they swept
 Through the rude postern gate while the enemy slept,
 And captured "Old Ti" by the warrant alone
 Of the Congress supreme and Jehovah's great throne.
 As of old, their sole claim to their country's command
 The God-given right and the weal of the land.
 Let Hubbarton's field and red Bennington tell
 How stoutly they fought and how nobly they fell.

Next, when in the field the stern contest was o'er
 In halls legislative they struggled once more
 With their allies of old-time their entrance to win
 To that glorious circle the ancient Thirteen.
 Thus on their bright standard the record is shown
 Of three wars nobly fought ere they came to their own.

Now down the long record of subsequent time
 We read the bright page of the days of her prime,
 And mark how her sons in each far-distant land
 Have reared up new fabrics, more stately and grand
 Than the homes they had left, and the principles spread
 That were born of the days of her trouble and dread.
 Like a beacon she shines from her hill-tops afar
 To the gaze of the nations, fair liberty's star,
 Whose beams, twinkling wide over land and o'er sea,
 Bear the promise of God's never failing decree
 That Justice and Truth shall forever go forth
 From the free mountain air and the highlands of earth.

Land of the mountain Pine! long may thy glory shine
 Bright as the memories we cherish of thee,
 While from thy mountains grand to each far distant land
 Streams Freedom's beacon-light over the sea.

Green glow thy towering hills, bright gleam thy sparkling rills,
 Laughs every valley with Nature's true wealth,
 While in thy mountain air brave sons and daughters fair
 Breath the pure essence of gladness and health.

Round every towering peak where the black tempests break
 Halos of glory from olden time shine,
 And on thy scroll of fame many a hero's name
 Blazes in light that is almost divine.

Shades of our Country's sires! ever may Freedom's fires
 Glow in our hearts full as brightly as when
 They lighted the hunter's path where 'mid the tempest's wrath
 Stoutly he strove for the birth-right of men.

Still may we lessons learn from their rude manhood stern,
 Teaching that love of both country and home
 Makes of the rudest men heroes and martyrs when
 Roused by fair Liberty's mustering drum.

Home of our boyhood days! earth knows no higher praise
 Than the pure love that, from over the sea—
 From each far distant clime, through the long lapse of time,
 Binds the fond hearts of thy children to thee.

It was so late at the close of the reading of the poem that a speech from JUDGE ROGERS was, at his request, omitted, though regretfully by the audience.

The Rev. Dr. Post then pronounced the Benediction, after which those desiring to dance retired to the ball-room, prepared for that purpose, holding over until the wee sma' hours.

THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

The guests present included:

Hon. F. B. Wilkie and Mrs. F. B. Wilkie, Rev. L. N. Freeman, Miss Emma Grange, D. R. Cameron, Judge Rogers, Wm. J. Onahan, Fred. B. Tuttle, Bishop Cheney, Chas. Smith, Mrs. Chas. Smith, R. T. Howard, Edward Hale, John M. Hubbard, Mrs. John M. Hubbard, Dr. Post, B. H. Bartlett, Mrs. F. A. Cleveland, A. E. Clark, Mrs. A. E. Clark, A. Clement, Mrs. A. Clement, N. L. Clement, Mrs. N. L. Clement, Miss Nellie Crofoot, Geo. N. Boardman, Geo. M. Clark, Mrs. Geo. M. Clark, Miss F. M. Keef, W. H. Smith, Miss Lou M. Olmsted, Lu. H. Drury, Mrs. Lu. H. Drury, E. W. Thompson, W. F. Myrick, Mrs. W. F. Myrick, A. C. Bartlett, Mrs. A. C. Bartlett, O. S. A. Sprague, Miss C. A. Sprague, Arthur D. McLean, H. S. McLean, Mrs. H. S. McLean, Julian T. Beeton, Miss Daisy Goodman, S. F. Brown, John W. Walker, A. D. Sumner, Mrs. A. D. Sumner, Miss Sarah McEvoy, James Wilmotte, Mrs. James Wilmotte, L. H. Bisbee, Mrs. L. H. Bisbee, Frank Gilbert, Mrs. Frank Gilbert, John M. H. Burgett, Miss Birdie Bassett, Miss Ella Stinson, C. H. Morse, Mrs. C. H. Morse, Geo. W. Carter, Miss Annie Carter, John N. Hills, W. O. Tyler, F. C. Tyler, Chas. Hitchcock, C. Storey, E. Dresser, Mrs. E. Dresser, V. A. Watkins, Mrs. V. A. Watkins, Henry F. Boynton, Mrs. Geo. Boynton, Arthur Farrar, Mrs. Arthur Farrar, Miss Fanny Farrar, Miss Emma Farrar, Mrs. C. E. Durand, S. S. Clough, Abijah Keith, R. H. Flemming, Fred. W. Gookin, Mrs. Fred. W. Gookin, J. R. Poland, Miss

Minnie Matthews, E. A. Jewett, Mrs. E. A. Jewett, Miss G. H. Wilson, P. W. Drew, Mrs. P. W. Drew, H. N. Hibbard, Mrs. H. N. Hibbard, Wm. N. Hibbard, Miss Edith Hibbard, John D. Hibbard, Miss Mary Noble, E. S. Sibley, Mrs. E. S. Sibley, Miss Logan, Paul Cornell, J. H. Bradshaw, Mrs. J. H. Bradshaw, Miss H. A. Farnam, C. H. Blackman, Mrs. C. H. Blackman and Sister, W. Colebrooke, Mrs. W. Colebrooke, Edward Stone, Mrs. Edward Stone, Miss Otis, E. B. Baldwin, Miss Emma Boynton, Geo. Lyman, Dudley Little, Mrs. Dudley Little, James W. Morse, Geo. C. Bates, Mrs. Geo. C. Bates, I. G. Lombard, W. W. Chandler, C. M. Fitch, W. M. Fitch, W. R. Baker, Mrs. W. R. Baker, Miss Gertrude E. Baker, B. F. Morse, Mrs. B. F. Morse, L. B. Jameson, Mrs. L. B. Jameson, Wm. Converse, Mrs. Wm. Converse, Hon. John A. Jameson, Miss E. D. Jameson, Miss Mary Jameson, Miss E. E. Taylor, Gen. A. L. Chetlain, Mrs. A. L. Chetlain, Seymour Childs, Mrs. Seymour Childs, Miss Mary P. Hubbard, Abner Taylor, L. G. Kunze, Mrs. L. G. Kunze, Mrs. A. Sanders, Wm. A. Fuller, Mrs. Wm. A. Fuller, M. C. Hartigan, Frank H. Pierce, Miss Josie Pierce, C. B. Holmes, Miss Maggie Robinson, Mrs. S. E. Bliss, Miss Rosie Hill, Miss Clara Hills, Alex. Walcott, Mrs. Alex. Walcott, Miss Charlotte Walcott, John C. Bundy, Mrs. John C. Bundy, R. B. Farson, Mrs. R. B. Farson, D. K. Pearson, Mrs. D. K. Pearson, Miss Chapin, D. F. Hicks, Harry Howard, C. S. Hitchcock, B. V. Page, Mrs. B. V. Page, F. C. Hale, J. M. Thacher, W. F. Hoadley, H. Corwin, Mrs. H. Corwin, L. L. Coburn, Mrs. L. L. Coburn, L. G. Fisher, E. S. Isham, Mrs. E. S. Isham, N. C. Draper, Mrs. N. C. Draper, Miss Ollie Draper, Mrs. Jennison, A. N. Draper, Miss T. G. Slofter, Mrs. B. F. Horton, Charles Stewart, H. P. Isham, Mrs. H. P. Isham, Elliot Durand, Mrs. Elliot Durand, Z. Blinker, Mrs. Z. Blinker, Mr. Holabird, N. Bridge, Mrs. N. Bridge, Miss Bridge, J. E. G. Scott, Mrs. J. E. G. Scott, Mrs. Felch, I. N. Camp, Mrs. I. N. Camp, Col. Carpenter, J. J. Luther, Miss Young, N. H. Barnes, Mrs. N. H. Barnes, William Bye, Mrs. William Bye, E. Cook, H. P. Kellogg, Miss Lolla Noyes, E. D. Deane, H. D. Russell, Miss Robinson, J. P. Callan, J. B. Callan, Mrs. J. B. Callan, William McSorley, Lewis Dodge, Mrs. Lewis Dodge, J. A. Bent, Mrs. J. A. Bent, Abner Smith, Mrs. Abner Smith, J. S. Grinnell, Mrs. J. S. Grinnell, S. B. Perry, J. A. Fitch, F. W. Peck, H. D. Jones, Joseph Morris, H. B. Sawyer, D. H. Hammer, Mrs. D. H. Hammer, A. G. Fisher, Mrs. A. G. Fisher, F. H. Fox, Miss Hardin, George A. P. Kelsey, Mrs. George A. P. Kelsey, F. E. Culver, William H. Shepard, Mrs. William H. Shepard, G. C.

Jackson, Mrs. G. C. Jackson, Miss Sarah Harkness, Seymour Morris, Miss Minnie B. Burleigh, Charles D. Mill, Miss Lucy Thompson, D. D. Merriam, A. S. Camp, Mrs. A. S. Camp, W. M. Sherman, Mrs. W. M. Sherman, Elbridge G. Keith, Mrs. Elbridge G. Keith, Miss Anna Lynch, Miss Jennie Roberts, A. J. Snow, Mrs. A. J. Snow, A. J. Cutler, Mrs. A. J. Cutler, H. C. Nutt, Mrs. H. C. Nutt, J. R. Wood, Miss Mary Nutt, J. W. Marble, Mrs. J. W. Marble, Miss Allie Marble, J. W. Butler, Mrs. J. W. Butler, Miss Ida Mack, William Thomas, Mrs. William Thomas, John W. Marsh, Mrs. John W. Marsh, W. W. Ingraham, Mrs. W. W. Ingraham and friend, J. M. Worthing, Mrs. J. M. Worthing, R. S. Williamson, O. L. Fox, Mrs. O. L. Fox, M. E. Cole, Miss Nellie Chamberlin, Miss Mamie Colton, Arthur Burnham, Mrs. Arthur Burnham, F. H. Lyman, Mrs. F. H. Lyman, J. L. Woodward, Mrs. J. L. Woodward, Robert L. Thompson, Mrs. M. E. Thompson, Hon. Mark Skinner, Gen. Anson Sperry, B. K. Chase, Robert Barlow, E. J. Tinker, W. W. Nutting, W. M. Pond, Mrs. W. M. Pond, T. J. Sutherland, Mrs. T. J. Sutherland, A. G. Lull, Mrs. A. G. Lull, George W. Newcomb, E. A. Sherburne, C. A. Reims, Mrs. C. A. Reims, S. N. Brooks, Mrs. S. N. Brooks, Norman Williams.

ELEVENTH REGULAR MEETING.

JUNE 7, 1881.

The Eleventh Regular Business Meeting of the Association was called at the Club Room of the Palmer House, June 7, 1881, but the evening was stormy, and very few members assembled, so no meeting was held.

SPECIAL MEETING.

NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

A special meeting of the Association was held at the Club-room of the Palmer House, November 17, 1881, having been called by the Executive Committee in compliance with the following petition:

CHICAGO, Oct. 19, 1881.

To the Officers of the Illinois Association Sons of Vermont.

GENTLEMEN: The subscribers, members of your Association, here-with respectfully invite your attention to the subject of the proposed monument to be erected upon the soil of Vermont in commemoration of the victory of General Stark, at Bennington, August 16, 1777.

The historical importance of that brilliant achievement upon the fortunes of the republic is well known.

The Board of Directors of the Bennington Battle Monument Association, an Association chartered by the Legislature of the State of Vermont, has decided that a monument worthily commemorating said event cannot be erected for a sum less than one hundred thousand dollars. Our Society, by its resolutions of January 17, 1878, unanimously endorsed the undertaking.

A solicitor is now among us asking our co-operation. In consideration therefore of the importance of this patriotic work, and the desire of the citizens of our native State, in which we heartily join, that the proposed monument shall be worthy the event commemorated, respectfully request that you bring this subject before our Association at such time and place as you may deem most expedient.

[Signed,]

D. K. PEARSONS,
EDWARD S. ISHAM,
GEORGE N. BOARDMAN,
NORMAN WILLIAMS,
ALBERT D. HAGER,
MARK SKINNER,
G. S. HUBBARD,
E. G. KEITH,
WM. M. HOYT,
H. N. HIBBARD,
J. ADAMS ALLEN,
O. S. A. SPRAGUE.

The President, CHARLES B. LAWRENCE, presided, and J. N. HILLS acted as Secretary *pro tem.*

Mr. GEORGE W. ROBINSON, of Bennington, was invited to address the meeting in relation to the proposed Battle Monument, and stated the extent to which the enterprise had been carried. He said that the subject of securing a monument at Bennington had attracted the greatest interest among leading citizens of Vermont ever since the centennial of the battle was celebrated. The Legislature of the State had voted \$15,000 for the monument, Massachusetts had added \$7,500 more, and New Hampshire, \$5,000. In addition to this, Congress had appropriated \$40,000, and \$10,000 had already been raised in Vermont by private subscription, the citizens of Bennington alone subscribing \$4,000. This left about \$30,000 still to be raised, it being estimated that the monument would cost in all \$110,000. It had been specially provided that the monument was not to be commenced until the entire amount necessary to complete it had been secured. It was expected that the Sons of Vermont in Chicago and the West would contribute something toward carrying out the undertaking, which was already an assured success.

Mr. D. K. PEARSONS, the Rev. Dr. GEORGE N. BOARDMAN, and Mr. E. S. ISHAM spoke strongly in favor of assisting Mr. ROBINSON in his work here, and the following resolutions, offered by Mr. PEARSONS, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having been satisfactorily demonstrated that the Directors of the "Bennington Battle Monument Association" are earnestly endeavoring to secure the necessary funds to enable them to erect a worthy monument to commemorate the victory of Gen. STARK, Aug. 16, 1777;

Resolved, That the members of this Association heartily concur in the desire of the citizens of their native State and others, that the proposed monument, to be erected upon her soil, in commemoration of the Battle of Bennington, may truthfully and conspicuously symbolize the uncompromising fidelity to civil liberty and public virtue which characterized our New England ancestors, and upon which depends the ultimate prosperity of all people;

Resolved, That this Association approves of the efforts which have been and are in progress for the successful accomplishment of this new National undertaking, and earnestly commend it to the favorable consideration of the sons and daughters of Vermont in the West.

On motion of Mr. PEARSONS, a committee, composed of the President, Dr. BOARDMAN, D. K. PEARSONS, MARK SKINNER, NORMAN WILLIAMS, and EDWARD S. ISHAM, were selected to assist Mr. ROBINSON, and

to bring the matter before the annual meeting of the Sons of Vermont the first Tuesday of next month.

Mr. ROBINSON exhibited an interesting relic of revolutionary times in the shape of the original copy of a letter written Aug. 26, 1777, by one of the colonists who fought in the battle of Bennington. The letter was yellow with age. Its contents pictured in a simple way the heroism of both men and women in "the times that tried men's souls." The following is an exact copy of the document, spelling and all:

BENNINGTON, Aug. 26, A. D. 1777.

HONOURED FATHER: After my duty, I take this opportunity to write to you, hopeing these lines will find you well, as, through the goodness of God, they leave me and my family. We met with a great deal of trouble on the 16th inst. Myself and brother John was preserved through a very hot battle. We killed and took, according to the best account we can get, about one thousand of the enemy. Our loss was about thirty or forty. We marched right up against their breastwork, with our small arms, where they fired upon us with their field pieces every half a minute, yet they never touched a man with them. We drove them out of their breastwork, and took their field pieces and pursued and killed a great number of them. We took four or five of my neighbors—two Sniders and two Hornbecks. The bigger part of Dutch Hoosac was in the battle against us. They went to the Regulars a day or two before the fight. Samuel Anderson, a Captain amongst the Regulars, was in the battle against us. Whilst I was gone, my wife and children went off and got down to Williamstown. After I got home, I went after them, and found them at landlord Simons'. I have got them home again. My wife was very much worried out. She had four children with her. Selinday was forst to run on foot. We some expect the enemy will come upon us again, and what I shall do with my family, I know not. I would inform you that I received your letter, dated Aug. 18, in which you tell me you was well, which I am glad to hear of. I want to come and see you very much, but when I shall, I know not. If the enemy don't come upon us again this fall, I intend to come down and see you. John remembers his duty to you, and has laid out all your money, and bought forty acres of land, joining to me, with a log house, and has a deed of it; seventeen acres cleared, the rest wild land. I have endorsed forty shillings upon the note. If you have the rest, you may send it, if you please. Remember our love to all brothers and sisters; respects to all enquiring friends. So no more at present, but I remain your dutiful son until death.

JOSEPH RUDD.

The meeting then took up the other object of the call, to take appropriate action relative to the death of Prof. HENRY H. BABCOCK.

Eulogistic remarks were made by Dr. BOARDMAN and others. A committee, composed of Dr. BOARDMAN, J. F. CURTIS and EDWARD S. ISHAM, was appointed to draft resolutions.

The committee made their report at once, the resolutions being highly eulogistic of the character and career of the deceased, and contained a short sketch of his life, and were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

Adjourned.

TWELFTH REGULAR MEETING.

DECEMBER 6, 1881.

The Twelfth Regular, being the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Association, was held at the Club-room of the Palmer House, December 6, 1881.

President LAWRENCE occupied the chair, and in the absence of the Secretary, JOHN N. HILLS acted as Secretary *pro tem.*

Treasurer H. H. NASH submitted his report showing the total cash receipts for current year had been \$805.14; disbursements, \$733.27; balance on hand, \$71.87. This report was referred to a committee composed of E. B. SHERMAN, T. J. SUTHERLAND and D. K. PEARSONS, who examined and approved the report, and it was adopted.

A Committee on Nomination of Officers of the Association was appointed, composed of the following gentlemen: D. K. PEARSONS, A. D. HAGER and J. F. WOODWARD.

This committee reported the names of the following gentlemen as candidates for the several offices, viz: For President, NORMAN WILLIAMS; Vice Presidents, O. S. A. SPRAGUE, LEWIS L. COBURN and EUGENE CANFIELD; Secretary and Librarian, E. B. SHERMAN; Treasurer, HENRY H. NASH; Executive Committee, JOHN N. HILLS, E. D. REDINGTON, A. N. WATERMAN, JOHN M. HUBBARD and LUCIUS H. DRURY.

The report was adopted, and they were all unanimously elected.

D. K. PEARSONS, for the committee on raising funds for the Bennington Battle Monument Association, appointed at the special meeting held November 17, reported, recommending that, instead of the annual banquet, a meeting be held at Central Music Hall, prominent speakers be invited, an admission fee be charged, and apply the proceeds toward the Battle Monument Association.

Remarks were made by A. D. HAGER, A. B. CASE and others.

Mr. KENDALL moved that the matter of the Bennington Battle Monument be referred back to the original committee. Adopted.

T. J. SUTHERLAND spoke in favor of the banquet, and moved that the Executive Committee be instructed to make arrangements for one to be held as usual. Carried.

A. D. HAGER moved that an assessment of one dollar be made for the ensuing year. Carried.

Adjourned.

FIFTH ANNUAL BANQUET.

JANUARY 17, 1882.

The Fifth Annual Banquet of the Association was held at the Palmer House, January 17, 1882, and was among the largest and best ever given by the Society. About four hundred and fifty were seated at the tables.

Perhaps no better description could be given of this banquet than was given by the Chicago papers of the following morning, from which we quote.

The Times said:

A finer company never got together under a Chicago roof. Many of the most prominent citizens were there, and the general average for culture, intelligence and refinement could be rated several points above par. It was not intended to be a swell affair, but merely a reunion of the sons and daughters of Vermont, and such it proved to be in every sense of the term. It was a family gathering, and a genuine spirit of good will and sociability pervaded the assemblage.

The Morning Herald said:

The Fifth Annual Banquet of the Sons of Vermont was held at the Palmer House last evening. These gatherings in the past have always been largely attended, but none have ever heretofore equalled, in point of numbers or general excellence, the celebration this year. By 7:30 in the evening the spacious parlors and halls of the Palmer were filled with an elegant assemblage, old, gray-haired men and ladies and bright, cheery faces of the young, smiling happily in unison at the pleasurable thoughts suggested by the occasion. At a few minutes past 8 o'clock, the company marched in couples to the main dining-hall of the hotel, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The room was none too large for the accommodation of the guests, and no vacant chairs could be seen. There were over 450 guests, fully half of whom were ladies. The most enjoyable feature of the whole affair was the meeting of friends who had been separated for years, and during the supper, reminiscences of childhood days, among the hills of the little Eastern State, were indulged in by old playmates, now gray-haired.

Divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Dr. GEORGE N. BOARDMAN. The menu was acceptable to all, and included the well-known Vermont dessert—pumpkin pie, hard cider and “beech seals.”

The post-prandial proceedings were opened by Judge LAWRENCE, the retiring President of the Association. He said when a man in

this country laid down an important office he was expected to give an account of his stewardship. He could say that the Association, during his administration, had been prosperous, and was at present harmonious in its domestic affairs, and at peace with all foreign powers. There had been two business meetings during the year, one of which was attended by himself, the Secretary, and a Reporter, and they had done the business. By the foreign relations he referred to the sister societies of the Sons of Virginia and the Sons of Maine, both organized since the Sons of Vermont had made a success of their annual meetings. As President, he had been invited to attend the annual banquets of those sister societies, and had gone, but at the Sons of Maine banquet he was unable to make his speech, because the Maine men present were so long-winded that they took up all the time. He was glad to introduce his successor in office, Mr. NORMAN WILLIAMS, a patriotic son of Vermont, and one who would carefully look after the Association for the future.

President WILLIAMS replied as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I feel under obligations to my distinguished friend, Judge LAWRENCE, for affording me a glimpse of some of the duties and privileges of this office which I am now called to assume, and I am grateful to you for this preferment. It has been said that, however reticent a Vermonter may be, a remarkable facility of speech attacks him when conversation is opened on the subject of the State of Vermont. This envious suggestion has some truth in it. It may be that under this inspiration some of the personal allusions we have just heard are excusable. Exuberance of speech on this occasion is but another illustration of the pride of the Vermonter. It is somewhat rare to find a Vermonter who is not proud of his State. It matters not where he is, whether in the village of his birth or in foreign lands representing his government. It matters not what calling he follows, whether tilling the soil or presiding over the destinies of this great Republic, the love of his native mountains is in his heart, and out of its abundance the mouth speaketh. In obedience to this sentiment you are here to-night; and in other cities of this land at this hour, other Sons and Daughters of Vermont are celebrating the anniversary of the independence of their native State. This devotion to a little State, nestled among the hills of New England, is entirely past the comprehension of those unfortunate mortals who were born elsewhere. But the stirring history of the early days opens up the sources of this unwavering devotion.

From the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, Vermont has had its ardent admirers and possessed irresistible attractions. As early as 1609 it enamored Champlain, who sought to wrest it from the Iroquois. New York coveted it, and resorted to most

desperate measures to acquire it. History says that these measures were frustrated by the peculiar methods of Ethan Allen. Massachusetts pressed its claims with vigor to possess the land, but unsuccessfully. The towns of New Hampshire, on the border, adopted more sensible measures to share the inheritance which is ours. They petitioned to be annexed to the State of Vermont, to the great discomfiture of their Governor, whose diplomatic efforts were severely tested in retaining his wayward children.

The common enemy—the early English—constantly organized to capture the prize, but the “men of New England, of a superior sort,” as the great historian, Bancroft, characterizes the Vermonters, repelled with spirit every attempt.

Thus appreciated by its neighbors, Vermont soon learned to appreciate itself. To retain its own integrity, as well from the assaults of its pressing friends as from the common enemy, every Vermonter became a soldier. The story of the Green Mountain Boys is known to the world. They made the first attack upon the enemy in the War of the Revolution. They bore a conspicuous part on many fields, and, withal, having maintained an independent government for fourteen years, presented their State for admission to the Union with all its hotly contested boundary lines intact. The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, our old State in its maiden days was so fascinating that a standing army was required to resist advances by its neighbors and capture by the common enemy.

It is no marvel, that we are devoted to our State and revere the memory of our fathers. Their sacrifices and exposures, their bravery and heroism, their stubborn integrity and respect for the good and the true; their simple faith in God, and, within our own recollection, their peaceful, quiet homes, adorned with intelligence and virtue, inspire a manly and just pride which their sons will cherish until the mountains fall. [Applause.]

The Oriental Quartette, composed of Messrs. John M. Hubbard, Charles M. Smith, C. C. Phillips and Edwin Hall, sung a song, followed by an encore.

Mr. E. B. SHERMAN, the Secretary of the Association, then read the following telegrams:

WORCESTER, MASS., January 17, 1882.

To the Sons and Daughters of Vermont in Banquet Assembled:

The Sons and Daughters of Vermont in Association now assembled, at the Lincoln House, Worcester, Mass., extend to you our hearty greetings.

C. G. PARKER, President.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
BRADFORD, VT., January 17, 1882.

NORMAN WILLIAMS, *President*:

The heart of every Vermonter is with her sons assembled on this anniversary of her declaration of independence. As an independent ally she aided the thirteen struggling colonies to achieve their independence. Without the Green Mountain Boys the victory at Bennington would have been impossible; without Bennington, Saratoga would have been a defeat; without Saratoga the French alliance would have been fruitless and Yorktown a failure, and the independence of the thirteen colonies long, and, perhaps, forever deferred.

To the Green Mountain Boys, unrecognized by the Colonial Congress, is due the credit of having struck the blow that secured the victory. In the Revolution, as in the Rebellion, they acted from the purest motives of patriotism. Her stalwart sons at home send greetings to her enterprising sons abroad.

ROSWELL FARNHAM.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 17, 1882.

NORMAN WILLIAMS, *President*:

Unable to be with you this evening, I send you my greeting. I think there is one native son of Vermont who, to-day, as an excuse for his absence, can fairly plead pressure of official duties elsewhere.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The Secretary announced that letters of regret had been received from the following persons who had been invited to take part in the festivities:

President Arthur, Vice President Davis, Senators John A. Logan, George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill, ex-Secretary William M. Evarts, Hon. William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa; Governor B. R. Sherman, of Iowa; Governor Roswell Farnham, of Vermont; Governor Shelby H. Cullom, of Illinois; Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan; Hon. Frederick Billings, of Vermont; Hon. Thomas Drummond, Hon. Henry W. Blodgett, Mayor Harrison and Rev. Brooke Herford, of Chicago; Hon. William P. Wells, of Detroit; Hon. James P. Slade, of Springfield, Ill.; Hon. George S. Robinson, of Sycamore, Ill.; Hon. E. B. Johnson, of Peoria; Hon. Norman L. Freeman, of Springfield, Ill.; Pacific Coast Association Sons

of Vermont in San Francisco, Cal.; Colonel R. C. Clowry, of Chicago; Theodore Prentiss, of Watertown, Wis.; General Newell Gleason, of LaPorte, Ind.; Charles E. Allen, of Burlington, Vt.; John A. Barnes, of Decatur, Ill., and many others, all breathing love, patriotism and loyalty to their native State.

COLONEL A. N. WATERMAN then read the following patriotic letter from Governor Farnham, of Vermont:

STATE OF VERMONT, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
BRADFORD, January 2, 1882.

To the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont:

In an appeal of the Governors of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to the sons and daughters of New England ancestry, inviting their co-operation in the erection of a suitable monument to commemorate the victory of General Stark at Bennington, August 16, 1777, are the following words:

"The Legislature of the State of Vermont incorporated the Bennington Battle Monument Association for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a suitable monument to commemorate the heroic deeds of the sons of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire who, on the 16th day of August, 1777, under the command of General John Stark, achieved a victory over the invading enemy which sealed the fate of Burgoyne's army and secured the independence of the Colonies."

This appeal was unanimously indorsed by the New England Society of the City of New York, and its members have liberally aided the undertaking.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bennington Battle Monument Association, held at Bennington, January 16, 1875, Governor Prescott, of New Hampshire, presiding, the following resolution, relating to the character of the proposed monument, was offered by Hon. Edward J. Phelps, of Burlington, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Board that the monument we propose to erect shall be, in the true sense of the term, a work of art, worthy of the States which have contributed to it and of their children elsewhere, and characterized by the correct and dignified taste which ought to control in the erection of all permanent memorials.

In consideration of the importance of the Bennington victory in deciding the fortunes of the Revolutionary War, and in view of the valor displayed in achieving it, I heartily add my commendation of the persistent efforts now making to secure the erection of such a monument as shall worthily commemorate their heroic devotion to the cause of liberty, and shall properly symbolize the gratitude and patriotism of the descendants of a noble ancestry.

Believing that many of the sons and daughters of Vermont, who have secured homes in the West, will esteem it a pleasure to co-operate in this national work, I earnestly commend it to their consideration.

ROSWELL FARNHAM,

Governor of Vermont.

COLONEL WATERMAN supplemented this letter with the following toast, "*The Battle-Fields of Vermont*," and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION, SONS OF VERMONT—Over the Spartan youth who fell at Thermopyle, was erected a monument bearing the inscription: "Go, stranger, and tell at Sparta that we died here in obedience to her law."

It is proposed to erect at Bennington a monument which shall tell to ages yet to come of those who fought and died there in obedience to the dictate which bids men be free.

The battle of Bennington was a people's contest and a people's victory; fought and won by an undisciplined band, summoned to arms by no call save the love of country and liberty; and it is fit and proper that it should be commemorated by a monument, built with offerings bestowed in the same spirit and with the same gladness that moved our fathers there to do and die, that freedom might be.

We waste upon a meal, what would have sufficed them for a month; we fly in an hour where they toiled painfully for days; the throbbing electric wire brings us in a moment into communication with lands from which they could hear only after months of waiting.

Yet we are neither greater nor wiser than they. They were great enough to be willing to toil and struggle, to save and build and die for those who were to come, and wise enough to make broad and deep the understructure of a State, wherein, for a hundred years, there has been as much of human happiness, as little of want and suffering, as true a union of liberty and law, order and freedom, as the world hath ever seen.

Not unto all men is the privilege given of standing in the battle's front and striking, amid the clash of arms, good blows for the rights of man; but, in some way, and at some time, comes to all the opportunity of testifying to their love of country and liberty, their admiration of heroic deeds, and their determination to preserve that which the patriotism of the past has given to them. So we tender to the people of Vermont our thanks for the privilege they open to us of bestowing upon an altar of liberty, testimonials telling that the spirit of Bennington, and Bunker Hill, and Valley Forge still glows in us; that mammon hath not possessed us quite, but if need be, we are ready, as were our fathers, to give up all, that through us and over us there may come a more perfect triumph of the rights of man.

The Quartette then sung "Hurrah for old New England."

The next toast, "*The Educational Institutions of Vermont*," was responded to by REV. SIMEON GILBERT, D.D., graduate of the University of Vermont, and editor of *The Advance*, Chicago. All that was beautiful in the commonwealth we loved, he said; all that carried the heart back to the scenes of our childhood and youth, took us back to the dear old school-house. Vermont was full of schools. The men who first settled the State, and formed her institutions, had been singularly sagacious as well as utterly intrepid men; but a true mother-nurture on the part of the State, ever since, equally enlightened, rigid and kind, had kept her schools and her children still at the front. But of all her

educational institutions, none had been more distinctive or done nobler work than her Christian Academies. The poet had said, "The child is father to the man ; and I could wish my days to be, bound each to each in filial piety." Surely, for the Sons of Vermont, who can never lose sight of the schools of Vermont, this sort of filial piety must be easy. With affectionate pride we all pointed eastward to the "star that never sets;" but we could not do so without being reminded of that whole system of educational institutions of which that star was but the shining coronet. And yet, he said, the chief educational institution of Vermont was the State itself. For, although it was a very little State, it was a very big school; and no one could well be born there and not be put in school; and no one could spend his life there, growing up from childhood to youth, manhood and womanhood, without feeling as if he had been taken through a pretty thorough and inspiring sort of educational curriculum.

He referred to the University of Vermont, and to some of its most distinguished instructors, as Marsh, Wheeler, Pease, Shedd, Clark, Jameson and Buckham, and insisted that the mere "bend in the river," on the eastern side of the State, amounted to nothing—that Dartmouth College as really belonged to Vermont as Middlebury itself. The sunrise, that used to light up with glory, in the days of our childhood, the tops of mountains just west of us, had, it was true, allured us all far away; still, there was "something that doth live," and the association of our dear old commonwealth and common mother with her best of institutions, yet remained, "like some clear large star, which pilgrims at their back leave, and see not always, yet, wheresoe'er they list, may pause, and with its glories gild their faces still."

The next toast, "*Vermonters at Home and Abroad*," was responded to by HON. E. B. SHERMAN, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—Three days recently passed in the trial of a suit wherein two "Sons of Vermont" were pitted against each other as antagonists, convinced me, and would have convinced the most sceptical, that Vermonters have striking characteristics, and will suggest the only conundrum a Yankee was ever known to give up: If an irresistible force be applied to an immovable body, what will be the result?

The early settlers of Vermont were a peculiar people. Absolute freedom and equality were the Alpha and Omega of their politics, religion and social habits. Sturdy independence marked their speech, conduct and opinions. Wresting a scanty living from a sterile soil, strangers to luxury, despising effeminacy and ease, obedient to law when and because they made it; truthful and frank almost to rudeness, scorning suavity of speech and the formulas of refined society as essentially insincere and hypocritical; economical almost to parsimony, and yet generous almost to a fault; courageous, earnest, persistent, honest, patriotic, God-fearing men, they laid the foundation of a State as grand, as enduring, as picturesque as its mountains and crags; as pure as the waters gushing from its thousand springs, as beautiful as the hues of its autumn forests. They laid broad and deep its foundations in public and private virtue. The town meeting, the

schoolhouse, the college and the church were its corner-stones. There was a universal recognition of duty, obligation and self-denial, which made of unlettered men and women unconscious heroes, for true heroism finds its most congenial soil and noblest growth among the common people.

From the narrow confines of the Green Mountain State, for half a century, there has been an exodus of vigorous and powerful men. Their feet have trod every zone, they have explored every clime, they have traded in every mart. They have filled every place of power and authority; their influence is felt in every employment and every profession. In the executive mansion, in legislative halls, in colleges, seminaries and professional schools, at the bar and on the bench, controlling the metropolitan press, everywhere, you find some Vermonter, bearing the public burden, discharging well his duty—and looking out for himself. And when grim-visaged war appears, he does not execute a power of attorney and send a substitute to the front.

Candor compels me sadly to concede that Vermonters at home and abroad, while still vastly superior to the rest of mankind, do not always display all the old-time virtues in all their pristine beauty. This concession is made in the strictest confidence, and is not to be repeated. They are still, thank heaven, able to attend reasonably well to their own business, and not entirely neglect that of their neighbors, but the penetrating quality of their curiosity seems to be gradually disappearing. They accumulate fortunes, and spend them with a lavishness which would have shocked our economical forefathers. Since we left the old homesteads things have gone sadly awry. Strange rumors come to our astonished ears. Mysterious whisperings of legislatures, around whose lobbies glide supple agents of soulless corporations. It is darkly hinted that greenbacks, judiciously distributed, have on some occasions become marvellously potent in the vicinity of the ballot-box.

And more surprising than all, there is ground to suspect that degenerate sons of noble sires, discarding the honest unfermented juice of the apple, flowing from the ancient cider-mill, sometimes imbibe a more sparkling fluid. The modern Vermonter is clearly a revised version, in some particulars; but he still retains the grain and fiber, and essential characteristics, which gave Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, and their compeers and compatriots, prestige and renown.

And wherever he goes, whatever be his lot, his heart turns fondly to the home of childhood, and memory lingers around that most hallowed spot. For him there is no scenery so enchanting, no verdure so pleasing, no skies over-arching so grandly or bending so gently down, no autumn tint so beautiful, no air so pure, no water so clear and sparkling, no songs of bird so sweet, no flowers so fragrant, as those of the dear old place where he was born. Memory's rigid lines are softened, and her pictures touched with pensive beauty, when imagination waves her matchless wand about us, and casts around early years the radiance which first streamed over Eden. And so we come proudly, joyfully, to celebrate the natal day of the State which builds school houses and raises men.

EUGENE J. HALL, the Vermont poet, read the following original poem:

AWAY DOWN EAST.

Away down East, where mountain rills
 Are through the hollers flowin',
 Where cattle browse upon the hills
 When summer winds are blowin';

Where in the moonlight winter nights
 The world puts on sech splendor,
 When young folks go to singin' school
 An' git so kind o' tender;

Where village gossips hear an' tell
 The'r kind of harmless slander,
 There lived blue-eyed Mehetabel
 And honest young Philander.

Mehetabel wus jest ez sweet
 An' fair ez summer weather,
 She hed the cutest leetle feet
 That ever trod in leather.

An' then those mild, soft eyes o' hern—
 Wy! cider wern't no clearer—
 They made Philander's visage burn
 Whenever he sot near her.

Philander he wus tall an' thin,
 A kind o' slender feller;
 He hed a sort o' goslin chin,
 His hair wus long an' yeller.

Drest in his go-to-meetin' clos',
 A standin' collar sportin',
 He went down cross-lots Sunday nights,
 To Deacon Spencer's, courtin'.

There down he sot afore the fire,
 A thinkin' an' a lockin';
 He praised the Deacon's sheep an' cows,
 He praised *her* mother's cookin'.

He talked all round the tender pint,
 But, somehow, couldn't do it;
 His words got kind o' out o' jint
 Afore he could git through it.

'Twus twelve o'clock one Sunday night,
 A blazin' fire was roarin',
 The old folks hed gone off to bed,
 The Deacon, he was snorin'.

Around the time-worn room the light
 Fell kind o' soft an' rosy;
 The old pine settle it was drawn
 Up by the fireplace cozy.

Mehetabel sot on one end,
 Philander he sot by her,
 An', with the old tongs in his hand,
 Kep pokin' at the fire.

He tried to tell her how he felt,
 It sot him in a flutter;
 The sweat it jest rolled down his face,
 Like drops o' melted butter.

So there they sot an' talked about
 The moonshine an' the weather,
 An' kep' a kind o' hitchin' up,
 Until they hitched together.

The Deacon snored away in bed,
 Philander he grew bolder;
 He slid his arm around her head
 An' laid it on his shoulder.

An', when she lifted up her eyes
 An' looked right into his'n,
 It seemed ez if Philander's heart
 Into his mouth hed risen.

He sot an' trembled fur a while,
 She looked so sweet an' clever,
 Some speerit whispered in his ear:
 "Jest do it now or never!"

Sez he: "My dear Mehetabel,
 My house an' home are waitin';
 An' ain't it gettin' to be time
 That you an' I were matin'?"

An' then sez she, jest loud enough
 Fur him to understand her:
 "Ef you kin be content with me,
 I guess it is, Philander!"

The Deacon woke up from his dreams.
 Sez he: "There's sumpthin' brewin',"
 He peeked out through the bedroom door
 To see what they were doin'.

An', when he saw 'em sittin' there
 Like leetle lambs in clover,
 He almost snickered right out loud—
 It tickled him all over.

He nudged his wife an' told her, too,
 An' my! how it did please her,
 An' then they talked 'emselves to sleep,
 An' snored away like Ceazer.

Philander sot there all night long;
 He didn't think o' goin'
 Till, when the day began to dawn,
 He heerd the roosters crowin'.

An', when he started over home
 Alone across the holler,
 He kep' a talkin' to himself
 An' fumblin' with his collar.

Sez he: "Ther' never wus a chap
 That did the bizness slicker;"
 An' then he gin himself a slap,
 An' my! how he did snicker.

An' now blue-eyed Mehetabel
 Is married to Philander,
 An' village gossips idly tell
 That ne'er was weddin' grander.

The peaceful, moonlight winter nights
 Hev not yet lost ther' splendor;
 The young folks go to singin' schooi
 An' still get kind o' tender.

Away down East, where mountain rills
 Are through the hollers flowin',
 Where cattle browse upon the hills
 When summer winds are blowin'.

The next toast offered, "*The City of Chicago*," was responded to by THOMAS J. SUTHERLAND, Esq., who varied the programme by bragging about the city of his adoption like one to the manor born. MAYOR HARRISON was expected to respond to this toast, but he was unavoidably kept away by press of official business, and he, Mr. Sutherland, was summoned to talk as the next best man. He contrasted Chicago with New York, saying that its population would one day exceed that of Gotham. Chicago was not a small infant. Some day the outside world would see a wonder. He complimented Vermonters on the share they had contributed to the material greatness of the city. The bar, and the press, too, owed a great deal of their originality and vigor to the Sons of Vermont. It was the speech of a true Chicagoan, all over, and elicited much applause.

"*Vermonters as Legislators*," was responded to by the HON. H. H. THOMAS, Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, who spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—You have given me a large subject for the few minutes time allotted to responses. I can sympathize with a distinguished Senator of Tennessee, whom I heard express himself thus, in the Legislature of 1865: "Mr. President, the amendment of the gentleman are too small. I'm agin it, but as she are the best we can git, I vote aye!" Vermont was ushered into existence a full born rebel, in the estimation of her neighbors, and her founders, from the beginning, displayed a genius for legislation, somewhat crude at first, and enforced by such stern penalties as the "beech seal," and kindred methods, but, measured by the crucial test of success, no one can deny its efficacy. The Allens, the Warners, the Chittendens, the Tichenors deserve to rank with the Adams, the Henrys, the Lees and others who made the name of the Continental Congress illustrious. There are no brighter annals in our colonial history than the diplomacy and legislation which preserved the infant commonwealth from destruction at the hands of threatening British armies on her borders, and the scarcely less hostile forces of New York, and eventually secured her admission to the Union, with all the rights and privileges of sister States.

I think we can justly claim that the high standard set up by the Fathers has been maintained by the sons. The original settlers of

Vermont were born legislators, and the "apostolic succession" has been kept up. I doubt if there is a better governed commonwealth on the globe than our beloved native State. Her voice in the National Councils has always been more potential than her territorial size and population entitled her to, and her sons who have represented the States of their adoption have been worthy of their nativity. We remember with pride the notable services of that son who died in the midst of his patriotic labors as the Senator from our Prairie State—whose great capacities had caused him to be christened the "Little Giant." In the Legislatures of the different States you will be sure to find the Green Mountain State fully represented, and my own observation in the body of which I have twice been a member assures me that the mother State has no occasion to blush for her sons engaged in the work of legislating for their adopted State. While we are essentially one, as a nation, and State lines are shadowy boundaries, there is something tangible in the example and memories of these historic men who builded so well the foundations of our native State, and I have no doubt the recollection of the stern virtues of those "Fathers in Israel" inspires the sons, wherever they are scattered, to emulate them, and thus, what might have a tendency to stimulate a narrow spirit of clanishness really becomes a stimulating force, and prompts to higher action. Let us trust that this influence will not diminish but rather increase as time grows older, and that the day may never come when any legislative scandal shall stain the record of any of our brethren—the Sons of Vermont.

Capt. STEPHEN F. BROWN was called upon to speak to the toast, "*Vermonters in the Rebellion*," but declined, on account of the lateness of the hour.

The Oriental Quartette furnished another song.

Prof. GEO. N. BOARDMAN, LL.D., spoke to the "*Vermont Farms*," as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I was requested to respond to a sentiment that would sound better in the announcement of a speaker's theme, and look better in a report, than this, but I am in no mood at a time like the present to speak on high-sounding subjects, and at this late hour can only indicate the thoughts that suggest themselves on such a topic as you assign me, the "*Vermont Farms*." The contrast between the farms of New England and those of the West is worthy of notice. You might as well fence off a hundred acres of the ocean for a home as a hundred acres of our Illinois prairie, so far as sentiment is concerned. In the State of our birth the homestead had a meaning of its own, every part its own meaning. Here an oppressive sameness prevails throughout all the farming operations. The ruling thought seems to be "*more*,"—more prairie, more land to plough, more corn, more corn, more pork, more pork. But go back to Vermont, and

stand in front of one of those home-lots; it extends a hundred or two hundred rods along the road, and has perhaps a hundred and fifty acres. See that swale running zigzag across the farm; a little stream courses through it probably; the surface is broken by "mud-holes" here and there; half the year the owner hardly knows how to get across it with his horses or oxen; at any time there are places where you would break through the turf and sink into the mud. What is such a strip of land good for? Why, sir, that is where the man cuts his hay. It was foreordained, from the foundation of the world, that that plat of ground should be a meadow. Geology and the beavers have conspired to fit it up for growing grass. The cattle get their twenty, forty, sixty tons of hay for the winter, where it is hardly safe for them to tread in the summer.

Go back a little from these low grounds and you find on either side gentle hill-slopes, whose appointed service is visibly written on their face. Here is a corn lot—stony, dry, warm; but corn has long roots, and bears a good deal of heat. You will find the ears full, hard and yellow before the September frosts come along. Yonder is a piece of ground that seems useless; the slate ledges crop out here and there, and in places the soil is shallow, but nature had a purpose in constructing that part of the farm. The quick eye of the farmer sees that trees love to thrust their roots down into the crevices of the rocks, and he makes that lot his orchard. "Vermont apples" is on the placard you find posted up in Chicago by the fruit-sellers, though I suspect little of the fruit grown there is able to get so far from home.

Suppose you go over into the back lots of the farm. Here the ground is too steep for cart or wagon, the stumps are thick, the rocks cover a good part of the surface; what can be done with such a refuse part of creation as this? Well, sir, I have a great respect for the man who invented mowers and reapers and corn-planters, but the invention of cows is an admirable thing also. Turn them into this pasture, and they will transform the grass that grows on the broken patches, and the raspberry bushes that cling to the rocks, into butter and cheese, which dainty palates consider quite as good as that manufactured in our large cities. Next after the cows come the merino sheep. Those pastures have drawn tribute money in generous sums from the farms of Ohio and other States for those sheep with ruffled necks, worth as much to sell, I presume, as to keep at home.

So every part of a Vermont farm has its appointed office, and brings in its quota of produce, from the sugar stolen from the spring sap of the maple to the butternuts gathered in October. And the Vermont farmer, as he reads his Bible, supposes he was the man in David's mind when he spoke of the good man as being "in league with the stones of the field."

There is a great deal of sentiment connected with a Vermont farm; it is a faithful servant, it comes to be cherished as a member of the family; it is thought of as taking interest in all that interests the household. Talk with a man, perhaps sixty years old, as you stroll with him across his fields, and see how much he feels himself indebted

to the acres where he has labored. When his father and mother died, the farm kept on its way responding to the children's plans and efforts as it had to those of the first settlers. It paid the bills when the "old folks" were sick, it buried them decently, and set up humble headstones over their graves,—not so stately as some of those in Graceland, but they tell as much truth perhaps, and well become the place where "the forefathers of the hamlet sleep." The farm has worked out many other debts, that will come, sometimes unlooked for, in the experiences of life. The farmer has buried one of his daughters, who faded away under the blight of that disease known too well under the shadow of the Green Mountains,—consumption. The old homestead missed her tread, and mourned with the others; it did what it could, it took the bills and paid them one by one (for there men do not pay their debts by simply drawing checks), and was proud to do to the full whatever was required. The good old father, now in years himself, can tell you many a tale that he remembers with a stirring of the heart. He remembers how the girls were portioned off when they were married, and how one of the boys, perhaps now a Chicago lawyer, was sent to college, and drained off a little more than his surplus income. He thinks the little scamp might have been somewhat less liberal with money that he did not earn, but it is all well enough, if he can take care of himself now.

These Vermont farms sometimes go into winter quarters rather early, but they lose less time after all than we are apt to suppose. Farms West and South do but little after September closes, and those among our Eastern hills are bright and cheery, if sere and leafless, through October, and till past the Indian summer. Let them lie quiet under the snow, they are not dead. When another year comes, the days will lengthen, the sun will call them to their work, and you may be sure they will come to time. Already, before the snowdrifts have left the hills, you will find the liverworts and anemones in bloom, and the sunny exposures are awaking from sleep before any one has thought of it. It is true, the spring comes slowly, the hills hold their snow long, and the winds occasionally breathe out frosty air quite down to the middle of June, but with the help of a blanket now and then—in truth not really needed—the early garden plants hold vigorously to life, and in a little time we reach the short hot nights, and then all is safe. The cultivator of the soil, of course, must enjoy the pleasure of a little grumbling. He says, "no crops this year," "the seasons are changing," "hay will be light," and "the pastures are dried up." But the harvest comes; one thing after another is brought in, and the barn is about as full this year as it was last, the cellar has its good things and the garret too, and the hearts that had their fears have now their exultation.

November comes, and its last Thursday comes, the minister has read from the pulpit the proclamation of the Governor; in obedience to its call the people gather "in their accustomed places of worship" to hear how God led his people of old, and still takes care of his chosen. They do not spare their lungs nor old "Caledonia" in the

closing hymn, "With songs and honors sounding loud," and from the meeting-house they go to their homes to sit down to a feast to the honor of God and the land he has given them,—a feast at which one must eat judiciously if he expects to hold out to the end. God bless the farms and farmers of Vermont.

The banquet and toast-list concluded, the guests were dismissed with the benediction by REV. FATHER KENT, the venerable preacher of Hyde Park, Ill. Dancing followed in the ball-room, participated in by young and old.

Among those present at this Banquet were the following:

Eugene J. Hall, Mrs. Eugene J. Hall, Edward Hall, John M. Hubbard, Mrs. John M. Hubbard, C. C. Phillips, Mrs. C. C. Phillips, C. M. Smith, Mrs. C. M. Smith, D. R. Cameron, Miss Emma Grange, Rev. R. N. Freeman, Mrs. John N. Hills, Miss Fidelia S. Tuttle, Ira Brown, M. E. Geer, Mrs. M. E. Geer, S. W. Raymond, Arthur Burnham, Mrs. Arthur Burnham, Mrs. Holyroid, Edwin Blackman, Mrs. Edwin Blackman, Miss H. J. Blodgett, Mrs. Walter Blackman, P. W. Drew, Mrs. P. W. Drew, Frank Wheeler, N. L. Clement, Mrs. N. L. Clement, Austin Clement, Mrs. Austin Clement, Miss Mary P. Hubbard, C. B. Plattenburg, Miss Birdie Bassett, Seymour Childs, Mrs. Seymour Childs, H. E. Boynton, Mrs. George Boynton, F. M. Barrett, Miss Jennie Reid, G. T. Kenlee, Miss Walker, H. B. Hawkins, Miss M. H. Spaulding, W. S. Hull, Miss Annie Parker, H. D. Russell, Miss Lillian Powell, O. B. Knight, Q. A. Peck, Mrs. Q. A. Peck, F. C. Bradley, J. W. Butler, Mrs. J. W. Butler, L. L. Coburn, Mrs. L. L. Coburn, Simeon Gilbert, Thomas J. Sutherland, Mrs. Thomas J. Sutherland, A. W. Hitchcock, W. H. Smith, Thomas Cratty, E. B. Sherman, Mrs. E. B. Sherman, N. F. Waterman, I. N. Camp, Mrs. I. N. Camp, E. B. Baldwin, Mrs. L. K. Barnes, Abijah Keith, J. Pollard, H. Tower, C. H. Blackman, Mrs. C. H. Blackman, H. N. Hibbard, Miss Edith N. Hibbard, E. D. Redington, Miss L. C. Holman, E. C. Redington, W. H. Newcomb, Mrs. W. H. Newcomb, J. L. Woodward, Mrs. J. L. Woodward, Eugene Dresser, Mrs. Eugene Dresser, W. W. Young, Miss A. McDonald, Stephens F. Brown, William N. Campbell, George M. Clark, A. N. Waterman, Mrs. G. E. Hall, N. F. Waterman, O. H. French, G. C. Jackson, Mrs. G. C. Jackson, E. G. Huggins, J. M. Worthing, Mrs. J. M. Worthing, N. Williams, George N. Boardman, Mrs. George N. Boardman, E. A. Kilbourne, Mrs. E. A. Kilbourne, W. J. Bryson, Mrs. W. J. Bryson, N. J. Brown, L. L. Brown, Ed. G. Geer, G. Hatcher, J. H. Spencer, W. H. Gleason, Miss

J. M. Grow, W. S. Scribner, Mrs. W. S. Scribner, L. H. Drury, Miss Caroline E. Drury, Miss Cornelia M. Drury, E. J. Warner, Mrs. E. J. Warner, A. B. Upham, Mrs. A. B. Upham, A. A. Sprague, Mrs. A. A. Sprague, O. S. A. Sprague, Mrs. O. S. A. Sprague, J. C. Neemis, Mrs. J. C. Neemis, E. Coles, Mrs. E. Coles, William M. Hoyt, Mrs. William M. Hoyt, Mrs. Mary Morse, Dr. D. W. Averill, Mrs. D. W. Averill, Lucian Bradley, Mrs. Lucian Bradley, Alex. Wolcott, Mrs. Alex. Wolcott, Miss S. Wolcott, Miss Carrie Wolcott, Geo. Chandler, Mrs. Geo. Chandler, Mrs. French, J. S. Grinnell, Mrs. J. S. Grinnell, Abner Smith, Mrs. Abner Smith, H. P. Breckinridge, Miss Mary Earle, J. P. Randall, Mrs. J. P. Randall, W. W. Nutting, Mrs. W. W. Nutting, John C. Nutting, Miss Helen Nutting, George W. Carter, Miss Annie Carter, Frank H. Lyman, Mrs. Frank H. Lyman, J. F. Curtis, Mrs. J. F. Curtis, W. H. Moore, Mrs. W. H. Moore, W. F. McWinney, Mrs. W. F. McWinney, John W. Marsh, Mrs. John W. Marsh, Gen. J. B. Leake, Mrs. J. B. Leake, H. S. Perkins, Miss Clara Melchior, W. W. Ingraham, Mrs. W. W. Ingraham, C. S. Hitchcock, Miss Bertie Rogers, Charles Hitchcock, R. H. Fleming, Mrs. R. H. Fleming, G. W. Sanford, Mrs. G. W. Sanford, L. G. Fisher, Mrs. L. G. Fisher, Rev. E. F. Williams, Mrs. E. F. Williams, Charles C. Davis, Mrs. Charles C. Davis, H. C. McClary, Mrs. H. C. McClary, M. B. Nelson, Miss Nora Nelson, E. A. Jewett, Mrs. E. A. Jewett, S. N. Brooks, Mrs. S. N. Brooks, F. H. Cobb, Mrs. F. H. Cobb, Hon. C. B. Lawrence, Dan J. Avery, Mrs. Dan J. Avery, W. F. Myrick, Mrs. W. F. Myrick, E. J. Tinker, W. R. Baker, Mrs. W. R. Baker, Miss Gertrude E. Baker, E. J. Pope, Mrs. E. J. Pope, N. C. Draper, Mrs. N. C. Draper, Miss Ollie Draper, H. L. Draper, Mrs. Jennison, V. A. Watkins, Mrs. V. A. Watkins, Mrs. L. Coleman, J. H. Skeel, Mrs. J. H. Skeel, Gen. H. H. Thomas, F. C. Tyler, Miss Carrie Farwell, R. A. Ricaby, Miss Florence Ricaby, Thomas Cogswell, Mrs. N. A. Kimball, O. W. Wallace, Mrs. O. W. Wallace, W. F. Hathaway, J. M. French, E. B. Springer, S. L. Walker, Edson Keith, Mrs. Edson Keith, W. K. Roberts, A. L. Gaines, Dr. S. D. Irving, J. C. Clement, Mrs. J. C. Clement, F. Denison, J. L. Bennett, Mrs. J. L. Bennett, H. L. Moseman, Miss Lilly Reid, D. K. Pearson, Mrs. D. K. Pearson, Miss Julia Chapin, F. B. Williams, S. E. Bliss, Mrs. S. E. Bliss, Miss Effie McFarland, Miss Emma Hill, H. D. Johns, H. H. Nash, Mrs. H. H. Nash, Z. Blakely, Mrs. Z. Blakely, Miss Lu Blakely, D. H. Hicks, Mrs. D. H. Hicks, Lewis Dodge, Mrs. Lewis Dodge, John Mattocks, Mrs. John Mattocks, D. R. Dewey, Miss M. Wath, J. P. Callan, John

Deere, Mrs. J. Chapman, Mrs. Webber, Mrs. M. Webber, George W. Robinson, H. P. Kellogg, Mrs. H. P. Kellogg, Misses Healy, J. C. Calif, E. C. Felton, E. S. Isham, H. P. Isham, J. J. Sutherland, Miss Ida Taylor, O. S. Basford, N. Bridge, Mrs. N. Bridge, Mrs. Wad-dell, George F. Bailey, E. W. Bailey, Mrs. E. W. Bailey, G. S. Hub-bard, J. L. Pratt, Mrs. J. L. Pratt, Mrs. Bradbury, Charles Stewart, Mrs. Charles Stewart, S. Brittell, Mrs. S. Brittell, Mrs. D. Blakely, R. Allen, Miss J. Allen, R. G. Thompson, A. W. Rollins, Mrs. A W. Rollins, Dr. Samuel Willow, Mrs. Samuel Willow, Dr. E. Andrew, G. A. N. Togert, Miss Fanny Soule, John N. Hills, Miss Clara Hills, Fred. B. Tuttle, W. J. Onahan, Geo. W. Robinson.

THIRTEENTH REGULAR MEETING.

JUNE 6, 1882.

The Thirteenth Regular Meeting of the Association was held at the Palmer House June 6, 1882, President WILLIAMS in the chair. In the absence of Secretary SHERMAN, JOHN N. HILLS acted as Secretary *pro tem.*

An amendment to Article VIII of the By-Laws, to increase the annual dues of members of the Association, was introduced and laid over to be acted upon at the regular meeting in December.

The night was stormy, and few members were present.

Adjourned.

In Memoriam.

WALTER S. RUTHERFORD.

WALTER S. RUTHERFORD was born at Middlebury, Vermont, August 22, 1838, and was instantly killed in a railroad accident at Hutchinson, Kansas, August 22, 1880, on his forty-second birthday. He was a conductor in the employ of the Chicago & Alton R. R. Company at the time of his death.

HENRY C. PADDOCK.

HENRY CROFTS PADDOCK was born at Craftsbury, Vermont, November 8, 1834, and died at Chicago, January 5, 1881.

He came to Aurora, Ill., in 1855, and obtained a clerkship in the local office of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. In 1857 he left the company to enter the banking office of Hall Bros., of that city, remaining with them, a thoroughly trusted clerk, until 1861. In 1862, Mr. William Coffin, a capitalist of Batavia, Ill., who had known and marked Mr. Paddock's sterling qualities, induced him to embark in the banking business in the firm of Coffin & Paddock. This firm in 1864 was merged into the National Bank of Batavia, and in 1871 this was merged into the Union National Bank of Aurora, of which Mr. Paddock was the Cashier, and virtually its manager. In 1873 Mr. Paddock was made President of that institution. In 1879 he was compelled, by reason of failing health, to relinquish business. He held many offices of trust, and was twice elected County Treasurer of Kane County. He discharged all his trusts with great fidelity. He was a man of strong Christian character and eminently useful social qualities.

He married Miss Marian Merrill, who survives him.

WILLIS WILLARD.

WILLIS WILLARD was born at Chester, Vermont, March 20, 1805, and died at Jonesboro, Illinois, May 12, 1881.

Mr. Willard, merchant and farmer, was one of the pioneers of Southern Illinois. He was the son of Jonathan Willard, who was a farmer in Vermont and a soldier in the war of 1812. The family is of English origin, and dates back to the first colonists of Massachusetts. The descendants are now numerous in all the States of the Union. Jonathan Willard came to Illinois with his family in 1816, when he died very suddenly, throwing Willis, then only eleven years old, on his own resources. Willis' education was of a very limited character. At the age of twenty-one, having saved about \$250, he resolved to embark in business on his own account, went to New Orleans and purchased a stock of goods and commenced merchandizing in a log-cabin in Jonesboro, Ill. The beginning was small, but, like many other enterprises commenced in weakness, it grew to magnificent proportions. He continued his mercantile business for forty-three years, operating extensively in real estate also. At one time he owned 30,000 acres. He retired in 1873, the owner of 4,000 acres of the finest land in the State. He was foremost in every enterprise tending to promote the material and intellectual interests of Union County. In 1853 he erected a very elegant building for a ladies' seminary. He was a strict, conscientious business man, honest, stern and exacting in all duties. His princely fortune was accumulated by the exercise of those business qualifications which he possessed to a remarkable degree, and which have not only benefited himself, but others. He was never a politician, and could not be prevailed upon to accept any office. He was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and was a liberal supporter of church enterprises, giving generously to Protestant denominations, indiscriminately. "Like a ripened sheaf he has been gathered to his Fathers. After a life of unremitting toil and energy, his declining years were spent in that quiet retirement which he so eminently deserved to enjoy. He was always a helpful friend, and it never could be said of Willis Willard that he wronged any man."

Mr. Willard married, Nov. 18, 1835, Miss Frances C. Webb, daughter of Hon. Henry L. Webb, of Caledonia, Ill. They had eleven children, five of whom died in infancy.

HENRY H. BABCOCK.

HENRY HOLMES BABCOCK was born at Thetford, Vermont, December 19, 1832, and died at Chicago, Illinois, November 7, 1881.

His early life was that of many a New England boy. His father, Rev. Elisha G. Babcock, belonged to that race of clergymen who contributed so much to the making of New England character, and gave to the country so many of her honest men.

Henry was prepared for college when quite too young to enter. His father dying when he was but fifteen years of age, and leaving to his mother the care of four children younger than himself, he was forced to encounter many difficulties in his struggles to complete his education. He entered Dartmouth in 1849, and pursued his studies, teaching in the intervals of the college term. At the end of two years, being compelled to turn his attention more entirely to gaining a livelihood, he became a teacher in the public schools of Dedham, Mass. Eighteen months later he was elected principal of the grammar school in Newton, Mass., where, as an able disciplinarian and thorough teacher, he attained a very high rank. In 1859 he became the principal of the high school in Somerville, Mass., which office he held until 1867, when he removed to Chicago and became connected with the Chicago Academy; and to the time of his death all who had any relations with that institution knew his worth. He identified himself with the Academy of Sciences, and for five years preceding his death was its president.

Professor Babcock was an active member of the Chicago Literary Club. A special meeting of that club was held November 8, 1881, to take suitable action in regard to his death. A memorial was adopted, from which we quote as follows:

Professor Henry H. Babcock spent most of his life in the pursuit of knowledge, the profession of teaching, and the service of scientific societies.

He came to Chicago in 1867, and soon became the principal and proprietor of the Chicago Academy, and remained in that position until the time of his decease.

He was Professor of Botany in the Chicago College of Pharmacy, and Director of the Botanical Garden, and in that department achieved a wide and merited distinction.

He was a leading member of the State Microscopical Society, and at one time held the presidency of that body.

He was long identified with the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and was president of that institution when he died.

He was one of the founders of the Swedenborgian Church of Chicago, and was president of that organization at the time of his departure for the eternal world.

He was also a highly-esteemed member of the Chicago Literary Club.

In all positions he did his work well. In manner he was kind and dignified; in spirit, noble; in character, pure; in conduct, just; in scholarship, eminent; and in devotion to duty, unswerving.

LAKE RANSOM.

LAKE RANSOM was born at South Woodstock, Vermont, June 5, 1844, and was murdered at Hinsdale, Illinois, February 10, 1882.

Mr. Ransom was, at the time of his death, manager of the Chicago and St. Louis branches of the extensive firm of D. M. Osborne & Co., whose confidence he fully enjoyed. His body was found at Hinsdale on the morning of the 11th of February last, under circumstances showing that he had been brutally murdered and robbed.

WILLIAM T. NICHOLS.

WILLIAM THOMAS NICHOLS was born at Clarendon, Vermont, March 24, 1829, and died at Maywood, Illinois, April 10, 1882.

Colonel Nichols was the son of James T. Nichols, of a family of marked character and influence in the country. He was educated at the academy at West Poultney, Vermont, and graduated with the valedictory honors of his class. He studied law at Rutland with the firm of Foot & Hodges, the senior of the firm being the distinguished Senator Foot. He was admitted to the bar in 1852, and was elected Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives of Vermont in the same year. He maintained a successful practice of his profession at Rutland, and was twice elected States Attorney for his county.

When the civil war broke out in 1861 he enlisted in the First Vermont regiment as a private. In 1862 he was elected the Colonel of a

Vermont regiment, and served in the various campaigns against Richmond, and participated in the battle of Gettysburg. After being mustered out of service he was twice elected to the Senate of Vermont, being then the youngest man ever in that Senate. He came to Chicago in 1868, and his faith in the city and surroundings led him to project the enterprise of a suburban town, and, forming a stock company, he founded the flourishing town of Maywood. Col. Nichols invented several valuable agricultural and other implements. He was a man whose virtues shone brightest as a friend and neighbor—a man of great individuality and strong character, and his correct sense made him one that could be safely followed.

Col. Nichols was married twice, and to sisters of a prominent Vermont family,—first, in 1856, to Miss Thyrza S. Crampton, who died in 1865, leaving a daughter; afterward to Miss Helen Crampton, who, with two sons, survives him.

ABRAM C. WICKER,

ABRAM CLARK WICKER was born at Bridport, Vermont, August 15, 1831, and died at Toledo, Ohio, June 5, 1882.

Mr. Wicker lived a quiet, Christian life, beloved by all who knew him; a man of modest and refined tastes, and possessed of a brilliancy of intellect and literary ability which made him a general favorite in social circles where he was known. "His duty on earth was done faithfully and well, and when he was called to his heavenly home, laid his burden quietly down, and died at peace with God and man."

Mr. Wicker was married to Miss Elzabeth Stowell, at Cornwall, Vermont, May 25, 1854, who survives him.

CALEB HOWE.

CALEB HOWE was born at Jamaica, Vermont, May 6, 1815, and died at Chicago, Illinois, June 6, 1882.

He was married to Miss Sylvia Cowvin, sister of the Hon. Elliott Cowvin; she died in 1861. He was again married January 15, 1865, to Miss Charlotte Leonard, at Salem, Mass., who survives him.

Mr. Howe was a trusted employe of the American Express Company for eighteen years, up to the time of his death.

AMOS T. HALL.

AMOS TUTTLE HALL was born at Fairfax, Vermont, October 7, 1814, and died at Chicago, Illinois, June 27, 1882.

Mr. Hall's parents, while he was quite young, removed to Detroit, where he became an enterprising and valued member of the community. Several times he was elected to public office, and once to the position of City Auditor. Mr. Hall left Detroit in 1854, and prior to locating permanently in Chicago resided at Aurora and other suburbs of the city. In the year 1868 he was elected Mayor of Aurora. He was one of the original projectors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, of which he was for twenty-eight consecutive years the Treasurer. This office he resigned in September, 1881, in order to accept the less arduous one of Secretary.

Mr. Hall left a widow, three sons and two daughters.

JOSIAH CUSHMAN.

JOSIAH CUSHMAN was born at Pomfret, Vermont, January 30, 1811, and died at Chicago, Illinois, August 13, 1882.

Mr. Cushman lived a peaceful and honest life. He was a great admirer of horses, and became quite celebrated in his profession of Veterinary Surgeon. While he lived in Vermont he had charge of the celebrated Morgan Horse and the far-famed horse "Ethan Allen."

Mr. Cushman married Miss Lucinda Fletcher, at Chester, Vermont, December 5, 1844, who died March 22, 1865, having four children. July 12, 1868, he married Mrs. Almira Robinson, who died January 17, 1873.

SIDNEY T. WEBSTER.

SIDNEY T. WEBSTER was born at Highgate, Vermont, April 22, 1829, and died at Rogers Park, Illinois, September 19, 1882.

Mr. Webster, at an early age, entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and rose through the various grades, until in 1857 he was appointed the Superintendent of the Quebec and Richmond Division, and afterwards the Superintendent of the Montreal and Toronto Division of that road. In 1862 he came to Chicago, as its Western General Agent, and retained that position until 1865, when he assumed the position of General Agent of the National Steamship Company, and engaged in the lake marine business as owner of propellers in trade between Chicago and Buffalo. Mr. Webster leaves a wife and several children at Rogers Park, Ill.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON.

CHARLES WARE THOMPSON was born at Pomfret, Windsor Co., Vermont, April 2, 1818, and died at Chicago, Illinois, November 19, 1882. He married Mary J. Bradley at Lowell, Mass., November 24, 1842, who, with three children, survives him.

Mr. Thompson came to Chicago in 1869. He died at the residence of his son, after a brief illness.

DEATH ROLL.

The following is a Roll of Deceased Members of our Association, which is as complete as we have been able to make it.

NAMES,	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF DEATH.	DATE OF DEATH.
COMINGS, CHARLES T.	East Berkshire . . .	June 14, 1846 . . .	Evans, Colo	June 26, 1877.
SAFFORD, ALFRED B.	Hyde Park	January 22, 1822 . . .	Burlington, Vt	July 27, 1877.
SYKES, ROYAL S.	Dorset	September 16, 1796 . . .	Chicago, Ill	May 6, 1878.
MEACHAM, LEWIS S.	New Haven	About 1846	Chicago, Ill	October 2, 1878.
MORGAN, AZRO B.	Stockbridge	November 24, 1824 . . .	Troy, N. Y.	November 25, 1878.
WOOD, AUGUSTUS D.	Battletboro	Unknown	Chicago, Ill	January 1, 1879.
MAYO, ZELOOTES B.	Moretown	December 29, 1813 . . .	Sycamore, Ill	March 7, 1879.
KILBOURNE, ISAAC D.	Chelsea	May 7, 1826	Geneva Lake, Wis . . .	August 24, 1879.
PITKIN, JOSHUA . . .	Marshfield	August 22, 1815	Oak Park, Ill	January 26, 1880.
GOOKINS, SAMUEL B.	Rupert	May 30, 1809	Terre Haute, Ind	June 14, 1880.
RUTHERFORD, W. S.	Middlebury	August 22, 1838	Hutchinson, Kan	August 22, 1880.
PADDOCK, HENRY C.	Craftsbury	November 8, 1834	Chicago, Ill	January 5, 1881.
WILLARD, WILLIS . .	Chester	March 20, 1805	Jonosboro, Ill	May 12, 1881.
BABCOCK, HENRY H.	Thetford	December 19, 1832 . . .	Chicago, Ill	November 7, 1881.
RANSOM, LAKE . . .	So. Woodstock	June 5, 1844	Hinsdale, Ill	February 10, 1882.
NICHOLLS, COL. W. T.	Clarendon	March 24, 1829	Maywood, Ill	April 10, 1882.
WICKER, A. C.	Bridport	August 15, 1831	Toledo, Ohio	June 5, 1882.
HOWE, CALEB	Jamaica	May 6, 1815	Chicago, Ill	June 6, 1882.
HALL, AMOS TUTTLE .	Fairfax	October 7, 1814	Chicago, Ill	June 27, 1882.
CUSHMAN, JOSIAH . .	Pomfret	January 30, 1811	Chicago, Ill	August 13, 1882.
WEBSTER, SIDNEY T.	Highgate	April 22, 1829	Rogers Park, Ill	September 19, 1882.
THOMPSON, CHARLES W.	Pomfret	April 2, 1818	Chicago, Ill	Nov. 19, 1882.

NOTE.—Twelve members have been added to the Death Roll since our last issue of pamphlet. We fear others may have died of whom notices have not been sent to us. In case of death of a member, the surviving relatives or friends will confer a great favor on us, and help to perpetuate his memory, by informing us of the fact, giving place and date of death, for entry in the Records and Membership Books of the Association, also furnishing us with any information in regard to the past life, cause of death, etc., of the deceased, which will be of interest, for insertion among the obituary notices in our printed reports.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

NOTE.—Letters directed to some of the members of the Association are returned on account of change of address and other causes. The names of such members are indicated by a *, and the addresses given below are the latest furnished the Association. All members are requested to send the Association any information they may have in regard to those missing.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Birthplace.</i>	<i>P. O. Address.</i>	<i>Occupation.</i>
Adams, Samuel L.	Cavendish	St. Charles, Ill.	Merchant.
Aiken, Daniel	Benson	428 Oakley Ave.	Tea Broker.
Allen, J. Adams	Middlebury	125 State St.	Pres. Rush Med. College.
Allen, Ransom	Waterbury	616 W. Washington	Book-keeper.
Anderson, J. Lee	Franklin	Lawrence, Ill.	Apiarist.
Andrus, Thomas	Wallingford	Lemont, Ill.	Farmer.
Arnold, John R.	Brandon	Antioch, Ill.	Farmer.
Atherton, M. A.	Moretown	Momence, Ill.	Deal. in Agricultural Imp.
Atwood, E. S.	Woodstock	N.E. cor Adams and Clark Sts.	Physician.
Atwood, O. E.	Bridgewater	975 Wabash Ave.	Farmer.
Bailey, Ed. W.	Elmore	424 N. State St.	Commission Merchant.
Bailey, John W.	Newbury	548 Wabash	Printer.
Baker, William R.	Newport	Western Ave. and Marvin St.	Foreman Reaper Works.
Baldwin, Erastus B.	Hinesburgh	89 Warren Ave.	Commission.
Ballou, Edgar P.	Burlington	78 E. Madison St.	Candy Dealer.
Barlow, A. H.	Hubbardton	Milan, Ill.	Retired.
Barnes, Nelson H.	Springfield	326 Webster Ave.	Transfer Agent.
Barnes, Orvis A.	Orange	408 W. Washington St.	Manager.
Barrett, Frederick M.	Strafford	250 Madison St.	Salesman.
Bennett, Edmund H.	Manchester	Taunton, Mass.	Lawyer.
Bennett, J. L.	Manchester	81 Clark St.	Stenographer.
Bent, Joseph A.	Middlebury	Wheaton, Ill.	R. R. Colization Agent.
Bisbee, Lewis H.	Derby	39th St. & Vincennes av	Attorney.
Blackman, Carlos H.	Jericho	707 W. Adams St.	Commission Merchant.
Blackman, Edwin	Jericho	70 LaSalle St.	Agent.
Blackmer, Orlando C.	Barnard	149, 5th Ave.	Publisher.
Blaisdell, Chas. W.	Montpelier	"Times" Building	Printer.
Blaisdell, Elijah W.	Montpelier	Rockford, Ill.	Attorney.
Blanchard, Charles	Peacham	Ottawa, Ill.	Attorney.
Blanchard, Enoch	Peacham	Minonk, Ill.	Physician.
Bliss, S. E.	Jericho	16, 39th St.	General Agent.
Boardman, George N.	Pittsford	364 W. Washington	Chicago Theol. Seminary.
Bradley, Lucien	Sunderland	620 Michigan Ave.	Pass. Agt. M. C & C.B & Q.
Branch, Burton A.	Orwell	87 & 89 E. Washington	U. S. & Pacific Exp. Co.
Bridge, Norman	Windsor	81 Throop St.	Physician.
Brink, H. A.	Rochester	91 N. Clark St.	Policeman.
Britell, Sylvester	Middlebury	2512 Dearborn St.	Engineer and Machinist.
Brooks, Thomas M.	Brooksville	Wilmette, Ill.	Manager.
Brown, Ephraim C.	Peacham	17 Honore St.	Traveling Agent.
Brown, George F.	Lyndon	1050 W. Adams St.	Book-keeper.
Brown, N. J.	Plymouth	Lemont, Ill.	Real Estate and Stone.
Brown, Seneca B.	Marlboro	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Dentist.
Brown, Stephen F.	Swanton	Vermont Block	Lawyer.
Browne, Francis F.	So. Halifax	Hyde Park, Ill.	Editor <i>Dial</i> .
Buell, John M.	Newport, N. H.	Rockford, Ill.	{ Lawyer and Lean and Land Agent.
Bullock, George S.	Berlin	149-53 State St.	Boot and Shoe Dealer.
Burgett, John M. H.	Hartland	115 Dearborn St.	Lawyer.
Burnham, S. W.	Thetford	Government Building	Astronomer.
*Burroughs, J. S.	Newbury	Burlington Wareh'se	C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.
Buttolph, Albert C.	Charlotte	1 Michigan Ave.	Wholesale Grocer.
Calkins, Allen C.	Waterbury	3347 Forest Ave.	Merchant.
Callan, John P.	Swanton	Aurora, Ill.	R. R. Restaurant.
Camp, Isaac N.	Elmore	188 and 190 State St.	Piano and Organ Dealer.
Campbell, Wm. N.	Woodstock	126 Ontario St.	Adams & Westlake M'g Co

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation.
Canfield, Eugene.....	Arlington.....	Aurora, Ill.....	Lawyer.
*Carpenter, Jason H.....	Northfield.....	Left City.....	Merchant.
Carter, Decatur E.....	Benson.....	Fairfield.....	Furniture Dealer.
Case, A. B.....	Fairfield.....	Putney.....	Printer.
Chandler, Frank R.....	Putney.....	Danville.....	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, George.....	Putney.....	Randolph.....	Attorney.
Chandler, Peyton R.....	Putney.....	Tunbridge.....	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, Wm. W.....	Randolph.....	New Haven.....	Gen'l Ag't Red Star Line.
Chatfield, George L.....	Tunbridge.....	Childe, Seymour.....	Foreman R. I. Car Shops.
Chittenden, Frederick.....	Williston.....	New Haven.....	Carriage Trimmer.
Churchill, Edward P.....	Montpelier.....	Montpelier.....	Live Stock Com. Mer.
Churchill, Stillman.....	Stowe.....	Ludlow.....	Clerk.
Clark, Alson E.....	Barre.....	764½ W. Lake St.....	Real Estate & Insurance.
Clark, George M.....	W. Westminster.....	188 Warren Ave.....	Com. Merchant.
Clement, Austin.....	Bridgewater.....	126 Ontario St.....	Superintendent Adams & Westlake Mfg Co.
Coburn, L. L.....	Montpelier.....	178 Monroe St.....	Clothing Manufacturer.
Colton, D. A.....	Montpelier.....	1819 Michigan Ave.....	Attorney.
Conant, Jasper A.....	Middlesex.....	20 16th St.....	Physician.
Converse, Wm.....	Wethersfield.....	Momence, Ill.....	Agent C. & E. I. R. R.
Cook, Julius C.....	Alburgh.....	1001 Drexel Boulevard	Physician.
Cook, Thomas.....	Fayetteville.....	131 W. Erie St.....	Retired.
Copeland, A. H.....	Middlebury.....	505 W. Washington St.....	Capitalist.
Crocker, A. L.....	Clarendon.....	Chenoa, Ill.....	Agent C. & A. R. R.
Curtis, John B.....	St. Johnsbury.....	280 Huron St.....	Furniture Dealer.
Curtis, John F.....	Pawlet.....	Wabash Av. & Monroe	Book-keeper.
Cushman, Wm. W.....	Ludlow.....	547 W. Washington St.....	Dealer in Cheese.
Cutler, Alonzo J.....	Montpelier.....	245 Mohawk St.....	Policeman.
Dana, W. V.....	Peacham.....	235 Wabash Av.....	Singer S. M. Co.
Danforth, J. B.....	Barnard.....	1914 Wabash Ave.....	Editor <i>Rock Islander</i> .
Davis, John.....	Barre.....	Rock Island, Ill.....	Steam Heating.
Davis, S. J.....	Alburgh Springs.....	Hyde Park, Ill.....	Clerk.
Deane, C. W.....	Grafton.....	Colorado.....	Attorney.
Denison, Franklin.....	Royalton.....	52 Major Block.....	Attorney.
Dickinson, Wm. F.....	Washington.....	99 Madison St.....	Attorney.
Dodge, Lewis.....	Barre.....	Aurora, Ill.....	Aurora Silver Plate Co.
Draper, Nelson C.....	Sheldon.....	404 S. May St.....	Carpenter.
Drew, Prentiss W.....	Burlington.....	2950 Vernon Ave.....	Wholesale Grocer.
Drury, Lucius H.....	Highgate.....	123 Dearborn St.....	Mast. of Tran. C. & E. I. R. R.
*Dudley, Charles E.....	Barre.....	1014 W. Adams St.....	Inspector Customs.
Durand, Eliot.....	Colchester.....	51 Lake St.....	Druggist.
Eames, Melville C.....	Milton.....	432 Fulton St.....	Dealer in Paints and Oils
Edgerton, Harvey.....	Cabot.....	Tribune Building.....	Tribune Business Office.
Edson, Heman H.....	Bellows Falls.....	1403 Michigan Ave.....	Livery Stable.
Elkins, Henry K.....	Peacham.....	38 Lake St.....	Cashier.
Ellis, Wm. H.....	Fairhaven.....	5 Metropolitan Block	Elevators.
Felton, E. C.....	Franklin.....	Greenfield, Ill.....	Stock Farmer.
Fisher, Alonzo G.....	West Fairlee.....	137 LaSalle St.....	Coal Dealer.
Fisher, Lucius G.....	Derby.....	51 Wabash Ave.....	Druggists Goods.
Fitch, C. M.....	Sheldon.....	125 Drexel Boulevard	Retired.
Fitch, John A.....	Montpelier.....	645 W. Monroe St.....	Physician.
Fleming, R. H.....	Burlington.....	2 River St.....	Dept Collector Customs.
Fletcher, Ryland.....	Cavendish.....	153 Washington St.....	Com. Merchant.
Ford, Elisha B.....	Braintree.....	Proctorsville, Vt.....	Farmer.
Ford, Joel R.....	Granville.....	412 W. Jackson St.....	Grocer.
Fox, Orvin L.....	So. Hardwick.....	930 Cottage Grove Av.	Meat Market.
Freeman, Andrew W.....	Brookfield.....	177 LaSalle St.....	Editor.
Freeman, D. B.....	Brookfield.....	126 State St.....	Dentist.
*Freeman, I. A.....	Brookfield.....	16 Aberdeen St.....	Dentist.
Freeman, Lyman N.....	Essex.....	Melbourne, Australia	Dentist.
French, Charles G.....	Barre.....	147 Park Ave.....	Clergyman,
Fuller, George A.....	Middlebury.....	20 Aldine Square.....	Salesman.
*Gaige, Titus B.....	Bristol.....	44 Wabash Ave.....	Clerk.
Gale, Cortland A.....	Barre.....	Commercial Hotel.....	Hotel Superintendent.
Gale, Fred M.....	Barre.....	165 Wabansia Ave.....	Iron Molder.
George, Alonzo.....	Strafford.....	1053 Wilcox Ave.....	Agr'l Implements.
Gilbert, Frank.....	Pittsford.....	Aurora, Ill.....	Banker.
Gill, Sam H.....	Hartland.....	2252 Wabash Ave.....	Journalist.
Gilmore, Franklin.....	Cambridge.....	Ogden House.....	Hotel Proprietor.
Gleason, Newell.....	Wardsboro.....	209 37th St.....	Tea Merchant.
Gleason, Wm. H.....	Wardsboro.....	LaPorte, Ind.....	Civil Engineer.
Goodridge, Jason.....	Westminster.....	Probate Court.....	Deputy Clerk.
Gookin, Fred W.....	Ludlow.....	Ellisville, Ill.....	Physician and Farmer.
Greene, Plymon B.....	Brandon.....	Clark & Washington	N. W. National Bank.
Hager, Albert D.....	Chester.....	315 W. Jackson St.....	Photographer.
		463 S. Leavitt St.....	Sec'y & Lib. Chi. His. Soc

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Birthplace.</i>	<i>P. O. Address.</i>	<i>Occupation.</i>
Hall, Norman.....	Tunbridge.....	114 LaSalle St.....	Book-keeper.
Hartigan, Michael C.....	Swanton Falls.....	Bloomington, Ill.....	Accountant.
Hartigan, John G.....	Swanton Falls.....	La Crosse, Wis.....	Train Dispatcher.
Harvey, Robert M.....	Barnet.....	89 S. Water St.....	Traveling Salesman.
Hawkins, Hart B.....	Reading.....	79 & 81 Lake St.....	Book-keeper.
Heald, Charles T.....	Chester.....	Canton, Ill.....	Banker.
Hewes, Nelson W.....	Milton.....	94 LaSalle St.....	Commission.
Hemenway, L. C.....	Shoreham.....	Moline, Ill.....	Postmaster.
Hibbard, Homer N.....	Bethel.....	Custom House.....	Register in Bankruptcy.
Hicks, David F.....	Colchester.....	1034 W. Monroe St.....	Teacher.
Higgins, George.....	Barton.....	Aurora, Ill.....	Physician.
Hill, Thomas E.....	Sandgate.....	43 S. Morgan St.....	Author Hill's Manual.
Hills, John N.....	Arlington.....	115 Dearborn St.....	Loans and Insurance.
Hitchcock, A. M.....	Westfield.....	122 Monroe St.....	Tailor.
Hoodley, W. F.....	Hinesburgh.....	102 Wabash Ave.....	Accountant.
Hodges, Leonard.....	Williston.....	2008 Prairie Ave.....	Real Estate.
*Holabird, Wm. H.....	Shelburne.....	Valparaiso, Ind.....	Agent G. R. & I. R. R.
Hopkins, A. S.....	Pittsfield.....	276 Wabash Ave.....	Cashier.
Hopson, Rev. Oliver.....	Wells.....	Madalin, N. Y.....	Clergyman.
Hough, David L.....	Middlebury.....	132 Park Ave.....	Attorney.
Houghton, Joel.....	St. Johnsbury.....	669 Van Buren St.....	Physician.
Howard, Alvin A.....	Coventry.....	210 LaSalle St.....	Clerk.
Hoyt, Wm. M.....	New Haven.....	1 to 9 Michigan Ave.....	Wholesale Grocer.
Hubbard, Gurdon S.....	Windsor.....	143 Locust St.....	Capitalist.
Hubbard, John M.....	Saxton's River.....	3843 Vincennes Ave.....	Deputy Sheriff.
Huntington, Pope C.....	Rome, N. Y.....	3753 Stanton Ave.....	Journalist.
Huntley, A. R.....	Bristol.....	Milburn, Ill.....	Farmer.
Huntley, Leland J.....	Chelsea.....	388 Webster Ave.....	Life Insurance.
Hutchinson, John.....	Randolph.....	3143 Indiana Ave.....	Attorney.
Isham, Edward S.....	Bennington.....	554 Wabash Ave.....	Attorney.
Isham Henry P.....	Bennington.....	10 Tower Place.....	Real Estate.
Jackson, Gideon C.....	Addison.....	2300 Wabash Ave.....	Milk Dealer.
Jennings, Joseph.....	Hubbardton.....	Maywood, Ill.....	Pres't Maywood Co.
Jameson, John A.....	Irasburgh.....	Hyde Park, Ill.....	Judge of Superior Court.
Jameson, Leonard B.....	Irasburgh.....	151 S. Morgan St.....	Printer.
Jewett, Edward A.....	St. Johnsbury.....	Mich Av & Adams St.....	Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Jilson, James F.....	Williamstown.....	12 Madison St.....	Undertaker.
Jones, Jr., Wm. P.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Evanston, Ill.....	Editor <i>Inter-Ocean</i> .
Keith, Abijah.....	Barre.....	165 Randolph St.....	Com Merchant.
Keith, Dodge W.....	Montpelier.....	250 Madison St.....	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Keith, Edson.....	Barre.....	250 Madison St.....	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Keith, Elbridge G.....	Barre.....	1900 Prairie Ave.....	Wholesale Hats, Caps, &c.
Kellogg, Harlan P.....	Benson.....	108 Randolph St.....	Hardware Dealer.
Kellogg, T. P.....	Bennington.....	Arlington Heights, Ill.....	Farmer.
Kelley, Francis W.....	Derby.....	697 Jackson St.....	Physician.
Kendall, M. D.....	Enosburgh Falls.....	1452 Prairie Ave.....	Loans.
Kendall, Nathaniel T.....	Coventry.....	506 Marshfield Ave.....	Clerk.
Kennedy, Charles P.....	Chittenden Co.....	17 Harmon Ct.....	American Exp. Co.
Keves, D. H.....	Middletown.....	3122 Walsh Ave.....	Roof'er.
Kilbourne, Dr. E. A.....	Chelsea.....	Elgin, Ill.....	Supt. Lunatic Asylum.
Knight, Oscar B.....	North Hero.....	653 W. Washington.....	Clerk.
Knights, Charles H.....	Somerset.....	125 State St.....	Wholesale Jeweler.
*Kcon, George F.....	Victory, N. Y.....	Indianola, Ia.....	Druggist.
Lamkin, Joshua B.....	Brunswick.....	90 State St.....	Boots and Shoes.
*Langdon, John B.....	Montpelier.....	147 LaSalle St.....	Publisher.
Larkin, Cyrus H.....	Waterville.....	Elgin, Ill.....	Farmer.
Lawrence, Charles B.....	Vergennes.....	319 Superior St.....	Ex-Chief Jus. Supr'me Ct.
Little, Dudley.....	Chelesa.....	Genoa, Ill.....	Cashier.
Locke, R. C. M.....	Rockingham.....	8 Wabash Ave.....	Grocer.
Long, Eugene C.....	Brandon.....	18 Nat. Life Building.....	Money Broker.
Loomis, Norman B.....	Bennington.....	162 Park Ave.....	Clerk I. C. R. R.
Lull, A. G.....	Windsor.....	555 W. Jackson St.....	Sec'y O. F. Ben. Society.
Luther, J. J.....	Stockbridge.....	59 State St.....	Supt. Brink's Express.
Lyman, Gad.....	Weybridge.....	749 W. Adams St.....	Retired.
Marsh, Geo. S.....	Craftsbury.....	{ Transit House, Union Stock Yards. }	R. R. Man.
Marsh, John W.....	Woodstock.....	3601 Ellis Park.....	Attorney.
Martin, Henry.....	Middlebury.....	69 Market St.....	Merchant.
Marvin, Thomas H.....	St. Albans.....	Ottawa, Ill.....	Agent C. B. & Q. R. R.
*Matthews, A. P.....	Cornwall.....	Danville, Ill.....	Postmaster.
Mattocks, John.....	Keeseeville, N. Y.....	115 Monroe St.....	Attorney.
*McAllister, Sidney C.....	Whiting.....	150 Mather St.....	Teamster.
McClary, H. C.....	Albany.....	111 Lake St.....	Salesman.
McClay, Albert L.....	Woodstock.....	89 S. Water St.....	Wholesale Fruit Dealer.
Meacham, Harvey H.....	Benson.....	532 W. Madison St.....	Lumber.
Merriam, Chas. W.....	Johnson.....	50 River St.....	Wholesale Grocer.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Birthplace.</i>	<i>P. O. Address.</i>	<i>Occupation.</i>
Merriam, John C.	Brandon	Logansport, Ind.	Merchant.
Millard, Duane A.	Stamford	231 Blue Island Ave.	Salesman.
Miller, C. S.	Woodstock	Amboy, Ill.	Train Dispatcher.
Miner, Ed. G.	Bridport	Winchester, Ill.	Banker.
Morris, Joseph	Bethel	928 W. Madison St.	Agt. Mosler Safe & L. Co.
Morrison, M. E.	Barre	350 Burling St.	Clerk.
Morse, Benj. F.	Barre	164 Clark St.	Printer.
Morse, E. R.	Brookfield	Davis Junction, Ill.	Farmer.
Morse, James W.	Putney	187 S. Western Ave.	Engineer.
Munn, Benj. M.	W. Fairlee	Wilmette, Ill.	Attorney.
Muzzey, Bolivar	Herkimer	186 Rebecca St.	Painter.
Nash, H. Howard	Benson	140 Dearborn St.	Banker.
Newcomb, Geo. W.	Putney	236 Warren Ave.	Lawyer and Loan Agent.
Nutt, Henry C.	Montpelier	87 Milk St., Boston	President A. & P. R. R.
Orvis, Columbus A.	Manchester	133 LaSalle St.	Com. Merchant.
Osgood, Henry H.	Royalton	216 Monroe St.	Dealer in Hats and Caps.
Packer, Charles P.	Guilford	222 Madison St.	Clothing.
Patch, J. P.	Ludlow	Buda, Ill.	R. R. Foreman.
Parker, Isaac A.	So. Woodstock	Galesburg, Ill.	Prof. Lombard University
Partridge, C. A.	Westford	Waukegan, Ill.	Publisher of <i>Gazette</i> .
Pearsons, D. K.	Bradford	19 Tribune Building	Loan and Land Agent.
Peck, Orin A.	Cornwall	27 S. Water St.	Broker.
Perkins, Henry S.	Stockbridge	162 State St.	Music Teacher.
Perkins, Norman C.	Pomfret	Detroit, Mich.	Editor <i>Post</i> and <i>Tribune</i> .
*Perry, Roscoe A.	Shoreham	128 Franklin St.	Wholesale Grocer.
Perry, Sanford B.	Leicester	2229 Prairie Ave.	Attorney.
Pine, O. S.	Williston	Millbank, D. T.	Physician.
Placey, O. H.	Montpelier	Times Building	Architect.
Pond, Fred L.	Whiting	Aurora, Ill.	Physician.
Pope, Charles B.	N. Danville	1727 Wabash Ave.	Commission Merchant.
Pratt, Cyrus N.	Brattleboro	9 Bishop Ct.	Real Estate.
Preston, Archibald S.	Ferrisburg	2243 Wabash Ave.	Printer.
Proctor, Lucius	Waterbury	34, 37th St.	Agent.
Putnam, Daniel S.	Bethel	Ivanhoe, Ill.	Farmer.
Randall, Gurdon P.	Braintree	602 W. Washington St.	Architect.
Randall, Irving M.	Bridport	310 W. Madison St.	Saloon-keeper.
Ransom, D.	So. Woodstock	305 S. Wood St.	Clerk.
Raymond, George M.	So. Woodstock	Hillsboro, Ill.	Cash'r Hillsboro Nat. B'k.
Raymond, Henry G.	Bridgewater	434 W. Madison St.	Policeman.
Raymond, S. W.	Woodstock	Ottawa, Ill.	County Treasurer.
Redington, Ed. D.	Chelsea	94 Washington St.	Lumber Merchant.
Richmond, Volney P.	Woodstock	Moro, Ill.	Farmer.
Riker, DeWitt C.	Montpelier	Momence, Ill.	Dealer in Clothing.
Roberts, Everel P.	Bristol	115 Dearborn St.	Life Insurance.
Roberts, Robert	Manchester	Burlington, Vt.	Attorney.
Robinson, Norman	Chester	260 Walnut St.	Real Estate.
Roys, Cyrus D.	Waterville	Mich. South'n Dep't	Atty. L. S. & M. S. R. R.
Russ, A. B.	Hartford	101 22d St.	Undertaker.
Russell, Homer D.	North Hero	Grand Opera House.	Ticket Agent.
Sabin, Albert R.	Saxton's River	141 Locust St.	Teacher.
Sampson, Geo. H.	Woodstock	Princeton, Ill.	Sec'y Mason's Ben't Soc'y
Sargeant, Ezra P.	Chester	1413 Arnold St.	Janitor.
Sargent, H. P.	Marshfield	Oregon, Ill.	Stone-Cutter and Mason.
Sattley, Winfield N.	Ferrisburgh	115 Dearborn St.	Life Insurance.
Sawyer, Henry E.	Bradford	284 Ohio St.	Prop'r Burling'n Wareh'e
Scott, Joel E. G.	Vernon	174 Madison St.	Merchant.
*Sheldon, Archie L.	Rutland	42 Madison St.	Clerk.
*Sheldon, W. E.	Rupert	168 W. Madison St.	Agent Kan. Pacific R. R.
Sheridan, M. J.	Momence, Ill.	168 W. Madison St.	Gr'd in Dealer.
Sherman, Elijah B.	Fairfield	Custom House, 4th flr.	Attorney.
*Sillway, Benton	Montpelier	282 Michigan St.	Vinegar Manufacturer.
Skeele, John H.	Peacham	3014 South Park Ave.	Lumber Dealer.
Skinner, Mark	Manchester	158 Lake St.	Attorney.
Smith, Daniel H.	Orwell	Princeton, Ill.	Circuit Cl'k & Recorder.
Smith, Enos W.	Waitsfield	Arkadelphia, Ark.	Clerk.
Smith, Wm. H.	Wilmington	80 Dearborn St.	Attorney.
Snow, A. J.	East Montpelier	2351 Calumet Ave.	Wholesale Tobacco.
Snow, W. B.	Bellows Falls	2351 South Park Ave.	Forem'n I.C.R'y CarW'ks.
*Southgate, Thos. A.	Woodstock	222 Ogden Ave.	Post Office Clerk.
Spaulding, D. A.	Castleton	Alton, Ill.	Surveyor.
Spaulding, Samuel G.	Brandon	9 River St.	Tobacco Manufacturer.
Spaulding, Stewart	Middlebury	155 State St.	Book-keeper.
Sprague, O. S. A.	East Randolph	1 to 9 Rando.ph St.	Wholesale Grocer.
Starring, Henry	Bennington	490 N. LaSalle St.	Gen'l Baggage Agent.
Stearns, John K.	Woodstock	299 W. Jackson St.	Gen. A. Ct. M. L. Ins. Co.
Stearns, Willard P.	Woodstock	Monroe, Wis.	Salesman.

Name.	Birthplace.	P. O. Address.	Occupation.
Stephens, James G.	Jericho	207 19th St.	Cooper.
Stephens, Jonathan B.	Burlington	670 37th St.	Shipping Clerk.
*Stephens, Wm. H.	Jericho	2550 Portland Ave.	Cooper.
Stone, Edward	Charlotte	126 Washington St.	Commission Merchant.
Story, Hampton L.	Cambridge	188 State St.	Piano and Organ Dealer.
Stuart, Charles	W. Barnet	Neponset, Ill.	Farmer.
Sutherland, Thomas J.	Wallingford	184 Dearborn St.	Attorney.
Swasey, James A.	Danville	3003 Michigan Ave.	Dentist.
Sweet, James M.	Hinesburg	Palmer House.	Merchant.
Talcott, Harvey H.	Williston	58 Ashland Block	Attorney.
Thacher, John M.	Barre	52 Ashland Bock	Attorney.
Thorndike, J. E.	Windsor	264 W. Washington	Clerk.
Tinker, Charles A.	Chelsea	New York.	{ Gen'l Supt. Eastern Div. W. U. Tel. Co.
Tolman, Thomas F.	Craftsbury	Aurora, Ill.	County Treasurer.
Town, Henry	Georgia	528 W. Monroe St.	Com. Merchant.
Tucker, Alba M.	W. Hartford	Elkhart, Ind.	Asst Supt. L.S. & M.S.Ry.
Tuttle, Fred B.	Bennington	57 Washington St.	Book-keeper.
Upton, Clark W.	Montpelier	Waukegan, Ill.	Lawyer & Judge Cir. Ct.
*Van Orman, W. H.	Calais	243 State St.	Novelty Dealer.
Vinton, George W.	Granville	Moline, Ill.	Plow Manufacturer.
Wainwright, Chas. M.	Burlington	84 Bryant Ave.	Book-keeper.
Waldo, Abner W.	East Randolph	235 Webster Ave.	Lumber Merchant.
Walker, Benj. F.	Irasburgh	149 S. Morgan St.	Builder.
Walker, L. W.	Whiting	Champaign, Ill.	Manufacturer.
Walker, Samuel B.	Whiting	774 W. Lake St.	Baker.
Wanzer, Isaac H.	Fairfield	Oneida, Ill.	M'fr Butter and Cheese.
Wanzer, Moses	Fairfield	Dundee, Ill.	Farmer.
Warner, Ezra J.	Middlebury	5 Randolph St.	Wholesale Grocer.
Waterman, Arba M.	Greensboro	115 Dearborn St.	Lawyer.
Waterman, John	Orange	Hyde Park, Ill.	Boot and Shoe Factory.
Webb, A. W.	Montpelier	165 S. Morgan St.	Clerk.
Webb, Ed. A.	Rockingham	299 W. Jackspn St.	Real Estate.
Wells, L. Fayette	Underhill	432 W. Van Buren St.	Packer.
West, Samuel McG.	Arlington	103 State St.	Publisher.
Wheeler, Frank P.	Brattleboro	63 Washington St.	Salesman.
Wheeler, Tolman	New Haven	259 Ontario St.	Retired.
Wiley, B. F.	Saxton's River	Galvn, Ill.	Railroad Agent.
Willard, Orril T.	Georgia	748 W. Washington	Policeman.
Willard, Samuel	Lunenburg	327 Fulton St.	Teacher.
Williams, Frank B.	Chelsea	Marquette School.	Principal.
Williams, Norman	Woodstock	Reaper Block.	Attorney.
Williamson, Francis D	Cornwall	Milwaukee, Wis.	Merchant.
Williamson, Rollin S.	Cornwall	Palatine, Ill.	Lawyer & Judge Sup. Ct.
*Wilson, Lucius O.	Clarendon	DesPlaines, Ill.	Teacher.
Wood, Henry	Barre	82 Madison St.	Real Estate.
Wood, Willard	Randolph	Crete, Ill.	Farmer and Lawyer.
Wood, William G.	Fort Plain, N. Y.	159 LaSalle St.	Insurance Agent.
Woodward, Jas. L.	Bradford	250 Madison St.	Wholesale Hats and Furs.
Worcester, Linus E.	Windsor	Whitehall, Ill.	Judge County Court.
Worthen, A. H.	Bradford	Springfield, Ill.	State Geologist.
Worthing, James M.	Bakersfield	43 N. Sheldon St.	Manuf'r of Show Cases.
Wright, Abner M.	Waterford	701 W. Jackson St.	Com. Merchant.
Wright, Wm. C.	Thetford	1145 Taylor St.	Traveling Agent.
Young, Nathan S.	Stratford	Batavia, Ill.	Bank Cashier.

In addition to the foregoing, at the Headquarters of the Association, is a Register containing the names, birthplaces and residences of over 1,000 Vermonters residing in Illinois. This may be consulted by any one who desires.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS
 OF THE
 ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION, SONS OF VERMONT.
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CONSTITUTION.

Adopted January 17, 1877, and as subsequently amended.

Whereas, It is both a duty and privilege to cultivate the social as well as the moral element of our nature; and

Whereas, We feel that it will be a source of pleasure and profit for Vermonters residing in Illinois to become better acquainted with each other; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the undersigned natives of Vermont, on this centennial birthday of the independence of our native State, to acknowledge our love and fidelity to her, and to perpetuate her memory to those who come after us, do form ourselves into an Association to be called the "Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont," and agree to be governed by the following By-Laws:

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

NAME AND OBJECT.

This Association shall be called the "Illinois Association of Sons of Vermont," and its object shall be the social improvement of its members, and a more cordial union of interest and sympathy among the natives of Vermont who have removed to Illinois.

ARTICLE II.

OFFICERS.

The Officers of the Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Librarian, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee of seven, including the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE III.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and shall perform such other duties as appropriately belong to such office.

The Vice-Presidents may, either of them, be called upon to perform the duties of the President, during the absence of that officer.

The Secretary shall keep a faithful record of all the meetings of the Association, attend to the correspondence, and notify the members of all meetings and special assessments, if any. At the request of the President or Executive Committee, he may provide books, blanks and stationery for his own use as Secretary, and for the Association. He shall also keep a suitable book of record, in which shall be recorded the names of all members of the Association, their birthplace, occupation and present place of residence, which shall be accessible to all members of the Association.

The Treasurer shall collect all dues, and attend to the disbursements of the money of the Association, paying only those bills which are audited by the Executive Committee, and keeping vouchers for the same; and he shall present to the Association a full report of the receipts and expenditures at the December meetings, and oftener, if called upon by the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall make arrangements for all meetings or entertainments of the Association, and have plenary powers to act in the interim of business meetings. The President and Secretary shall be *ex-officio* members of the Executive Committee, and three members shall constitute a quorum for business.

ARTICLE IV.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers shall be elected by ballot, and a plurality shall elect. They shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected. No member who has held the office of President for one year shall be eligible for a re-election during the year next following.

The Annual Election of Officers shall occur at the regular meeting of the Association in December. *Provided*, that, if it is not done at that meeting, a Special election may be ordered by the Executive Committee, and when so ordered, a week's notice shall be given each member of the Association.

ARTICLE V.

MEETINGS.

The regular meetings of the Association shall be held on the first Tuesday in June and December.

There shall be an Annual Festival on the 17th day of January in each year. *Provided*, that when this occurs on Saturday or Sunday, or, when, in the judgment of the Executive Committee, it shall be, for any reason, inexpedient to hold the same on the 17th, the time for holding the annual festival may be fixed by that Committee at a day as near to the 17th day of January as may be.

Special meetings of the Association may be called by the Executive Committee, at any time, in their discretion.

ARTICLE VI.

MEMBERS.

The members of this Association shall consist of gentlemen who *were born in Vermont, residing in Illinois* at the time of joining the Association, and such other gentlemen as claim to be Vermonters, and shall be recommended by the Executive Committee, upon their signing the Constitution and By-Laws, and paying the admission fee.

ARTICLE VII.

SUSPENSION OF MEMBERS.

The Executive Committee may suspend any member who shall be one year in arrears for dues, and, by the concurring votes of two-thirds of all its members, may suspend any member from enjoying the privileges of the Society, who has been guilty of gross misbehavior or scandalous or dishonest conduct.

ARTICLE VIII.

FEES.

The regular initiation fee shall be \$1, which sum shall be invariably paid to the Treasurer by each member before he shall be entitled to the privileges of membership; and there shall be an annual assessment, to be fixed by the Association at the regular meeting in December.*

ARTICLE IX.

AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution and By-Laws may be amended by the amendment being proposed at any regular meeting, and voted upon at a succeeding regular meeting.

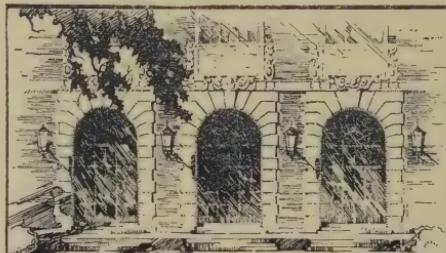
JUNE 4, 1878.

*NOTE.—An amendment to Article VIII, fixing annual dues at three dollars, was introduced at the meeting of the Association June 6, 1882, which will be acted upon at the next meeting.



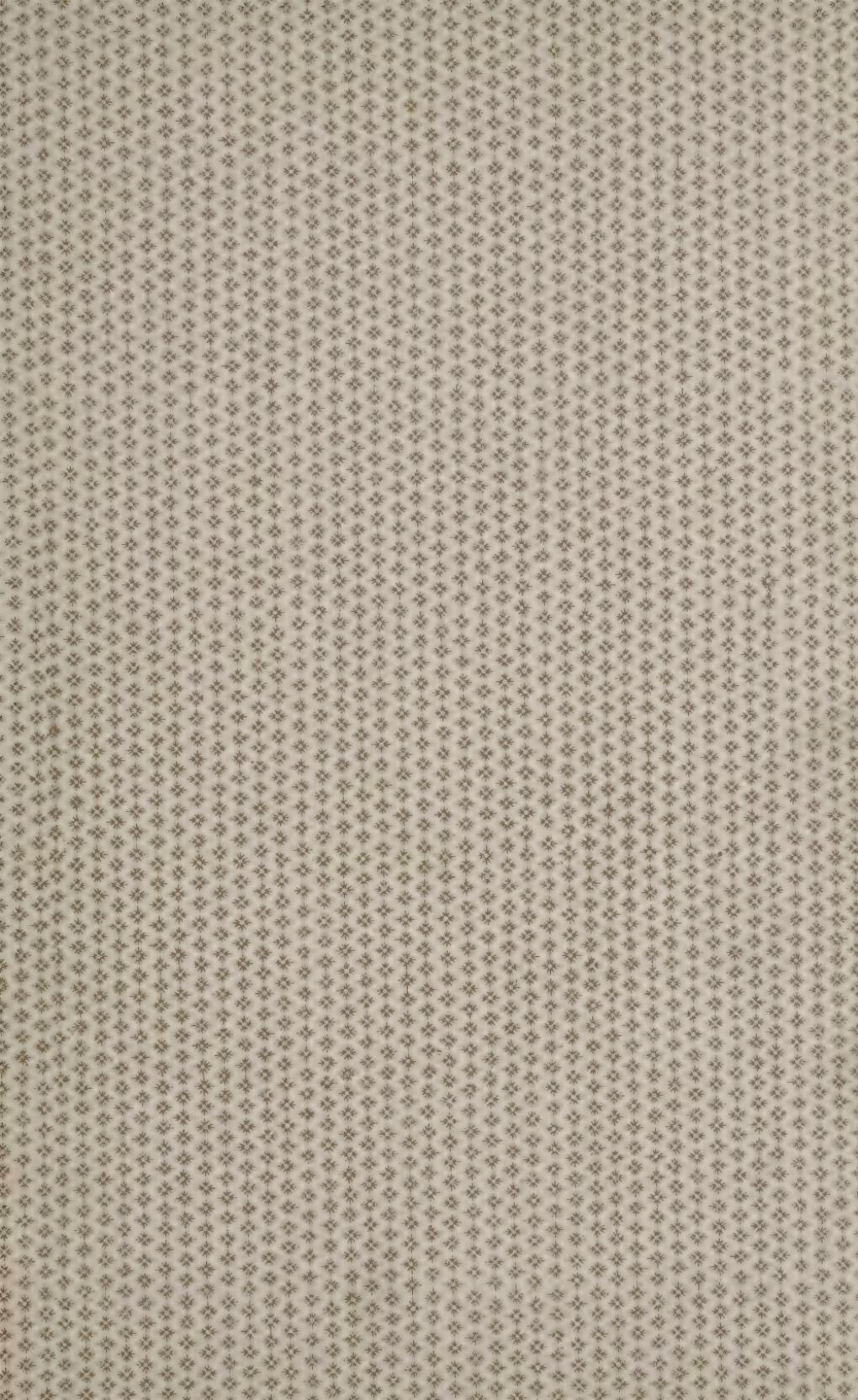
SONS OF
VERMONT.

1832-1886.



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Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth
ANNUAL REPORTS

OF THE

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION

OF THE

SONS OF VERMONT,

RELATING TO THE HISTORY AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION FROM

THE 12TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1882, TO THE 20TH DAY OF

SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1886, WITH A LIST OF OFFICERS,

MEMBERS, ETC.

CHICAGO :

S. D. CHILDS & CO., PRINTERS, 163 DEARBORN STREET.

1886.

VERMONT.

MY native land ! in many a dream,
Beneath the northern skies,
Amid the purpling clouds, I see
The dark Green Mountains rise ;
And proudly o'er thy valley sands,
The bright blue waters roll,
Whose music broke, at life's clear dawn,
With glory, on my soul.

Though years have flown since last I saw
Thy mountains' crested pines,
I love thee for the memories
That cling around thy shrines—
For all that e'er my boyhood knew,
Loved, beautiful or grand,
Is cradled 'mong thy hills and vales—
My own Green Mountain land !

* * * * *

I may have trod, in sunnier climes,
Where rolls the flashing Rhine,
Or Albion rears her chalky cliffs—
A kindlier soil than thine ;
But never have I seen the spot—
Loved, beautiful or grand—
That led my heart away from thee,
My own Green Mountain land !

D. C. STEWART.

374.3
340
1882/86

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OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION
FOR THE YEAR 1882-1883.

PRESIDENT :
LEWIS L. COBURN.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :
O. S. A. SPRAGUE, SANDFORD B. PERRY,
A. N. WATERMAN.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN :
ELIJAH B. SHERMAN.

TREASURER :
H. H. NASH.

J EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :
THOMAS ~~W.~~ SUTHERLAND, E. D. REDINGTON,
D. K. PEARSONS, H. H. THOMAS.
FRANK GILBERT.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION
FOR THE YEAR 1883-1884.

PRESIDENT:
ELBRIDGE G. KEITH.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:
H. E. SAWYER, S. B. COBB, E. A. KILBOURNE.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN:
ELIJAH B. SHERMAN.

TREASURER:
H. H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
NORMAN WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WILLARD.
A. N. WATERMAN, A. A. SPRAGUE,
JOHN N. HILLS.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION
FOR THE YEAR 1884-1885.

PRESIDENT :
JOHN N. HILLS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :
NORMAN BRIDGE, E. B. SHERMAN, ALBERT D. HAGER.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN :
FRANKLIN DENISON.

TREASURER :
H. H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :
NORMAN WILLIAMS, WM. H. GLEASON, A. B. CASE,
E. G. KEITH, A. N. WATERMAN.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR 1885-1886.

PRESIDENT :

ARBA N. WATERMAN.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

E. B. SHERMAN. JOHN M. THACHER. J. W. BUTLER.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN :

FRANKLIN DENISON.

TREASURER :

H. H. NASH.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

WM. N. CAMPBELL,	A. B. CASE,
JOHN M. SOUTHWORTH,	J. L. WOODWARD,
GEO. W. NEWCOMB.	

SONS OF VERMONT.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

From the records of the Society it appears that the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Association was held at the Palmer House on the 12th day of December, 1882, at which meeting the list of officers first above given, headed by Lewis L. Coburn as President, was elected.

The Treasurer's report was filed and approved, page 14.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Seventh Annual Meeting was held at the Club Rooms of the Palmer House, on the 4th day of December, 1883, L. L. Coburn, President, in the chair, at which meeting the list of officers, page 5, headed by Elbridge G. Keith, as President, was elected.

The Secretary and Treasurer were authorized to employ such assistance as they deemed necessary. The annual dues were fixed at one dollar.

The Treasurer's report, page 14, was filed and approved.

The committee appointed by the President of the Association to present resolutions on the death of the Hon. Charles B. Lawrence, reported the following resolutions, which were adopted by the Association:

To the President of the Association of the "Sons of Vermont."

The undersigned, a committee, appointed by the President to prepare a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of the late Charles B. Lawrence, beg leave to submit the following, and ask that it be spread upon the minutes of the Association:

NORMAN WILLIAMS,
SAMUEL WILLARD,
A. N. WATERMAN,
Committee.

CHICAGO, December 4, 1883.

In Memoriam.

Born on the 17th day of December, 1820, in the city of Vergennes, in the State of Vermont, died on the 9th day of April, 1883, Charles Burrall Lawrence, a citizen of Chicago, an ex-President of this Association, and a former Chief Justice of the State of Illinois; a man of learning, of honor, and of integrity.

In him were manliness and gentleness nobly combined, intellectual vigor and grand simplicity admirably blended.

Called to important services in the State and in the Nation, he won deserved distinction.

In the faithful labors of his chosen profession and in the gentler paths of life he bore the respect of the entire community in which he dwelt, the love of those with whom he mingled.

In life and in death he triumphed.

The committee appointed to present resolutions on the death of Nelson C. Draper, reported the following resolutions, which were adopted by the Association:

Your committee, appointed by the President of the Association, to prepare appropriate resolutions upon the death of Nelson C. Draper, beg leave to present the following:

Respectfully submitted,

E. G. KEITH,
W. M. HOYT,
W. H. GLEASON, } Committee.

CHICAGO, December 4, 1883.

In Memoriam.

In view of the death of Nelson C. Draper, the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont desire to express, in a formal way, their appreciation of, and respect for, the life and character of one of its most useful members.

We deplore our loss because of his worth as a man, as a public-spirited citizen, as an energetic, honorable and enterprising merchant, and as a Christian father and husband. In all these relations he reflected honor upon his native state, and in every walk in life exhibited those noble qualities of self-sacrifice, patience, and fidelity to all the trusts committed to his hands, which command our admiration and esteem.

We hereby express our sympathy with the wife and children of the deceased, and direct that a copy of this memorial be transmitted to them; and also that it be spread upon the records of the Association.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

At the office of the Secretary, Room 70, Government Building, June 3, 1884, the Association met in regular semi-annual session. President Keith in the chair. The amendment proposed by Mr. Sherman, changing the time of holding the annual election to June 2, was adopted. The meeting adjourned, to meet at the same place on the 17th of June, at which time the Association met, pursuant to adjournment, at the Secretary's office, and elected the list of officers, whose names are above given, page 6, headed by John N. Hills, President.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Association met at the Club Rooms of the Palmer House, on the 10th day of December, 1884.

The Treasurer's report, page 15, was filed and approved.

It was ordered that all those members who were two years in arrears be stricken from the list of members of the Association, except in such cases as the Executive Committee think it proper to retain members.

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Association was held at the office of the Secretary, No. 40 Borden Block, on the 1st day of December, 1885; the semi-annual meeting for the election of officers having, by advice of the Executive Committee, been postponed until this meeting of December 1st. President Hills in the chair.

The Secretary's report was read and approved.

The Treasurer's report, page 15, was filed and approved.

From the Secretary's report it appeared that after the enforcement of the resolution passed by the Association, December 10, 1884, relative to members in arrears, there were left 217 members of the Association; 177 of them were residents of Chicago and the immediate suburbs; 29 were residents of other portions of the State of Illinois, and 11 were residents of other States.

It was moved, that instead of the usual banquet on the 17th of January, a supper, confined to the members of the Association and their male friends, be provided.

This resolution was discussed by the President Waterman, Keith, Hibbard, Southworth, Case and others, and was then adopted by the Association.

The list of officers, headed by Arba N. Waterman, as President, last above given, page 7, being the present officers of the Association, was elected.

TREASURER'S REPORTS.

1883.

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF THE SONS OF VERMONT, IN ACCOUNT
WITH H. H. NASH, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS.

On hand at last report.....	\$ 11.42
For sale of Annual Reports.....	5.00
For Memberships	13.00
For Yearly Dues.....	120.00
For sale of 352 Tickets for Banquet, January 17, 1883..	440.00

Total.....\$598.42

DISBURSEMENTS.

For Postage and Clerical Help for Secretary.....	\$ 42.49
To Jameson & Morse, Printing.....	55.25
To T. J. Sutherland, Badges.....	3.80
To Palmer House, Bill for 343 Tickets at Banquet.....	428.75
Balance on hand.....	68.13

Total.....\$598.42

Total Receipts and on Hand.....\$598.42

Total Disbursements.....530.29

Balance.....68.13

Dec. 4, 1883.

H. H. NASH, *Treasurer.*

1884.

IN ACCOUNT WITH H. H. NASH, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS.

To Balance on hand, Dec. 4, 1883.....	\$ 68.13
Received for Dues.....	219.00
Received for Membership.....	5.00
Received for Reports.....	1.00
235 Tickets to Banquet.....	469.00

Total.....\$762.13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing and Stationery.....	\$ 79.75
Postage by Secretary.....	13.00
Clerical Work	20.00
Badges.....	3.84
A. H. Powers for Collecting.....	15.80
Palmer House 238, less 10—228 Tickets to Banquet.....	456.00

Total.....\$588.39

Balance on hand.....\$173.74

CHICAGO, Dec. 10, 1884.

H. H. NASH, *Treasurer.*

1885.

IN ACCOUNT WITH H. H. NASH, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS.

By Balance on hand, Dec. 10th, 1884.....	\$173.74
Received for Dues.....	153.00
Received for Memberships.....	7.00
Received for Badges.....	9.00
Received for Sundries.....	1.80
Received Tickets to Banquet.....	301.25
Received Sundry Donations.....	<u>97.50</u>
Total.....	\$743.29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Vouchers		
Nos. 1 & 2,	Printing and Stationery, Jameson & Morse.	\$ 55.25
3,	Postage Stamps, Secretary.....	20.00
4, 5 & 6,	Clerical Work, Three Vouchers.....	44.45
7,	Freiberg Bros., Music.....	35.00
8,	Oriental Quartette, Music.....	15.00
9,	Roundy & Son, Badges	15.50
10, 11 & 12,	Sundry Expenses.....	5.50
13,	Palmer House Banquet.....	<u>380.00</u>
Total.....		\$570.70
Balance on hand.....		\$172.59

Dec. 1, 1885.

H. H. NASH, *Treasurer.*

DONATIONS AS ABOVE REFERRED TO.

Sprague, Warner & Co.....	\$12.50
Dr. Norman Bridge.....	10.00
A. B. Case.....	5.00
J. N. Hills.....	10.00
Norman Williams.....	15.00
E. G. Keith.....	15.00
D. K. Pearsons.....	10.00
Chas, Knight and W. H. Gleason.....	10.00
F. Denison.....	<u>10.00</u>
Total.....	\$97.50

BANQUETS.

The following notices of the annual banquets of the years of 1883, 1884 and 1885, and of the annual dinner on the nineteenth of last January, are prepared from the Record Book of the Association, supplemented by newspaper reports and other material contained in our scrap book. Mr. Hills had collected a number of papers and memoranda, but while he was President of the Association his office, containing these papers and memoranda, was destroyed by fire. It may happen, much to our regret, that the names of all those who have served on committees at these banquets are not here noted. We shall not be able to give the names of the guests who attended the banquets of 1883, 1884 and 1885. The names of those who attended our last annual dinner at Kinsley's are given.

Extracts from various letters in response to invitations and from speeches and poems delivered upon the above occasions, when obtainable, are given. (See page 26.)

THE SIXTH ANNUAL BANQUET,

At the Palmer House, Jan. 17, 1883.

Norman Williams, the retiring President, introduced the new President, Lewis L. Coburn.

In relation to the banquet, the following is quoted from the record book of the Association:

“About 325 were present. Rev. Dr. Geo. N. Boardman invoked the divine blessing; Mr. Coburn, the President, then delivered an eloquent and entertaining address. He was followed by Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis, whose address was, by turns, eloquent, witty and pathetic.

E. B. Sherman, the Secretary, read letters, telegrams and sentiments.

The room was finely decorated, the menu excellent, the company pleasant, the exercises brief, and the occasion enjoyable.

After the conclusion of the exercises in the banquet hall, dancing followed."

The names of the Reception Committee were as follows:

ELBRIDGE G. KEITH,	J. L. WOODWARD,
C. B. LAWRENCE,	V. A. WATKINS,
GEO. N. BOARDMAN,	M. C. EAMES,
JOHN A. JAMESON,	C. B. HOLMES,
JOHN N. HILLS,	W. C. GRANT,
J. M. THACHER,	ROBERT FLEMING,
Wm. H. HOYT,	A. D. HAGER,
I. N. CAMP,	GEO. F. BAILEY,
S. F. BROWN,	Wm. N. CAMPBELL,
F. R. CHANDLER,	ROLLIN S. WILLIAMSON,
E. A. JEWETT,	W. H. GLEASON,
JOHN HUTCHINSON,	Wm. H. SMITH,
H. D. RUSSELL.	

Among other congratulatory dispatches, the following was received:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"As a son of Vermont I send you my cordial congratulations on the celebration of the 6th anniversary, and my "best wishes for a happy re-union."

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL BANQUET,

At the Palmer House, Jan. 17, 1884.

About 350 sons and daughters of the Green Mountain State were in attendance to celebrate the anniversary of her independence.

There was a general reception in the parlors from seven to eight o'clock. The banquet was served in the large dining hall, and the menu was one to tempt a man from any part of the country. Rev. John H. Worcester, Jr., invoked the divine blessing.

The retiring president, L. L. Coburn, introduced his successor in office, Elbridge G. Keith.

The guests were favored with addresses from Mr. Coburn, the retiring President, the President of the Association, Mr. Keith, Rev. J. H. Worcester, Jr., Governor John M. Hamilton, Dr. Lyman Bridge, and Dr. Samuel Willard. The Secretary, Mr. Sherman, read letters and telegrams of regret.

After dinner the company adjourned to the ball room, where dancing was kept up into the small hours of the morning.

The occasion was thoroughly enjoyable and agreeable. The Reception Committee appointed was as follows:

REV. GEO. N. BOARDMAN,	JOHN A. JAMESON,
ROLLIN S. WILLIAMSON,	WILLIAM M. HOYT,
J. L. WOODWARD,	A. D. HAGER,
ABIJAH KEITH,	THOMAS J. SUTHERLAND,
H. D. RUSSELL,	ROBERT FLEMING,
S. F. BROWN,	WILLIAM N. CAMPBELL,
J. M. THACHER,	W. H. GLEASON,
E. D. REDINGTON,	C. D. ROYS,
C. B. HOLMES,	H. P. KELLOGG,
I. N. CAMP,	WILLIAM H. SMITH,
M. C. EAMES,	CHAS. M. MERRIAM,
F. R. CHANDLER,	E. A. JEWETT,
JOHN HUTCHINSON,	JOHN F. BAILEY,

W. C. GRANT.

FLOOR COMMITTEE:

H. D. RUSSELL,	W. H. GLEASON,
I. N. CAMP,	O. B. KNIGHT,
T. J. SUTHERLAND,	W. N. CAMPBELL,
A. D. LANGWORTHY.	

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL BANQUET,

At the Palmer House, Jan. 29, 1885.

About 150 of the sons and daughters of Vermont attended. Grace was asked by the Right Rev. W. E. McLaren.

E. G. Keith, the retiring President, gave an account of his stewardship, and reported that the sons and daughters of Vermont had prospered and continued their affection for their native State, and introduced John N. Hills, the new President of the Association.

Mr. Hills expressed his doubts as to the wisdom of the Association, in looking around for a President, in abandoning the men who were mountains in the Association and in taking up with the lesser hills. He cordially and gracefully welcomed the guests of the evening.

Addresses were also delivered by Rev. Arthur Little and Bishop McLaren. Eugene J. Hall recited a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and Ernest McGaffey verses entitled "Ticonderoga."

Letters of regret and telegrams were read by the Secretary.

The Vermont Quartette sang some stirring songs.

After dinner a blessing was pronounced by Rev. L. N. Freeman, and the guests adjourned to the ball room, where the festivities were continued to a late hour.

The programme of the dance had engraved thereon a Vermont girl gazing wistfully across Lake Champlain toward the Green Mountains, a sail boat, from the Vermont shore, approaching.

These are some of the dances, with music, composed for the occasion: "Eighth Annual," "Our Green Hills," "Our Shady Valleys," "The Husking Bee," "The Old Red School House," "Whoa, Dobbin," "Snow Bound," "Butternutting" and "Come Again."

The Reception Committee was as follows:

HOMER N. HIBBARD,	*MARK SKINNER,
†CLARK W. UPTON,	†GURDON S. HUBBARD,
W. N. CAMPBELL,	L. L. COBURN,
M. C. EAMES,	GEO. CHANDLER,
C. B. HOLMES,	J. M. SOUTHWORTH,
CHAS. H. KNIGHTS,	WILLIAM M. HOYT,
I. N. CAMP,	A. D. HAGER,
E. A. JEWETT,	O. B. KNIGHT,
L. S. GROUT,	H. D. RUSSELL.

*At that time Judge Skinner's health would not permit him to take part in an evening entertainment, but during the daytime he called at the office of the Secretary, manifested much interest in the success of the Association, and received his badge as a member of the Reception Committee.

†Judge Upton was prevented by illness from being present. An extract from his letter is given hereafter.

‡A letter was received from the relatives of Gurdon S. Hubbard containing an expression of his fraternal interest in the Association, and notifying us of Mr. Hubbard's total blindness. The officers and members of the Association join in expressing their sympathy for Mr. Hubbard in this affliction.

NOTE.—Mr. Hubbard died on the 14th of Sept., 1886, after the above was written.

THE NINTH ANNUAL DINNER,

At Kinsley's, Tuesday Evening, Jan. 19, 1886, at half-past six o'clock.

The dinner was served in Kinsley's handsome banqueting hall. The tables were decorated with cut flowers and smilax. Stationed in the gallery was an orchestra of Spanish mandolins, guitars and harps, under the leadership of Signor Valesi.

Grace was asked by the Rev. Arthur Little.

After the dinner Mr. Hills, the retiring President, in a few well chosen and appropriate words, introduced the new President of the Association, Col. Arba N. Waterman, who welcomed the guests. Addresses were also made by Rev. Geo. N. Boardman, H. N. Hibbard, E. B. Sherman and J. M. Thacher. With these speeches, music, singing and reminiscences, the company passed several hours happily.

The Reception Committee was as follows:

THOMAS J. SUTHERLAND,	W. N. CAMPBELL,
C. H. KNIGHTS,	GEORGE CHANDLER,
HENRY P. ISHAM,	A. C. BUTTOLPH,
JAMES L. WOODWARD,	CYRUS D. ROYS.

There were present the officers of the Association, Col. Arba N. Waterman, President; E. B. Sherman, John M. Thacher and A. W. Butler, Vice-Presidents; Franklin Denison, Secretary; H. H. Nash, Treasurer; Wm. M. Campbell, John M. Southworth, A. B. Case and J. L. Woodward, of the Executive Committee.

MEMBERS: William B. Allen, Ed. W. Bailey, Lewis H. Bisbee, Rev. G. N. Boardman, Geo. S. Bullock, S. W. Burnham, O. M. Butler, Albert C. Buttolph, I. N. Camp, Charles H. Case, George Chandler, Wm. W. Chandler, Austin Clement, L. L. Coburn, Jasper C. Conant, D. T. Corbin, John Davis, P. W. Drew, M. C. Eames, Harvey

Edgerton, L. G. Fisher, Dr. C. M. Fitch, Wm. H. Gleason, F. T. Guernsey, H. N. Hibbard, Thomas E. Hill, John N. Hills, C. B. Holmes, A. S. Hopkins, John M. Hubbard, Henry P. Isham, E. A. Jewett, E. G. Keith, H. P. Kellogg, Oscar B. Knight, C. H. Knights, Dr. E. A. Kilbourne, J. B. Lamkin, B. F. Morse, H. H. Nash, H. S. Perkins, Cyrus B. Pratt, Ed. D. Redington, Everel P. Roberts, Cyrus D. Roys, W. N. Sattley, Joel E. G. Scott, A. G. Sears, W. B. Snow, O. S. A. Sprague, T. J. Sutherland, Gen. H. H. Thomas, W. O. Tyler, R. M. Whipple, Norman Williams, Hon. Rollin S. Williamson, A. M. Wright.

Also the following gentlemen: Rev. Arthur Little, Hon. John A. Jameson, George Driggs, D. K. Tenny, W. S. Hall, Dr. C. W. Purdy, W. R. Roberts, Dr. H. F. Stercus, E. S. Peaslee, J. H. Fiske, Col. E. D. Swain, Robert Clark, A. C. Bartlett, Dr. I. N. Danforth, Arthur D. Wheeler, S. Prentice, Charles K. Williams, Arthur F. Towne, G. B. Townshend, Samuel B. Foster, L. R. Hall, Horatio L. Wait, Dr. S. R. Ward, Richmond, Ill., Jeremiah Evarts, Yorkville, Ill., Seth F. Hanchett, W. D. Preston, D. W. Nickerson, George E. Dean, James W. Brockway, A. H. Fuller, Charles B. Whipple, Arthur Dixon, A. C. Potter, C. R. Matson, C. H. Rowe, J. L. Rowe, H. F. Brown, J. W. Gay, U. W. Frink, Jules Lombard, E. M. Edgerton, Samuel Chandler.

Hearing that the Old First Regiment Vermont Cavalry were on this same evening, January 19, 1886, celebrating their thirteenth re-union at the Van Ness House, in Burlington, Vermont, the Association sent them the following telegram:

The Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont, assembled for their Ninth Annual Banquet, send greeting to the bold riders who made for Vermont Cavalry a name and fame no continent confines.

A. N. WATERMAN, *President.*

The next morning the following reply was received:

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 20, 1886.

To A. N. Waterman and Officers Sons of Vermont:

Telegram received this morning. Largest re-union in the history of society. Return congratulations. Vermont is proud of her sons in the West. Keep it up.

WARREN GIBBS, *President.*

S. H. WOOD, *Secretary.*

In this connection we quote from the address of Capt. R. Blinn, formerly of the Vermont Cavalry, delivered at Saratoga, April 14, 1882, and preserved in the archives of our Association, an extract from General Custer's farewell order to this regiment:

“The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. During the last six months, although in most instances, confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, 111 pieces of artillery, 65 battle flags, and upwards of 8,000 prisoners, including seven general officers. You have never lost a gun, never lost a flag, and never been defeated.”

SONS OF VERMONT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED AND ADDRESSES
DELIVERED SINCE THE ISSUING OF THE LAST
PAMPHLET IN 1882, TO DATE, SEPT. 20,
1886, WITH OTHER MENTION.



FROM LETTERS.

The Scepter of Power is fast passing away from the East to the new and mighty West. The children of the men of Vermont are born far away from the scenes of our history, out in those boundless regions where, as has been so beautifully said: "The life of the prairie blends with it the memories of the mountain and the sea." These children of the West will return to view for themselves the historic places and the graves of their hero ancestors. And as long as the spirit of the fathers shall remain, so long may these scenes be dear to all the Sons of Vermont and their descendants.

HENRY CLARK.

RUTLAND, Vermont.

Expressive of the good opinion we staid Vermonters have of those brave and energetic Green Mountain Boys, who have gone to other States as missionaries, workers in every good cause—men who, in their early years, breathed the fresh air from our hills and valleys, and have grown strong, not only from our mountain air, but from the constitution and good principles instilled into and derived from such mothers and fathers as can be found only where pure water, pure air and pure principles prevail. God bless the descendants of such Vermont fathers and mothers. From them we fear nothing, expect much.

N. T. SPRAGUE.

BRANDON, Vermont, Jan. 6, 1883.

The Sons of Vermont, like the sons of the other New England States, have largely aided by their enterprise, their integrity and their sagacity, to build up Illinois and the Great West.

They have carried the flag of Progress forward, with all the beneficent influences that elevate our civilization. They deserve well of the Republic.

DAVID DAVIS.

In response to your request for a sentiment, I suggest the following:

“The Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” the only powers to which our forefathers acknowledged allegiance.

H. W. BLODGETT.

I, too, have been for many years—how swiftly they fly—absent from our dear native hills the larger part of the time, but, unlike you, I have had some time every year in which to breathe the sweetness of her mountain air and to restore my sometimes sorely tried faith in the permanence of Republican institutions. There the interests and pursuits of the people are homogeneous. There wealth is generally distributed with a near approach to equality. There extreme riches and poverty are rare. There true, honest manhood and womanhood are the only aristocracy, and there peace, order and contentment (as far as human society has yet experienced them) prevail.

And so I give you the toast in words borne on her stainless escutcheon for a hundred years:

“Vermont, Freedom and Liberty.”

This sentiment is, I think, one that is for Vermonters, at least, fit for every place and for all occasions, for he who feels and follows its importance, whether in the chief city of the Northwest, or on the shores of the tranquil sea, or in the heart of Asia at the oldest river heads of human institutions, will be a benefactor of his race.

GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

Vermont cherishes the love of her sons, and will deserve their commendation while represented in the National Council by such men as *Edmunds and Morrill*.

JOHN L. BARSTOW.

SHELBURNE, Vermont.

Vermont—small in area, great in capabilities.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

I love the Green Mountain State for its people full of intelligence, ingenuity and courage, for its cities and towns where peace, order and respect for religion and law prevail, for its innumerable cottage homes where industry and thrift have brought comfort, for its hills and valleys of varied and indescribable beauty. I love it for its mountains of everlasting repose, that for years have looked down upon the children at their feet and taught them by example that they who face the world in silence and with courage shall live forever.

* * * * *

J. T. BROOKS,

General Solicitor Pennsylvania Co.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 29, 1885.

All honor to Old Vermont and all her noble sons. Not a struggle for liberty and right, since her existence, in which she has not born her full part; not a battle field trod by American troops, which has not been moistened by its full share of the blood of her sons. In the National Councils she has been no less distinguished. Recreatant indeed would we be to every sense of honor were we not proud of Vermont.

CLARK W. UPTON.

WAUKEGAN, Ill., 1885.

To keep ever fresh and new the memory of our father-land is the Vermonter's pride, and in so doing; we but give assurance that the home of our childhood was a pleasant one, and that now in middle age, or nearing the end, we but perform a duty in so publishing our filial attachment for our native State.

H. S. WINSLOW,

President "Sons of Vermont" of Iowa.

NEWTON, Iowa, 1885.

The Sons of Vermont of the State of Iowa, annually celebrate their good luck in being Vermont born. Among their banquet festivities of 1884, we find a sentiment which meets with the unequivocal endorsement of the Sons of Vermont of the State of Illinois :

“ Our Native State. Like the girls we left behind us, she is ever dear to the heart, and to those of us who brought our girls with us she is doubly dear.”

Every honor attend that gallant Son of Vermont, the toast master of our Iowa brothers, Brevet Major-General L. A. Grant, Commander of the heroic Vermont First Brigade.

I copy for you what I said about dear old Vermont before the Illinois Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

“ How well do we remember the terrible suspense which followed the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Boastful traitors on the stump—not in the South alone—in ‘fire-eating’ newspapers, and in the halls of the National Congress, had threatened to disrupt the Union should he, the chosen of the people, become in fact President. Yet few realized or believed they would madly attempt to carry out the threat. Suddenly from the dark cloud, which for months had hung an undefined and illy comprehended danger over the Republic, burst the vivid lightning of actual war, startling and alarming the Nation.

“ At that time I was at school, half way through college, in the beautiful and classic village of Middlebury, Vermont. A brave and patriotic people are never wholly unprepared to answer, on the instant, their country’s call to arms. The shot fired at Sumter found the people of the Green Mountain State ready and glad to make response to the demand of patriotic duty.

“ The people of that glorious little commonwealth have about them grand reminders of patriotic actions. To the West is the silvery Champlain, whose waters yet seem to murmur of Commodore McDonough’s great naval victory over the British squadron at Plattsburgh, in September, 1814. Just across the lake are the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, with a military history, dating back to 1755, and whose name suggests to every American boy the glorious

Green Mountain hero and patriot, Ethan Allen, in the name of 'the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,' there demanding and obtaining the surrender of a British garrison, on the 10th day of May, 1775. To the East are stretched the mountains, clad in everlasting verdure, in whose grand forests, and by whose sylvan lakes, yet seem to echo the shouts of an intrepid citizen soldiery battling for their state, their country and the right.

"To the call of the President for troops in 1861 and 1862, Vermont responded with great alacrity, and no where was greater patriotism found than among the college boys. At Middlebury we raised a company, and offered our services to the state, but the Governor, commanding our patriotic purposes, refused to accept the company, and urged us to go on and complete our studies."

COL. RICHARD S. TUTHILL, Chicago.

LETTER, 1886.

In the West a native Vermonter can hardly mention his birthplace without being met with the remark that "Vermont is a good place to emigrate from, as Douglas said." Wishing to know just what Stephen A. Douglas did say, and meeting Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., a son of Douglas, one day, we asked him about it, and below give the conversation in full.

SECRETARY.

Q. Mr. Douglas, you have frequently heard the remark, attributed to your distinguished father, in regard to his native state, Vermont, "that Vermont was a good place to emigrate from." Do you happen to know whether he ever made such a remark as that in those words, and what the facts are about it?

A. Of course, I have frequently heard the remark as you give it, but it is not as it was made. About a year ago, being at the home of my father's only sister, Mrs. Julius M. Granger, I talked with her in regard to it. The truth of the matter seems to be this: My father was born in Brandon, Vermont, and was educated partly at the Academy at Middlebury. His mother marrying again when he was seventeen, he removed with her to Ontario County, New York, and finished his education at Canandaigua Academy, in the village of that name. Years afterwards, when he had become a United States Senator, he returned

to his old home in Brandon, upon a visit, and in a speech, in acknowledging the kindness of his reception, among other things, after lauding the many good qualities of Vermonters, and speaking of Vermont as a grand nursery of able men, he said something like this, that Vermont "was a great State to be born in," and pointing jocularly to himself, added, "especially when you emigrate early, as I did."

Q. Did you ever hear your father express his opinions about the State of Vermont?

A. My recollections are such only as a child would have, being only ten years old when he died, and are connected entirely with the tales of the doings of the Green Mountain Boys during the Revolution told me by my father; but from family sources, I know the fact to be that he had nothing but the greatest respect and warmest love for his native state, as well as admiration for the very many able and successful men who were born within its borders.

FROM ADDRESSES.

No son or daughter in Vermont is considered worthy of the name of his or her parents unless that child early joins hands with them in their labors. No where is the old adage that "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," more uniformly practiced, and no where is reliance earlier taught. Nearly every village has its academy. The pride of the academical or college student is that he is self-sustaining in his studies. He is proud of the fact that he toils half the year to pay the expenses of the other half. Taken altogether the young Vermonter has an invaluable discipline which arms him with self-help, self-respect and independence.

Vermont has furnished the United States with its most eminent constitutional lawyers, during a large portion of its existence, and the Vermont laurel worn by Jacob Collamer until his death, is now as eminently worn by his successor, George F. Edmunds. Vermont furnished Illinois in its earlier times with its "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, who did so much to give fame to his adopted state, and saved the Western Territories from the destroying curse of common slavery. The world-wide renown of the newspaper press of this country is largely indebted to the ability and indomitable industry of native Vermonters. The "New York World" was founded by a native Vermonter, James R. Spaulding. The "New York Times" is the result of the life work of a son of Vermont, Henry J. Raymond. The "New York Tribune" is almost equally the result of seed sown in Vermont. Horace Greeley, although born in New Hampshire, was nurtured and disciplined to manhood in Vermont. The "Chicago Times" owes its success to a native Vermonter, Wilbur F. Storey.

Powers, the sculptor, the world delights to honor. Larkin Mead's fame is rarely equaled. Not to know John G. Saxe and George P. Marsh is to be unfamiliar with poetry and letters.

Lewis L. Coburn, upon accepting the office of President of the Association, at the banquet, January 17, 1883.

I recently met a friend, now residing in Vermont, who, I am happy to say, is our guest to-night, and when I inquired about the welfare of the old state, he said "Vermont is growing poor." Whether this be so or not, she is certainly not rich as the world estimates wealth. She is rich in historic interest, in beautiful scenery, in the noble reputation of her men and women, but most of all in our hearts and memories. The men of Vermont who fought at Bennington and Plattsburgh, Gettysburg and Winchester, the whole nation honors, and will honor forever. Let us emulate their good deeds and their virtues, and as the years roll round we may profit by the saintly teachings of those fathers and mothers, who, trusting in prayer, and in the promises of God's Holy Word, transmitted to us by their daily example those lessons of love and truth, coupled with unwavering loyalty to right, which are a more noble and more glorious heritage than any wealth can give. It is fitting that we meet together here. I welcome you all. We have met as sons and daughters to lay aside the busy cares of this great city for a time, to commemorate the birthday of the independence of our native state, to acknowledge our love and fidelity to her, and to perpetuate her memory to those who come after us. Well may we say with the poet,

" It is a land of rock and stone and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabin slave,
But thought, and hand, and tongue are free."

Elbridge G. Keith, upon accepting the office of President of the Association, at the banquet, January 17, 1884.

Two things will be recognized as alike characteristic of Vermonters, a strong instinct of wandering and an ardent love for their native state, the old Green Mountain home. You may find the Sons of Vermont anywhere, I had almost said except in Vermont. Certainly you may find quite as many of them out of the state as in it, and yet wherever you find them they are always proud of the name Vermonter, and always unwilling to exchange it for any other name, however great or proud. They are always ready to clasp warm hands of fellowship with any one born in the shadow of the Green Mountains and to give their

last cheer for the last star that never sets. There are states and lands, the manifest destiny and mission in history of which seems to be to produce men, if I may say so, not for home consumption but for export, to produce the material of the best sort of citizenship, the material for pioneers and for state builders and for leaders of men, and then to send it far and wide wherever it is needed most. Perhaps it would be more modest, if we were to go somewhere else for an illustration of this to begin with, and you may find a conspicuous one in Scotland. Go where you will, from Alaska to the Cape of Good Hope, and everywhere you will meet the Scot, and everywhere he is a Scotchman to the back bone; aye, even to the third and fourth generation. The Scot leaves his little land and travels the world around because it is the very nature of that land, both in its physical and in its moral condition, to breed a spirit of enterprise, for which his native country is far too small a theatre. And so it is with Vermont; she is not so much of an orchard as a nursery, in which trees are grown to bear fruit on many a distant hill side and prairie. * * *

Vermont sends out those who leave her, equipped with an outfit not to be surpassed, of sturdy manhood, of moral strength and qualifications for good citizenship. * * * When the old father on his barren hill side farm, who himself has no education but what he obtained from his Bible, and his newspaper, and the few books read by the fireside on winter evenings, has reared up half a dozen sturdy, manly boys, and then just at the time when they begin to be most helpful to him, when he might throw the heavy burden of work upon their shoulders and take a little of the ease to which his age entitles him, he sends them off to school. He pinches himself and foregoes many a comfort; he prolongs the arduous toil of youth into and beyond middle life that he might give his boys a college education. Does he expect that when their education is done, they will come back to him and settle down and carry on the farm? Not he; he knows he is educating them to leave him, and yet when one by one they take his hand and say: "Good bye," and go off as pioneers to the far west as merchants, as lawyers, as preachers, as missionaries, and it may be to some far off land, he turns with trembling voice and thanks God that he has been able to contribute so much to the world's worth. He does not ask of his boys, he does not expect of them, that they will come back to

cheer his old age with their companionship. But one thing he does look for, and he may, that wherever they go they will gladden his old heart with the record of achievement worthy of the sacrifice which he made in their behalf. So our old mother state gives her sons the best of training. She gives them, in the first place, the pure air and bracing climate; her hills and dales, her rivers and lakes, blended together in harmony, the very presence of which is in itself an education, a birthplace not one square rood of which can be found that is not compassed about with all that is most beautiful and most impressive in the works of God. She gives them her grand, her Puritan tradition; she gives them her genuine atmosphere of freedom pure and unadulterated. It is not boasting to say that if there is a community on the face of the earth where the theory of Republicanism has been reduced to practice, if there is a spot on the face of the earth where birth and rank and wealth and all outward circumstances are taken at their true value, it is that little spot between Champlain and the Connecticut.

* * * * *

It was a grand tribute that the great son of Massachusetts paid to his native state when he said: "There she stands, look at her;" but there is a grander tribute which the Sons of Vermont can pay to their native state if they will. It is to say: "Here she is, follow her." The state pride of the South Carolinian binds him to his native soil. The state pride of the Vermonter takes another form, not less intense. It expresses itself in everything, wherever he goes, for he takes his state with him and makes the community in which he pitches his tent, a second Vermont in all that was worthy of his love in the state of his birth. Let that be our ambition, Sons of Vermont, here in this great state, and let our native state never be made to blush by seeing any of her sons on the side of tyranny, on the side of corruption, on the side of dishonesty, municipal or personal; and then she will not complain if she is growing poor in wealth, while she knows that, with every generation, she is growing richer and richer in sons.

*Rev. John H. Worcester, Jr., D. D., Pastor of the Sixth
Presbyterian Church, Chicago, at the banquet, Jan-
uary 17, 1884.*

Dr. Willard responded to the toast, "Vermont as seen by outside barbarians."

I wish it understood at once that I am not one of the outside barbarians. I was born in Vermont, though I came to Illinois, as a child, some fifty years ago, so I am mainly built of the mud of the Prairie State. A friend has said that I had never yet been out of New England, such a spiritual envelop of it had I carried about with me. I believe in State pride, subject to a national and cosmopolitan spirit; let the Virginian boast of the chivalric spirit of the Old Dominion, and make it good in his own life; let the Kentuckian vaunt the prowess of that State, and show its greatness by deeds; and let us of the North be proud of the granite might we have from our native hills, and of the staunch virtues taught us there. I remember how small Vermont looked to some outsiders some thirty years ago. It was the fashion of the States to fire off political resolutions at each other. The Legislature of Vermont passed some strong anti-slavery resolutions, and requested the Governor to send a copy to each State. The Governor of Georgia laid the resolutions before the Legislature of that State. Some of the Georgians boiled over in wrath at the impudence of the Yankees; and one of them offered the following:

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to send a detachment of the army which shall proceed to Vermont, dig a ditch round the thing, and float it into the Atlantic Ocean."

I never knew, until I read that resolution, how very small Vermont could seem to an outsider. But when the great crisis came the grand Empire State of the South was afloat on the treacherous waves of secession, while little Vermont stood fast on the continent of nationality, firm as her Green Mountains, and helped bring Georgia to the shore, and now gives her a grasp of the hand as warm as the Georgian's own. Pride in our own State need not close our eyes to the virtues of others, for over us is the breadth of our nationality—yes, the high heaven of our common humanity.

Dr. Samuel Willard, at the banquet, January 17, 1884.

There is a curious and interesting line of philosophy; that Providence has shaped the progress of civilization as it came from the shores of the Old Continent, so that from all nations and types of people there might be saved whatever was best worth saving and crystalizing into some higher and nobler type of humanity in this country of boundless hopes and prospects. Coming from all nations, those arriving first struck the eastern states. The spirit of emigration was still with them, and it will be noticed that they moved westward in parallel lines. The Sons of Vermont and New England moved to Northern Illinois and Wisconsin and others of the northwestern states. Those from Pennsylvania and the middle states moved to central Illinois, and the central and western states, while those from further south touch upon our southern shores and make their homes in the southern portion of this great state. Have we not reached that third transforming period when the sons of all these older states, mingling together in Illinois, shall work out a more perfect citizenship? We are in a peculiar situation with reference to the great Republic, and we are charged with great responsibilities.

Gov. John M. Hamilton, January 17, 1884, at the banquet.

From the medical school of Castleton and Woodstock, some of the most eminent physicians of this country have graduated. Those colleges ceased to exist long years ago, and have been superseded by institutions in large cities, in the neighborhood of great hospitals, but the medical department of the University at Burlington, now in the thirty-first year of its life, I believe, has had an unbroken record of usefulness and honor. * * * *

My direct and personal knowledge of the doctors of Vermont was acquired quite a distance of time back in the century, in the capacity of a small boy, who was supposed to observe little and to understand less; but small boys observe a great deal more than they are given credit for, and the family doctor way back in that time was a great puzzle to me. When we were sick we went for him and longed for his coming; wondered why he didn't hurry and come quicker; wondered what kept him. When he arrived, he made us so comfortable and hopeful, and gave us such delectable doses of medicine, and so few of them, that the

puzzle was to me how this blessed man could ever have been in any of those blood curdling scrapes which students will indulge in for the purpose of raising material for study. This old doctor was something of a study. In the summer he traveled on horseback with huge saddle bags, or he rode in a chaise and carried a little trunk. In winter time he traveled in a sleigh and wore two overcoats, and when he put on these overcoats he disappeared from view, except as to the few tufts of his hair and his nose. In his medicine chest was a variety of bottles, and a number of papers done up nicely and tightly with string, containing roots, I presume, and "yarbs," to be made into teas desperately bitter. In the inside of his little trunk was a singular instrument, the only one that I ever saw there. What might be called the executive end of that instrument was always covered up with leather, but the handle and the shaft of it had the appearance that some of you may have learned, and resembled the modern cork-screw. The true name of it was the tooth key, but in Vermont it was always called the turn key. It worked on the principle of the machine that is used for lifting stumps, and clearing western pine lands, and the purpose of it was to pry out, not pull teeth. Did any of you ever encounter that instrument? I did, once, and I can truly say that there is nothing else like it under the sun.

From the address of Dr. Norman Bridge, in response to the toast, "The Doctors of Vermont," January 17, 1884.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It gives me great pleasure to be here this evening and share in the festivities of this occasion. I am not exactly a Vermonter; and yet I never hear the name of Vermont mentioned without a feeling of pride.

It suggests memories and associations of tender interest, some of them too personal and sacred to admit of public reference here.

There is a strange and subtle power in great memories to stir the heart. It is good to be here to-night and to live over again the scenes of other days.

Vermont has many grand mountains, beautiful lakes and rivers, fair meadows, splendid sheep and horses and cattle, and whatever else contributes to the material strength and attraction of a state. It is unsurpassed in its natural features and surroundings. But the supreme glory of Vermont is her *men* and *women*.

For more than a hundred years it has been her mission to make men—high-minded men—

“ Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and,
Knowing, dare maintain.”

From her beautiful hills and valleys, adorned with meeting-houses and school-houses, have gone forth a great army of faithful, cultivated strong men and women, whose lives have blessed and enriched the world. In statesmanship, jurisprudence, education, journalism, and kindred departments of achievement, she has been among the foremost in the great sisterhood of States.

But, Mr. President, I have special occasion to remember the military record of Vermont. It was my privilege to serve as chaplain in a Vermont regiment for about two years and a half. This experience has deepened my love and admiration for the Green Mountain State. The mountainous countries are historically the haunts of liberty. Vermont is no exception to the rule.

The echo of those guns fired upon Fort Sumter was heard instantly in every valley and upon every hilltop of Vermont.

Every heart was stirred to action. The story of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, of Bennington and Saratoga, had been handed down from father to son, through the generations, and the descendants of such patriotic sires would have been unworthy of their great inheritance, untrue to the spirit of freedom which dwells among the mountains, if they had not made instant response to the austere summons for help. The Green Mountain boys were true to their great and inspiring traditions. They were eager to hasten to the front when liberty was in danger. They coveted the privilege of defending the hearthstones of their native land.

Their record is one of undying splendor. They were always in the thickest of the fight. They never flinched,

never disobeyed orders. No other State in the Union sent so large a percentage of its population into the field. The "Old Vermont Brigade" was known everywhere for its matchless deeds of valor. It did not know the meaning of fear or weariness. There is hardly one of all the numberless battles of the war, from Bull Run to Appomattox, whose name is not inscribed on the banner of some Vermont regiment. They won for themselves and their State immortal renown. Their names and deeds will live and be hallowed in our memories as long as liberty lives, as long as sweet homes and loving hearts have value.

The Sons of Vermont in Chicago might well give one evening every year to the commemoration of the valor of her brave soldiers, so many of whom gave their lives for their country.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. This old maxim found fresh illustration in the lavish outpouring of blood by the soldiers of Vermont in defence of their imperiled country. They feared not death, but dishonor.

We give in charge their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse, proud of the treasure, marches with it down to the latest times.

Mr. President, again let me thank you for the privileges of this evening.

I can leave with you no better wish than this: That the Sons of Vermont, wherever found, may be worthy of the rich and splendid inheritance which they have received from the fathers. May her future match her past.

*Rev. Arthur Little, Pastor of the New England Church,
Chicago, at the banquet, January 29, 1885.*

When on a summer visit to my old Vermont home, weary with the long journey, I have stepped from the railway train into some maple-shaded and peaceful Vermont village, with glimpses of the green hills through the trees, the Vermont sky overhead, and passing and re-passing along the shady walks matrons and maidens with bright eyes and such wonderful complexions, I have felt like exclaiming aloud, "Is this heaven?" "Are these angels?" Surely, of all American women, the women of Vermont have the clearest and loveliest complexions. * * *

I remember the autumnal tints of the Vermont forests. I love to recall those forests on the hill-sides, clothed in the glory of September foliage, each tree a wealth of color, and all blending into a billowy sea of the rainbow's hues with even brighter gold and deeper crimson. Right there is the autumn throne of great Nature herself, and these banners of light are the chosen emblems of her sovereignty.

*Dr. E. A. Kilbourne, of Elgin, Illinois, at the banquet,
January 29, 1885.*

The printer gives us half a page here, which is providential, for we wish to send our remembrance to our brother members in other States. *Charles A. Tinker*, of New York City, Supt. of the W. U. Telegraph Company, who writes: "I remember with pride and pleasure that I was one of the "charter members" of this Association, "raising my voice and contributing my mite of effort and means to plant the seed which took root, and has grown to a flourishing tree, in honor of our native state." *John G. Hartigan*, Supt. of Mo. R., Denison, Texas; *Henry C. Nutt*, President of A. & P. R. R., Boston; *Dick Ransom*, Longmont, Colo.; *Alba M. Tucker*, Supt. of N. Y. P. & O. R. R., Galion, Ohio; *Norman C. Perkins*, Detroit; *Robert Roberts*, Burlington, Vermont; *Seneca B. Brown*, Ft. Wayne; *W. H. Holabird*, Valparaiso, Ind. We appreciate their love for Vermont, and tender them the best wishes of the Association.

TICONDEROGA.

Beside the waves of blue Champlain,
 Ticonderoga frowning rose,
 Above it streamed the British flag,
 Still waving menace to its foes.

A hundred cannon manned its walls :
 And, standing, on that rocky height,
 It seemed like some fierce eagle poised,
 A stern embodiment of might.

All guarded by the watchful waves,
 Its massive base securely lay,
 Where, heedless of the threat'ning guns,
 The ripples kissed the granite gray.

Stone, iron, steel, kept watch and ward,
 In morning light or twilight dim ;
 And silently the fortress held
 A ceaseless vigil, dark and grim.

But what can stand when freedom strikes ?
 What danger can appall the free ?
 Stone, iron, steel, are naught but chaff
 Before the breath of Liberty.

A little band of farmers stood
 Beneath the fort one coming dawn,
 The paling East was checked with light,
 The dusk of night was nearly gone.

With stealthy step in rank and file,
 Like shadows to the fort they came,
 Their rifles raised, their faces set,
 With sinews braced and hearts aflame.

One sudden rush,—a wild hurrah,
 A clash of arms, and it is done.
 America looks down and sees
 Ticonderoga lost and won.

Long years have passed of sun and storm,
 Dismantled now the old fort lies ;
 The grass grows on its ruined walls,
 And round its base the swallow flies.

Its loneliness is never touched,
 Save by the hand of wind and rain ;
 And wild flowers lift their dainty heads,
 Where long ago the guns had lain.

Ernest McGaffey, at the banquet, January 29, 1885.

The man who, long separated therefrom, continues to think well of his home, has good reason for the thought.

We love to recall the scenes of boyhood, to revive the memories of years gone by, to conjure up visions of the hills we climbed, the woods in which we tramped, the streams in which we fished, and the school-house at which we learned to read, because Mammon hath not possessed us utterly, but there remains in us yet some of the romance, the zest and the affections of youth. Yes, Vermont is a good State to be born in, to live in, and to die in. It is filled to-day with noble men and women, descendants of the stock from which we may well be proud to have sprung.

There is a moral atmosphere in Vermont, and the halo of it clings round her sons to the latest day of their lives. No man can be any the worse for looking back with affectionate remembrance to the peace and the quiet, as well as perhaps to the roughness and the hardships of his early days amid her mountains; and we are, I trust, made better and happier by these annual re-unions in which we meet somewhat as brethren, children of a far away, but dearly loved home.

Col. Arba N. Waterman, Pres. of the Association, while presiding at the last Annual Dinner, Jan. 19, 1886.

The voice of inspiration has expressly declared that "A man shall be famous, according as he has lifted up the axe against the thick trees." I have an abiding conviction, founded upon painful personal experience, that the stump is a solemn reality, and the creation of stumps a severe labor, compared with which the seven labors of Hercules were mere child's play.

When the tall trees have been felled by the resounding stroke of the axe, the huge logs piled and burned, the brush seasoned and consumed, so that the light of heaven may peer in and fertilize the earth, there remains to tell the tale, only the grim, uncompromising stump. There it stands, with the courage of a lion and a firmness which would make a mule turn pale with envy. You may scatter here and there a few grains of wheat, or drop a few kernels of corn between the huge interlaced roots, but conscious of the unyielding ferocity of the stump, the plow is conspicuous only for its absence, and the harrow danceth a hasty minuet whenever it approaches the vicinity of the well-anchored stump.

Yet there is something exceedingly pathetic about a stump. It is a tomb-stone marking the place of fallen greatness; it is a sad reminiscence of a proud career suddenly brought to a calamitous close. It requires little imagination to trace a kinship between the mighty forest and the human race. Who dare deny that nature's lower orders of existence are sentient? With what courage does the majestic tree resist the roaring tempest and the icy hail! With what patience does it stand through the long dreary winter waiting for the first breath of spring! With what joy does it put forth its opening leaves! With what compassion does it stretch its sheltering, shadowy arms above the weary kine! With what tenderness does it protect the laughing children as they seek its grateful protection from the scorching summer's sun!

It is natural and fitting that ghosts should delight to walk at midnight around these grim and silent mementoes of other days. Time was, when Pan, the bucolic god, charmed the naiads, dryads and fauns from out the leafy groves, and made them dance before the admiring shepherds, but the same ruthless stroke that felled the spreading, graceful elm, the shapely maple, the sturdy birch and the beautiful beech, banished forever the fairy denizens of the forest, and left only these solemn relics of a happier day.

Not only is a stump an emblem of death, but of the resurrection as well; not only does it proclaim the passing away of the old, but the creation of all things new. When, before the axe of the hardy pioneer the giants of the forest bow their proud heads, like Lucifer, never to rise again, the thick shadows give place to the cheerful sunshine, the leafy boughs to the golden wheat and the sheen of the tasseled corn, the waving timothy and the fragrant clover. In log cabins, before wide fire places, where the flames dance in glee, gather the family of the hardy pioneer, the first fruits of a common civilization. The dread silence of nature gives place to the tinkling of the cow-bell, the whirring of the spinning-wheel, the baying of the faithful dog, the sweet prattle of children, the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise, and lo! the new heavens and the new earth have already come.

From the Address of Elijah B. Sherman, at the Dinner of January 19, 1886, in response to the sentiment, "The Stump, one of Vermont's earliest Institutions."

"THE MINISTRY OF VERMONT."

MR. PRESIDENT:

I think there is no theme more worthy of our consideration than the one which you have assigned me this evening. Vermont owes much to the clergy. * * *

Vermont is the only one of the New England States that was settled in the methods which ordinarily prevail in the occupancy of a new country.

The Pilgrims and Puritans who settled along the sea-board from Mount Desert to the mouth of the Housatonic, came to this country for a purpose, and were a homogeneous people, but the section between Lake Champlain and Connecticut River was a wilderness for a hundred and fifty years after the landing at Plymouth, and was not fairly a populated region till 1790 or 1800. It was settled, not from England, but from Southern New England. It was settled after the country had passed through hard times. The soldiers of the Revolutionary war had returned to their homes poor, with depreciated continental money in their pockets, in many cases to find their younger brothers married and installed at home, or the old homes sold out and families broken up. Then followed the years of confusion between the peace of 1783 and the adoption of the federal constitution, signalized in Massachusetts by Shay's rebellion. At such times there is always a large homeless population ready to adopt the most feasible method of securing a retreat or acquiring a living. A large number of this class, intermixed with a good number of thrifty and hopeful young people, with a little money and a good deal of muscle, flocked to the Green Mountain State in the closing years of the last century. In this way the valleys of the Connecticut and the Queechy, of the Battenkill and Otter Creek became the homes of a heterogeneous people, all hardy and industrious, but with diverse religious sentiments and somewhat discordant ideas of the demands of a sound morality. Not every man held Puritan views concerning the Sabbath; some held their property in a way to secure it against the claims of old creditors. Very many had brought with them the infidel sentiments which the friendly attitude of France had made popular. The popular ideas concerning education had deteriorated since the time when Harvard College was founded.

The chief need of such a people was a very obvious one. It was of first importance that they should be kneaded into a homogeneous mass, and moulded into a comely form. It was important that free-thinking be resisted; that self-confident and boastful infidelity be now punctured with wit, now silenced by argument; that the home sentiments of an earlier time be re-awakened, and the traditions of honorable and cultivated society be established. The accomplishment of this work fell, to a great extent, upon the clergy. Members of the other professions rendered essential aid, but they are not able, especially in a new country, to come so near to the mass of people as the ministers of the gospel. Pastors know families, visit households in sickness, attend funerals, solemnize marriages, and in this way find access to the hearts of the people. They were formerly supposed to be the men of learning. They used to visit the schools, question the children, and now and then, in the larger towns, establish "select schools" for those unable to go to the county grammar school.

Vermont was favored with many able and faithful ministers in her early history. There were among them those who pursued their calling with an earnestness and singleness of purpose that deserved success, and the success achieved was in some cases marked. The people of that state have been second to none in the Union for high moral character, for harmony of political and religious sentiment, for the value they set upon education and popular intelligence. The Sons of Vermont have filled positions of honor in every state in the Union; their power has been felt in the National Councils, and in the National armies. In times of danger the state has not been behind in accepting responsibility; in times of perplexity her utterances have been prompt and unequivocal. The unity of sentiment and state spirit which have characterized the people has been due in no small degree to the ministry. The material which those Connecticut missionaries and Dartmouth graduates had to work upon was good stuff, no doubt, but it needed to pass through the hottest fire, and to be shaped by heavy blows. The effect of the preaching of the gospel in Vermont, between 1790 and 1820, has hardly ever been surpassed. Entire towns were transformed, families were drawn together and united in interest by their church connections. There were great revivals

which pervaded townships, stirred entire communities, and in a single year changed the habits of hundreds of people. Business men and professional men in great numbers were led to seek first of all the kingdom of God, and to consecrate to Him their possessions and their talents. I do not speak now for the purpose of commending revivals, but their power from the Crusades to the present time has been such that no respectable historian overlooks them. Vermont has felt their influence. Her preachers have wielded spiritual forces almost as mightily as did Whitfield and Edwards. The effectiveness of the early preaching in Vermont has been evidenced, even down to our day, by the long rows of family wagons that streamed churchward on Sabbath mornings. Our state might well pray for the return of that spectacle once common in the country towns, now, alas! too rare, when "teams," as they were called, started from the rural homes on the hillsides, and gathered in the larger thoroughfares, and jogged their dusty way in long procession to the house of God. "From scenes like these our state's true honors rise."

Could we study the *personnel* of the ministry we should not be wholly surprised at the results. I have not been extensively acquainted with them—in fact have never seen any members of the earliest ministry, but I have had some limited opportunity to see the fruit of their labors in Western Vermont, and have had the privilege of knowing personally some of the stray men who, if they did not lay foundations, worked near them. New Haven, Middlebury, Cornwall, Pittsford, Rutland, Dorset, Manchester, Bennington are towns that have felt the formative grasp of strong hands, and have reason to thank God for it to-day. We can now see enough to compel us to hold the former ministry in those and other towns, in honor. But if we could by some process recover their table talk, their way-side remarks, their advice and rebukes, we should find that nature had endowed them with a wit and wisdom that made their success in life no marvel. Antiquarians dig over the rubbish heaps of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland and of the cave-dwellers of France to recover a knowledge of the pre-historic races. Would that we could turn over the rubbish heaps of thoughts and words that have gathered invisible in the studies of New England pastors! What grim jokes would waken us to thought! What

peals of laughter would greet our ears ! What Attic salt would even make savory to us, election and decrees ! What meditations upon the revealed word ! What subtle thought ! What pathos of sentiment would disclose to us the inner history of past times !

Rev. George N. Boardman, D. D., at the Dinner, Kinsley's, January 19, 1886.



In Memoriam.

JOHN WATERMAN.

Born in Orange, Vermont, April 25, 1809; died at Hyde Park, Illinois, January 12, 1883.

He was one of twelve children, born of thrifty, industrious parents, who gave their children a good common-school education. Of Scotch descent on his mother's side, he was trained by her to a rigid observance of the Sabbath, and to a very thorough knowledge of the Bible. Thus equipped, and with a good trade, he, with an older brother, left Vermont to seek his fortune.

He settled in Grafton, Mass. With the growth and interests of that place he was closely identified for many years, serving the town at different times in the capacity of Selectman, and also as a member of the School Committee.

He was married in October, 1834, to Susan Whipple Sadler, of Upton, Mass. To them were born five children, two of whom are now living, Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, of Hyde Park, Ill., and Samuel D. Waterman, of Buffalo, N. Y.

He was made a Mason in Grafton, Mass., and in Chicago was a member of Cleveland Lodge till his death. He was a Unitarian, and a regular attendant of Robert Collyer's church until the organization of Prof. Swing's church, when he identified himself with the latter.

He came to Chicago in the fall of 1861, and soon became foreman in the cutting department of M. D. Wells & Co., filling that place for about twenty years. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Leslie Lewis, after two years of illness.

He was a man of strict integrity, and was devoted to the right as he saw it. He was absolutely no respecter of persons. He looked at a fellow-being simply as a soul, the advantages of money and position having no weight with him.

Such a man made a wise counsellor, a sympathetic and steadfast friend. Vermont has had many more illustrious sons, but none more worthy.

MAJOR LUCIUS H. DRURY.

Born at Highgate, Franklin Co., Vt., Sept. 9, 1824; died at Chicago, March 11, 1883, of the ultimate results of a gunshot wound received while commanding a battery of guns in the battle of Chickamauga.

Mr. Drury's life divides itself easily into three periods, each of about twenty years in duration: the first spent in his native State; the second in wandering; the third spent in Chicago.

His education was obtained mainly in a printing office. At the age of twelve he entered the office of the *Messenger*, St. Albans, where he spent four years, learning his business thoroughly, and becoming a rapid and expert workman. For another four years he worked in several printing offices in Vermont. In 1845 he began his wanderings. He edited a paper at Newbern, N. C.; then in Camden, Ark., in company with another Vermonter, the late James A. Warner, he established the paper noted as the *Arkansas Traveler*; and presently he was editing a paper in De Kalb, Mississippi. In these Southern adventures his brother, H. U. Drury, now of Burlington, Vt., was his faithful companion and assistant. In 1854 he returned to Vermont and started the *Franklin County Herald*, a Democratic paper, which met with little favor or success in that Whig and Republican State, so that it had but a short existence. In 1856-7 he was on the *Daily Aurora*, at Zanesville, and on the *Ancient Metropolis*, at Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1857 he went to Berlin, Wisconsin, and started the *Green Lake Democrat*, which was another unfavorable venture in the face of the rising tide of Republicanism; and he gave it up about the time of the outbreaking of the war.

Governor Randall authorized him to raise an artillery company, and he went to the front as captain of "Drury's Battery," known as one of the best in the army; and after three years of service he was made Major of the

First Wisconsin Battalion of Artillery. His service was in the Army of the Cumberland for four years, when he was mustered out with high reputation for all the qualities that make a good officer, sagacious and brave. He shared in eighty-one battles and skirmishes; and, though seriously injured at Chickamauga by a minie ball which pierced liver and lungs, he persisted as long as possible in the performance of his duty as an officer. He was lively, witty, and a pleasant companion. He had an extraordinary memory of persons and names, and knew, it was said, the names of all the soldiers in his division of the army, so that he could call their names as they passed in review.

In 1865 he came to Chicago, going into business as a commission merchant. In 1870, he was chosen West Town Assessor, on the Republican ticket; he had been a Douglas Democrat, but jokingly said that his Democracy had been shot out of him in the war. About 1873 he became connected with the *Northwestern Lumberman*; he also was custodian of public property in the custom house; and later he was Inspector of Customs until his death. He was twice married, and left one daughter by the first marriage.

CORRECTION.

We are informed by Major Drury's daughter, Caroline E. Drury, that Major Drury was born December 20, 1824; died June 22, 1884. His first wife was Cornelia Fisk Bullard. He left two daughters and a son, children by his first wife. The daughters are Caroline E. Drury and Cornelia Drury Mehring; the son Lucius H. Drury, now 18 years of age.

HON. CHARLES BURRALL LAWRENCE.

Born at Vergennes, Addison Co., Vermont, December 27, 1820; died at Decatur, Alabama, April 9, 1883.

Charles B. Lawrence was the son of Villee Lawrence and Betsy Woodbridge, grandson of Nehemiah Lawrence, of Canaan, and Abigail Burrall; descendant of John Lawrence, an emigrant to Massachusetts in 1636, and settler of Watertown.

Mr. Villee Lawrence was a merchant, and held a leading position among his fellow-citizens, being a State Senator for a while. Charles was the third of six children, being the second son. His early education was in Vermont, with the best advantages of the time. His college course began at Middlebury; but he graduated in 1841 from Union College, Schenectady. The next two years he spent in teaching in Lowndes Co., Alabama, not far from the capital of the state. In 1843 he went to Cincinnati and studied law in the office of Alphonso Taft; thence to St. Louis, where he read law in the office of Senator Geyer. In 1845, he went to Quincy, joining his friend and classmate in college, David L. Hough, in partnership. Mr. Hough soon went to Ottawa; Mr. Lawrence, remaining at Quincy, won many friends among the cultivated people of the city by his refinement, his genial courtesy, and the purity of his character. The writer of these lines had the pleasure of knowing him then, and records the impression made upon his own mind, that he felt at once the presence of a liberal mind, a noble heart and a cultivated intellect and taste. In the political campaign of 1848, Mr. Lawrence aided in editing a Free-Soil campaign paper, the *Quincy Tribune*, thus aiding in the creation of the coming Republican party. At that time Archibald Williams was universally admitted to be the ablest lawyer in that part of the state; and in the fall of 1848 he offered Mr. Lawrence a partnership, which was accepted. This fact shows the high estimation in which he was held in his





C. R. Lawrence

profession, and the place he had won in so short a time, ranking him along with Orville H. Browning, Nehemiah Bushnell, Almeron Wheat, O. C. Skinner, and other leading lights of the bar of the Military Tract.

In this early period of his life, Mr. Lawrence was already affected with asthma, which at last cut short his life; and in 1856, for his health's sake, he dissolved his partnership and with his wife spent two years in Europe.

Returning with improved health, he determined to give up the sedentary life of the office and his profession, and to become a farmer. For three years he was on his farm in Warren County. Then a convention, without consulting him, nominated him for judge of the circuit, consisting of the counties of Warren, Knox, Mercer and Henderson. He reluctantly accepted the nomination, and was elected almost unanimously, whereupon he removed to Galesburg. In 1864 he was elected to the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, for a term of nine years, during the last part of the time being Chief Justice. Upon his judicial action in this eminent station, is based his high reputation for industry, legal learning, great ability, clearness of exposition of the doctrine of the law, and freedom from the influences that tend to warp the judgment. The supreme test of a man's character confronts him when high power is put into his hands; and the praise bestowed liberally upon the work of Justice Lawrence shows how he bore the test.

Not long before the close of his term, it was his duty to write the decision of the Court upon a case involving the legal rights of a railroad company as against citizens; and just then was occurring the so-called Granger movement against monopolies. In this instance the decision was in favor of the railroad. In consequence, many of the Granger party regarded Justice Lawrence as too favorable to corporations; and although he was nominated for re-election by unanimous action of the Bar in his district, the spirit of political demagogery, which took advantage of

the movement, succeeded in defeating him. Judge Anthony Thornton said in a memorial address to the State Bar Association: "The charge was most unkind, and without sufficient reason. While eminently conservative, he strongly believed in the rule of the people. No man dared go further than he for the protection and security of private rights, whether pertaining to corporations or to individuals. The toleration of monopoly or exclusive privileges was inconsistent with his broad and liberal views." And in his youth Mr. Lawrence called himself a Democrat, at a time when the Democratic party, embracing such leaders as Silas Wright and Thomas Morris and William Cullen Bryant, was noted for its opposition to special privileges, monopolies and corporations.

To resume the thread of the narrative of his life. He was urged by some to give some explanation of his views on the political question agitated by the "Granger" party; but honor forbade a judge to appeal to a popular vote, and he was silent and defeated. He then moved to Chicago, and entered the law firm of Winston, Campbell & Lawrence, his own name being added as the foremost of the four, until the firm became Lawrence, Campbell & Lawrence. In this city he passed the last ten years of his life. Whenever any good cause needed the countenance and support of Judge Lawrence, it was freely given; but his increasing burden of disease limited his activeness. In the early part of 1877, a few Independents in the Legislature of Illinois held the balance of power, so as to prevent the election of any senator by the regular parties; the Republicans, despairing of electing Logan, voted in a body for Lawrence; and some Democrats who knew his liberal and unpartisan character voted with them, so that he came very near being elected. But the element that had removed him from the Bench gave the preference to Judge David Davis, and elected him. Judge Lawrence rejoiced in his escape from a responsibility that would have been thrust upon him, both sudden and unwelcome.

In 1851 he married Miss Margaret Marston, of Quincy. Of their five children, all but one died before him; and the last, Edward Ashton Lawrence, a young man resembling his father in ability and fine character, has since been laid beside him at Galesburg. The widow survives him. He was, through her, attached to the Episcopal Church, and, though not a communicant, was at Galesburg a vestryman; and, in a controversy between that church and Bishop Whitehouse, he brought his legal talent to the settlement of several points of the canon law. He was a trustee of Knox College, and an active member of the Board; in public education he took great interest. In Galesburg he took interest in local improvements. His death was sudden, while on his way to Florida for his health; he had walked about the city, taken his evening meal, and sat conversing with friends; suddenly he was silent, soon unconscious, and presently gone.

Judge Lawrence was one of the original members of the Association of the Sons of Vermont, and was one year President. The resolutions of the Association on his death are given elsewhere in this pamphlet, page 10. In the State Bar Association, his friend, Judge Thornton, presented a memorial of him from which we have quoted above, and which was entered upon the records of the Supreme Court. The same paper was presented in the U. S. Circuit Court, by Edward S. Isham, Esq., and entered upon its records. Judge Blodgett said that Judge Lawrence became a rare jurist; and his decisions while on the Supreme Bench of Illinois, had a national reputation for probity and clearness.

“His learning,” said Mr. Isham, “was wide and varied; his habit, thoughtful; and his sympathies always alert. His bearing was so dignified, and withal so gentle, that I doubt if any one ever left his presence without an increase of respect and good will for him.”

EZRA PUTNAM SARGEANT.

Born at Chester, Vermont, in 1829; died at Chicago, July 17, 1883, of pneumonia.

He was reared and educated at Chester. When a young man he went to Tennessee and engaged in merchandizing; thence to Mukwanago, Wisconsin, where he opened a general store and did a successful business. In 1852 he went to California and engaged profitably in mining. He returned in 1860 and located in Chicago, investing his means in real estate on South LaSalle street, corner of 29th street, which property he improved and owned at the time of his death. In Chicago he was a dealer in school-furnishing supplies, and continued in that business until he died.

He married Maria Williams, of Chester, Vermont, in 1850. She died in 1879. They had two children who survived their parents; Alice, the elder, is the wife of W. H. Sargent, of Chicago. Carrie B., the younger, lives with her sister, Mrs. Sargent.

NELSON C. DRAPER.

Born at Fairfield, Franklin Co., Vt., Sept. 4, 1835; died at Chicago, Sept. 12, 1883.

Mr. Draper's early education, partly in Burlington, was mainly practical, fitting him to follow his father in the business of a merchant. In 1855 he came to Chicago, but two years later went into the lumber trade at Marine Mills, Minn. A freshet in 1859 carried off his winter's accumulation of logs. He went to Hastings to live, entering the general country trade. He was twice chosen to the State Senate, in which he paid special attention to the interests of the lumber trade and to the development of the resources of the State. In December, 1868, he returned to Chicago, where he was successively in business with Dana, Hyde & Co., H. C. & C. Durand, and Reid, Murdoch & Fisher. In 1879 he joined Mr. H. B. Lockwood in the firm of Lockwood & Draper, importers of tea. One year he held the office of tea-inspector at this port. He helped to found the Northwestern Traveling-Men's Association. He was a Knight Templar, and a member of the Calumet Club and of the Mercantile Club.

In business Mr. Draper was upright, prompt, reliable and successful, gaining wealth and commanding respect. His genial ways won him many friends.

In 1856 he married Miss Asenath W. Ballard, of Georgia, Vt., who, with their two sons, survives him.

The resolutions of the Association, commemorative of Mr. Draper, will be found on page 11, of this pamphlet.

GEORGE MORTIMER RAYMOND.

Born at Woodstock, Windsor Co., Vt., Sept. 8, 1832; died at Hillsboro, Ill., July 26, 1884.

Mr. Raymond, the son of a farmer, was reared on a farm, and trained, as Vermont boys are sure to be, in habits of economy and industry. His education, beyond the common school, was obtained at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute in South Woodstock. In 1852 he came to Rockford, Ill. From 1856 to 1872 he was a citizen of Alton, and then removed to Litchfield, Montgomery Co., opening a grocery store. In 1873, and again in 1877, he was elected County Clerk; but in 1882, though very popular and universally commended as an officer, he refused to be nominated, preferring the post of cashier in the Hillsboro National Bank, in which position he was at the time of his death.

He was an active member and officer of the Methodist Church; a Mason of rank, receiving from the brotherhood many tokens of esteem; and as a citizen he was public-spirited and trusted by all. In 1856 he married Miss Jeannette Burdette, of Alton, who survives him. Their two children died young.

EDWARD A. WEBB.

Born at Rockingham, Vermont, July 10, 1806; died at Chicago, August 7, 1884.

His father was Dr. Joshua Ripley Webb, of Rockingham. Upon the death of his father, Edward A. lived with his uncle, Judge Sabin, at Putney, Vermont, until he was sixteen years of age. At nineteen years he was employed by Fairbanks Scale Company. Afterwards at Montpelier, Vermont, he formed a partnership in the hardware business with Alfred Wainwright. From 1848, until he came to Chicago, in 1868, he dealt in hardware and kept a hotel in Northfield, Vermont. Shortly after he came to Chicago he established a real estate agency, in which business he continued until he died.

He was a member of the Union Park Congregational Church, a thoroughly conscientious and honorable man.

In 1837 he married Mary A. Wainwright, of Salisbury, Vermont. They had five children. Mrs. Webb and three of the children are living. She and her two daughters, Mary E. and Clara A. Webb, occupy the homestead at 299 W. Jackson street, Chicago.

Alfred W. Webb, a son, is a cashier in the employ of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co.

The eldest son was Major Charles A. Webb of the regular army. He was commissioned captain in the regular army as a recognition of his valor during the late war. Major Webb died in 1882 at Fort McKavett, Texas, where he was in command.

SANFORD B. PERRY.

Born at Lester, Addison Co., Vt., Sept. 20, 1819; died at Chicago, Sept. 12, 1884.

Mr. Perry had an academic education in his native State, and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1846. He settled in Medford, Mass., and during his stay there was for several years Superintendent of the schools, and once a member of the State Senate. In 1857 he came to Chicago, and here continued in the practice of his profession till his death. He had as partners at different times, Elliot Anthony, now Judge of the Superior Court; Edwin Martin; Charles Sturges, and Isaac G. Wilson, late Judge of the Appellate Court of Northern Illinois. These gentlemen warmly testify to his virtues as a man and his high standing as a lawyer; and not only these, but his associates generally, in and out of the profession, recognized his generosity, his steadiness of temper, his faithfulness to friends, and his ability in his special work. Disease of the heart gradually withdrew him from active life and took him away suddenly.

He married, March 15, 1847, Miss Sarah Jane Burr, of New Ipswich, N. H., who, with three sons and three grandchildren, survives to cherish his memory.

HENRY MARTIN.

Born January 5, 1823, at Middlebury, Vermont; died at Chicago, September 24, 1884, of pneumonia, after a brief illness. His father was William B. Martin, for many years cashier of the bank at Orwell, Vermont.

Henry Martin came West in 1843, and was first a merchant at Logansport, Indiana; thereafter he engaged in steamboat transportation between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven, Michigan. In 1860 he came to Chicago, and was the General Freight Agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway Company from that time until 1866, when he organized the firm of Haskin, Martin & Wheeler, dealers in salt, lumber and cement, in which business he continued until the year 1873, when he established himself in the lime and cement business, in which he continued until his death, his son, Henry S. Martin, and his son-in-law, M. Lester Coffeen, succeeding him.

Mr. Martin was noted for energy, and had the full confidence of business men.

In 1845 he married, at Rochester, Indiana, Jane Scoville, of New York, who survives her husband. Two of their children are living, Henry S. Martin, of Chicago, whom we have mentioned above, and Martha, wife of M. Lester Coffeen.

Mr. Martin was for many years one of the vestrymen of Trinity Episcopal Church, of this city. He was a man active in all good works, and the father of the happiest of homes.

JOHN P. PATCH.

Born at Ludlow, Windsor Co., Vt., June 14, 1832; died at Buda, Bureau Co., Ill., August 25, 1885.

Mr. Patch received a fair English education. In his youth he began work on a railroad, at first as fireman, and so won his way to rank as an excellent locomotive engineer on the Rutland & Burlington Road. Coming to Illinois in 1855, he was one of the earliest engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway. After being on the road eighteen years, he was appointed Master Mechanic at Galva, and a few months later was transferred to Buda, in the same capacity. At the time of his death he was one of the oldest, as well as one of the most valued, employees of the Company; popular among his associates, and esteemed as a citizen in the community.

Mr. Patch married, Oct. 25, 1859, Miss Cordelia Ware, of Augusta, Ill. To her and his three surviving children he left a competence secured by his industry and foresight. He bore with courage the painful and protracted disease, cancer of the stomach, which ended his useful life when he was but fifty-three years old.

GURDON P. RANDALL.

Born at Braintree, Vt., Feb. 18, 1821; died at Northfield, Vt., Sept. 20, 1885.

Mr. Randall's father moved from Braintree to Northfield when his son was about twelve years old; and here the young man lived while acquiring his education and studying the profession in which he acquired an extensive reputation, that of an architect. While at Northfield, and from 1848 to 1852, while at Rutland, he was employed by the Central Vermont Railroad Co. to superintend the erection of their buildings in various parts of the State: In 1852 he went to Syracuse, N. Y., and in 1856 chose Chicago as his final residence. His specialty in architecture was the erection of school houses, court houses and churches, of which many stand in various parts of the Northwest to attest his skill and taste. Of these qualities the Union Park Congregational Church, in Chicago, with its admirably arranged interior, is an enduring monument.

Mr. Randall's energy and standing in business enabled him to acquire considerable property, but heavy losses brought him into serious embarrassments, against which he was struggling bravely and with hopes of success, when death laid its hand on him. His widow survived him but a short time, and of his family there remains only a daughter, who was ten or eleven years old when she became an orphan. Mr. Randall was of quiet manner and contemplative disposition. His select circle of friends knew and honored him for his good sense, integrity and goodness.

LUCIUS G. FISHER.

Born at Derby, Orleans Co., Vt., Aug. 17, 1808; died at Chicago, March 5, 1886.

Mr. Fisher was an illustration of the Yankee versatility and tact which the writers of fiction so often ascribe to the sons of New England, and especially to the Vermonter. His education was obtained at the Brownington Academy; then he taught school; served as Deputy Sheriff of his native county three years; entered the employ of the Fairbanks Scale Company, and came West for them in the spring of 1837. But then occurred that unparalleled collapse in credit and business, the most memorable in American history, and the agency for Fairbanks scales was not established. The next glimpse of Mr. Fisher shows him landing at Beloit from an Indian "dug-out," or canoe, in which he had come down the Rock River. At Beloit, we say: rather, at the site of the Winnebago village, where Beloit now is.

Here Mr. Fisher opened the first "store," which was then the general repository of all sorts of goods needed by a new community on the frontier. He became farmer, manufacturer, sharer in all enterprises; general worker for the public good as well as his own; helper of churches and schools; alderman, member of the Legislature, Sheriff of Rock County for eight years; Postmaster by Lincoln's appointment and removed by Johnson; banker, agent of the United States for the sale of bonds; builder of blocks of houses; making money and returning its value to the community in solid work and improvement. He was active in securing the construction of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, and the Racine & Mississippi Railway.

He was a member of the Congregational Church, and thus interested in the Union Theological Seminary, of which he was a trustee for twelve years. He was one of the founders of Beloit College; was one of its original trustees, and was still on the Board at his decease. He

was also one of the founders and a trustee of the Rockford Female Seminary.

In 1866 he came to Chicago, and engaged in the business of building, improving and dealing in real estate. He resided in Hyde Park. In 1873 he went to Europe, and was traveling for a year, and he repeated this tour in 1881. His last illness was brief, pneumonia.

He was twice married; in 1842 to Miss Caroline Field, of Beloit, who died in 1851, leaving a son and a daughter. His next wife was Miss Rachel Colton, who, with her daughter, survives him. His varied life was full of useful labors and manifold benefits.

EDWIN BLACKMAN.

Born at Jericho, Chittenden Co., Vt., August 27, 1815; died at Chicago, April 12, 1886.

Mr. Blackman, following his father's business, became a merchant. In 1839 he came to Chicago, and entered the house of Magie & Downs, dry goods dealers, subsequently becoming a partner. He was next the senior partner in Blackman & Downs, in the same line of business. When he gave up trade, he became manager of some large estates, and was entrusted with the interests of many non-resident owners of real estate. Though ready for any duty as a private citizen, he would not take any political office. He refused the office of City Controller, for which he was well fitted; but he was for several years an active member of the Board of Education.

He was a director in the Merchants' Loan & Trust Co. from its organization until his death. His life was not an eventful one, but it was full of good deeds and of the sunshine of a generous heart. He delighted to help the young people of his acquaintance, and his devotion to business and his pleasure in managing it, did not hinder the native generosity of his disposition. He was a member of Unity Church. He married in 1842, Miss J. E. Blodgett, of Vermont. Their one son, Walter Blackman, is an artist of eminence. A second wife survives him.

CYRUS NEWTON PRATT.

Born at Brattleboro, Vt., August 8, 1822; died at Chicago suddenly of heart disease, May 3, 1886. Mr. Pratt came to Chicago from New England in 1857. His employment was in railroad transportation. Upon the breaking out of the late war his experience in this class of business led to his engagement as the agent of the Chicago & Alton R. R. Co. for the transportation of troops and supplies to the seat of war. We quote from a letter, dated Sept. 3, 1862, and written by Col. Lewis G. Parsons, in charge of government transportation, which we find among Mr. Pratt's papers: "In all sixty-two regiments have been transported without accident. The highly satisfactory manner in which the transportation of troops has been performed by the road (Chicago & Alton) has, I have no doubt, been greatly the result of the energy, capacity and experience of Mr. C. N. Pratt, the passenger agent of the road."

After the war Mr. Pratt engaged in the colonization of the Western Territories. He located the flourishing towns of Greeley and Longmont, in Colorado, and was largely instrumental in the settlement of these places. He was first the colonization agent of the Union Pacific Railway, more particularly for the State of Kansas, afterwards the General Agent of the Colorado Colonization Company.

His name is well and favorably known to many in the far west. He piloted several large excursions in which numbers of our best citizens joined, which excursions were planned with a view to make known and to introduce the advantages of the territories. His thoughtfulness and attention to the wants of others on these occasions will be gratefully recalled by many friends and acquaintances.

He married Miss Martha Ashworth, of Bennington, Vt., who, with two daughters, survives him.

JOHN DEERE,

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEEL PLOW.

John Deere was born in Rutland, Vermont, February 7, 1804; died at Moline, Illinois, Monday, May, 17, 1886.

John Deere was a bit of English oak, shaped by the influences of his New England birth; a typical Vermonter in energy, perseverance, inventiveness, versatility and honesty. His father was an Englishman, his mother's father was an officer of the English army. The father moved in 1805 to Middlebury, and died when the son was but eight years old. The mother carried on his business, merchant tailor, fourteen years longer. But this business did not suit the active temperament and strong muscles of John Deere. When but fifteen years old he had earned enough to buy a suit of Sunday clothes and a pair of shoes by grinding bark for a tanner. His education in books was gained at the common school. At the age of seventeen he became a blacksmith's apprentice, binding himself for four years, receiving his board and the successive yearly wages of \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, in that time. He stayed with his master two years as a journeyman, and then went to Burlington, where he hammered out by hand all the iron work for a saw mill and oil mill at Colchester, which won him great reputation. About the same time he married, at the age of twenty-three. He established shops twice and lost them by fire. Wherever large jobs in his trade, such as required skill and ingenuity, were to be done, John Deere was in demand.

In 1837 he came to Illinois, and, leaving behind him Chicago as too swampy and malarious, he settled at Grand Detour, Ogle County. His inventory of property showed him possessed of his household goods, no great stock, his tools, and \$73.73 in cash. But he had excellent health and great strength, besides his moral and mental qualities that shone out through all his career. He could, and did, work fifteen hours a day, and in emergencies even eight-



John Deere

teen hours. He quarried stone, and with clay for mortar, built his forge and began work upon a broken-down saw mill, which he had running in two days. Work poured in from far and near. The repairing of plows was a large part of his work, and this set him to study how to improve the plow. He began experiments. He must make a plow that would do the most work with the least resistance, and would not clog in the prairie soil, but scour and clear itself. He made his first experimental plow in 1838. The shaping of the mold-board was the great improvement, and he toiled at this until he reached perfection. In 1839 he made ten plows, the next year forty; in 1841, seventy-five, making his mold-board of steel. He took a partner, built larger shops and increased his force, till in 1848 his shops turned out one thousand plows. He now had steel plates made to his order in England of special size, thickness and quality.

Two years after he had settled in Ogle County, he built himself a house, and brought his family from Vermont, already the wife and five children. But now he must move. It cost too much to bring coal and steel to Grand Detour from La Salle and return plows forty miles to the same point. He selected Moline as his ground, a town which owes its celebrity and almost its existence to him. Here he began in 1847, and turned out seven hundred plows the first year, and in 1850, sixteen hundred. The Moline plows were now famous. In 1853 he bought out his partners and went on alone. In 1857 he made ten thousand plows, and the next year took his son and son-in-law, Mr. Viele, as partners. Ten years later the work was so large that a corporation was formed to cope with it, which has a capital of one million dollars, and makes ten thousand plows a month.

His fellow citizens made Mr. Deere mayor of their city two terms. He bore his share in local interests, was director in the bank and its president several years; was a

mainstay of the public library and an active member of the Congregational Church. Six feet high and well built, with strong features, he was attractive by a face full of frankness and good will, and by social qualities joined to tenderness of heart and benevolence.

He married at Granville, Vermont, Miss Damaris Lamb, who died in Moline in 1865, the mother of eight children, five of whom, one son and four daughters, all married, survive..

In 1867 Mr. Deere again married, at Granville, a younger sister of his first wife.

In Gulliver's Travels, Swift formulated the oft quoted expression, that he is a benefactor of the race who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. How great a benefactor to mankind, then, has this Vermont blacksmith been, who molded anew the plow, that most ancient tool, and immeasurably increased its efficiency and practical productiveness.



Engr'd by G. S. Hubbard N.Y.

G. S. Hubbard

GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD.

Born at Windsor, Vt., August 22, 1802; died at Chicago, September 14, 1886, aged eighty-four years and twenty-three days.

Mr. Hubbard's life is remarkable for its covering the time in which Illinois has grown from an unimportant territory into the fourth state of the Union in wealth and population; in which Chicago has grown from a mere military station into the great city of the West; and in these changes Mr. Hubbard had an active and honorable part, passing away while held in high esteem by his fellow citizens for his adventurous and useful career. Of all the Sons of Vermont none has done more for the state of his adoption than this man has done for Illinois.

His father was Elizur Hubbard, a lawyer, his mother was Abigail Sage. The family moved from Windsor to Montreal in 1815, just after the close of the war with England. The school education of young Hubbard had been such as he could get in his native town, until, at the age of eleven, he had the opportunity to spend two years with his aunt at Bridgewater, Mass., under better tuition. But he went with the family to Montreal. Mr. Hubbard found he had made a mistake in going to that city, and young Gurdon, only fourteen years old, had to seek employment. At first salesman in a hardware store, he soon joined the American Fur Company; and in 1818, not yet sixteen years old, he went to Mackinaw as one of a party of one hundred and twelve sent out to trade with the Indians. Having been assigned to the party that was going to the Lake of the Woods, he exchanged into one coming to the Illinois country, and so came November 1, 1818, to Chicago. The whole state had then about 50,000 inhabitants. Chicago consisted of Fort Dearborn, Mr. Kinzie's house and a cabin occupied by a solitary man. The party of Mr. Hubbard went up the South Branch of the Chicago River, crossed to the Desplaines, and went down to Hennepin, where the Fur Company had a station called Bureau.

The winter of 1818-19, Mr. Hubbard spent at Bureau. He kept the accounts, as he was the only one who could read and write, and took pains to learn all he could of the language of the Indians, and of their mode of life, habits and character. Back to Mackinaw in the spring he went, and there served the company for a salary of \$120 a year, till his engagement for five years was over, when he was advanced in rank, and had charge of the business there.

In 1826 he came to Chicago to stay, and lived here sixty years.

At first he was agent of the Company, but he conducted its business on new plans of his own. It was the custom to wait for the Indians to come to trade. He pushed lines of traffic into the Indian country, establishing trading posts on the Sangamon, the Okaw and the Kankakee Rivers, one of which was on the site of the present city of Danville. His line was known as "Hubbard's Trail." His pack-horses took out goods and brought back furs. Before going out he would sink his boats in the river; when he returned he would raise them, load them, and sail to Mackinaw. Thus, in open boats, called "Mackinaw boats," he coasted Lake Michigan twenty-six times.

In 1827 he became a partner in the company, taking profits instead of salary, and in 1828 he bought out the company's interest. This business he kept up until, owing to the growing settlements of the south of the state, and the removal of his Indian customers, it became unprofitable, and he dropped the Indian trade in 1834.

In these sketches of his younger days we may well introduce the personality of Mr. Hubbard. He was, when grown, of full height and of muscular build; his nose was prominent, mouth large, lips firmly set, features irregular, expression serious, but not stern. He had great strength and tenacity. It is related that he once walked seventy-five miles between daylight and darkness along an uneven Indian trail. In 1826 he started to walk from a camp on

Fox River to the Bureau station. The Indians were jealous of his feats of activity, and put up one of their best walkers to go with him and outwalk him. Mr. Hubbard did not hear of this, but he soon found out that his companion was disposed to make a race of it, thereupon he accepted the practical challenge, tired out the Indian before half the distance was accomplished, and entered Hennepin hours before his dusky competitor.

Promptitude and courage were equally his characteristics. When Fort Dearborn was set on fire he swam the river to get to it, as no canoe was ready. On the outbreak of the Winnebago war of 1827, it was desired to send a messenger to the settlements south of Chicago, and on the east side of the state. Mr. Hubbard was the volunteer messenger, and worked through great dangers and difficulties. Returning from Danville with fifty men, he came to the Vermillion River, which was swollen with rains, full, wide and swift. The horses were driven into the stream to swim over, but only made a circuit and returned. Mr. Hubbard threw off his coat, and mounted "Old Charley," a stout, steady horse, which the rest might be induced to follow, and rode in, but in midstream Old Charley became unmanageable; then Mr. Hubbard threw himself off on the upper side, caught the horse by the mane, and, swimming with his free hand, guided the animal across, while his friends were fearful he would be washed under the horse, or be struck by its hoof, and so lose his life.

During the Black Hawk War, 1832, Mr. Hubbard served in Col. Moore's regiment, which was raised about Danville. At this time Danville was his home, and he was elected a member of the legislature in 1832 from Vermillion County. In that body he urged improvements by canal and railroad for the benefit of the state; and it should be remembered that the railroad was then a new enterprise, an invention whose possibilities and development none could foresee, but from which much was hoped.

Mr. Hubbard finally settled in Chicago in 1833 or 1834. His business lay in many places at once, but now was centered here. From this time on his career is not among dangers to life and limb, and his adventures are the peaceful ones of commerce. But as he had been the pioneer trader, he was still one of the foremost in all new things—one of the earliest packers of meats for an eastern or southern market, but hindered by want of barrels which had to be brought from Cleveland; the first to build a large warehouse, at the corner of Franklin and South Water Streets, which was so bold a venture that the structure was called “Hubbard’s Folly”; an owner in a saw-mill in 1832; an originator of the first line of regular packets to Buffalo, in which were two notable vessels, turned from war to peaceful use, namely, Commodore Perry’s flagship and that of his opponent in the battle of Lake Erie; in 1834, one of the founders of St. James Church; in 1835, when the first bank, a branch of the State Bank, was formed here, Mr. Hubbard was in the Board of Local Directors; in 1855, he was one of the company that established the first line of steamers to Lake Superior; and the same year he was one of the Directors of the first savings bank. These facts signalize at once his hopefulness, his foresight, his energy and ability, and the confidence of his fellow citizens.

In 1834 he was a member of the Corporation Council; in 1836, a Canal Commissioner by appointment of the Governor. In 1835 he was one of the company that built the Lake House, a large hotel, according to the measure of those days, at the corner of Rush and Michigan Streets. In 1836 he was Director in the Hydraulic Company, a corporation to supply the city with pure water. In Engine Company No. 3, he was, at the age of forty-two, “one of the boys.”

While busy for the public in various ways he was making money for himself, and using it generously. The land speculations of 1836-7 he turned to good account. His losses in the great fire, when he was past the age of active

effort to retrieve his fortunes, were great, but he still retained a handsome competence at least. He lived in a plain, unostentatious way from his natural tastes, and he was a familiar figure at the meetings of the Historical Society and of the Old Settlers. In politics he was a Whig, and afterward a Republican. When the war broke out, though he was over sixty years old, he raised a company for the Eighty-eighth Regiment, which called itself the Hubbard Guards. He was a member of St. James' Church (Episcopal), until the formation of the Reformed Episcopal, when he joined in Bishop Cheney's movement.

Mr. Hubbard married at Danville, 1831, Miss Eleanora Berry, by whom he had one son, who bears his father's full name, and lives in Chicago. She died February 28, 1838. In 1843 Mr. Hubbard married Miss Mary Ann Hubbard, daughter of Alhira Hubbard, of Chicago. She survives him, as does their daughter, Mrs. E. M. (Alice) Williams, of Northfield, Minn.

Lately Mr. Hubbard's health failed, both by age and by disease. Three years ago an abscess compelled the removal of one eye; a year later the other was removed. Then the old pioneer, in the midst of the great city he had helped to build, weak as a child and helpless as an infant, sat two years in darkness, bearing his lot patiently, and waiting the stroke of death, which fell at last all gently on his hoary head.

With the permission of our biographer we add a few lines.

The declaration of New Connecticut, as an independent State, was made January 17, 1777. In view of the Centennial of that day, 1877, the Illinois Association of the Sons of Vermont was organized. Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, of this city, was elected the First President of the Association. We have the address of Mr. Hubbard upon accepting that position among the records of the Association.

- Mr. Hubbard was, for some time before his eyes were removed, a very great sufferer. We know that generally sickness and the burden of years bends the mind as well as the form, and life is likely to lose its brightness. But Mr. Hubbard's cheerfulness seemed to defy these things. He was gentle and patient to a wonderful degree, with words of encouragement for all about him. Of his blindness he was wont to say resignedly, "It is the Lord's will." Lately his memory had been peculiarly vivid, and he often entertained his friends with reminiscences of early days.

It is well that this man of brave heart should have been one of the fathers of this great and indomitable city.

Mr. Hubbard had a room in his house on the North Side, before the fire, in which he had collected many documents and much printed matter from year to year, relating to the history of this city. He had also a large book filled with notes and memoranda in his own handwriting, made from time to time, as occasion required. He had taken much interest in this work, and hoped to contribute the result to the written history of Chicago. But the conflagration of the 8th and 9th of October, 1871, came on so fast that nothing could be saved from this store. The loss of this material was much regretted by Mr. Hubbard, and may perhaps be regarded, in the light of history, as one of the irreparable calamities of that destructive fire.

DEATHS

Reported Since Last Pamphlet Published in 1882.

NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF DEATH.	DATE OF DEATH.
Waterman, John.....	Orange.....	April 25, 1890.....	Hyde Park, Ill.....	Jan. 12, 1883.
Drury, Lucius H.....	Highbate.....	Sept. 9, 1821.....	Chicago, Ill.....	March 11, 1883.
Lawrence, Chas. B.....	Vergennes.....	Dec. 17, 1820.....	Decatur, Ala.....	April, 9, 1883.
Sargent, Ezra P.....	Chester.....	1820.....	Chicago, Ill.....	July 17, 1883.
Draper, Nelson C.....	Sheldon.....	Sept. 4, 1835.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Sept. 12, 1883.
Raymond, Geo. M.....	Woodstock.....	Sept. 8, 1832.....	Hillsboro, Ill.....	July 27, 1884.
Webb, Edwd. A.....	Rockingham.....	July 10, 1860.....	Chicago, Ill.....	August 7, 1884.
Patch, J. P.....	Ladlow.....	June 14, 1822.....	Buda, Ill.....	August 25, 1884.
Perry, Sanford B.....	Leicester.....	Sept. 20, 1819.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Sept. 12, 1884.
Martin, Henry.....	Middlebury.....	January 25, 1823.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Sept. 24, 1884.
Randall, Gurdon P.....	Braintree.....	Feb. 18, 1844.....	Northfield, Minn.....	Sept. 20, 1885.
Fisher, Lucius G.....	Derby.....	August 17, 1808.....	Chicago, Ill.....	March 5, 1886.
Blackman, Edwin.....	Jericho.....	August 27, 1815.....	Chicago, Ill.....	April 12, 1886.
Pratt, Cyrus Newton.....	Brattleboro.....	August 8, 1822.....	Chicago, Ill.....	May 3, 1886.
Deere, John.....	Rutland.....	Feb. 7, 1841.....	Moline, Ill.....	May 17, 1886.
Hubbard, Gurdon S.....	Windsor.....	August 22, 1802.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Sept. 14, 1886.

SONS OF VERMONT.

LIST OF MEMBERS. SEPTEMBER, 1886.

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	P. O. ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Adams, Samuel L.	Cavendish	St. Charles, Ill.,....	Merchant.
Allen, J. Adams, Dr.	Middlebury	125 State st.	Physician.
Allen, Ransom	Waterbury	616 Wash'ton Boul.	Book-keeper.
Atherton, M. A.	Moretown	Momence, Ill.,....	Deal. Agricul'r'l Imp.
Atwell, Marshall B.	Johnson	2415 Cot. Grove ave	City Police.
Bailey, Ed. W.	Elmore	424 N. State st.	Commission Merchant.
Baker, Wm. R.	Newport	211 S. Sangamon st.	Pattern Maker.
Barrett, Fred. M.	Strafford	77 & 79 Clark st.	Salesman.
Barnes, N. H.	Springfield	326 Webster ave.	Trans. Ag't C. & N. W.
Bennett, J. L.	Manchester	81 Clark st.	Stenographer.
Bisbee, Lewis H.	Derby	205 La Salle st.	Attorney.
Blackman, C. H.	Jericho	707 W. Adams st.	Commission Merchant.
Blackmer, O. C.	Barnard	184 Monroe st.	Publisher.
Blanchard, Charles	Peacham	Ottawa, Ill.,....	Judge Circuit Court.
Bliss, S. E.	Jericho	23 Egan ave.	Gen. Agent.
Boardman, G. N., Rev.	Pittsford	641 Wash'ton Boul.	Chicago Theol. Sem.
Branch, Burton A.	Orwell	16 County Bldg.	Clerk.
Bridge, Norman, Dr.	Windsor	550 W. Jackson st.	Physician.
Brittell, Sylvester	Middlebury	2512 Dearborn st.	Engineer & Machinist.
Brooks, Thos. M.	Brooksville	Wilmette, Ill.,....	Manager.
Brown, N. J.	Plymouth	Lemont, Ill.,....	Real Estate and Stone.
Brown, Seneca B.	Marlboro	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Dentist.
Brown, Stephen F.	Swanton	Vermont Block.	Lawyer.
Bullock, Geo. S.	Berlin	149 State st.	Boot and Shoe Dealer.
Burnham, S. W.	Thetford	95 Gov'ment Bldg.	Astronomer.
Buttolph, Albert C.	Charlotte	1 Michigan ave.	Wholesale Grocer.
Boyce, S. S.	Fayston	2208 Wabash ave.	Editor.
Brink, A. P.	Stockbridge	65 Washington st.	Express (Brink's)
Barker, Olcott B.	Bradford	2948 Vernon ave.	Lumberman.
Butler, J. W.	Essex Junction	173 & 175 Adams st.	Paper Dealer.
Butler, Oliver M.	Rochester	3029 Ellis ave.	Paper Manufacturer.
Butler, F. A.	Alburgh	433 W. Monroe st.	Manager Butler Co.
Calkins, Allen C.	Waterbury	109 La Salle st.	Merchant.
Camp, Isaac N.	Elmore	188 & 190 State st.	Piano & Organ Dealer.
Campbell, Wm. N.	Woodstock	110 Ontario st.	Adams & Westlake Co.
Case, A. B.	Fairfield	203 Clark st.	Printer.
Case, Charles H.	Coventry	169 Jackson st.	Insurance.
Chandler, Frank R.	Putney	110 Dearborn st.	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, George	Danville	162 Washington st.	Attorney.
Chandler, Peyton R.	Putney	110 Dearborn st.	Mortgage Banker.
Chandler, Wm. W.	Randolph	2 Sherman st.	Gen. Ag't Star Union L.
Childs, Seymour	New Haven	343 Vincennes ave.	Carriage Trimmer.
Clarke, Alson E.	Barre	188 Warren ave.	Commission Merchant.
Clark, Geo. M.	W. Westminster	401 N. State st.	Press Myers Mfg. Co.
Clement, Austin	Bridgewater	202 Franklin st.	Clothing Manufacturer.
Conant, Jasper A.	Middlesex	Momence, Ill.,....	Station Agent.
Coburn, L. L.	Montpelier	1819 Michigan ave.	Lawyer.
Cook, Julius C.	Alburgh	Desplaines, Ill.	Retired.
Cook, Thomas	Fayetteville	505 Wash'ton Boul.	Merchant.
Copeland, A. H.	Middlebury	Chenoa, Ill.,....	Railroad Agent.
Corbin, D. T.	South Hero	520 F. N. Bank Bld.	Attorney.
Crocker, A. L.	Clarendon	280 Huron st.	Furniture Manfr.
Cutler, Alonzo J.	Montpelier	9 Rialto Bldg.	Merchant.
Coffin, Simon	Waterbury	Englewood, Ill.,....	Real Estate.
Danforth, Joseph B.	Barnard	Rock Island, Ill.,....	Editor.
Davis, John	Barre	Hyde Park, Ill.,....	Steam Heating.

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	B. O. ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Denison, Franklin...	Royalton.....	43 Borden Block...	Lawyer.
Drew, P. W.....	Burlington.....	123 Dearborn st....	Assistant Superintendent C.&E.I.R.R.
Durand, Elliott.....	Colchester.....	Arlington Heights, V.	Pres't Heath & Mil.
Eames, M. C.....	Milton.....	Tribune Building..	Tribune Office.
Edgerton, Harvey.....	Cabot.....	1403 Michigan ave.	Livery Stable.
Edson, H. H.....	Bellows Falls.....	38 Lake st.....	Treasurer.
Elkins, H. K.....	Peacham.....	212 Dearborn st.....	Elevators.
Ellis, Wm. H.....	Fairhaven.....	Greenfield, Ill.....	Stock Farmer.
Farren, Wm. G.....	Swanton.....	Englewood, Ill.....	Insurance Agent.
Fisher, Alonzo G.....	West Fairlee.....	51 Wabash ave....	Druggists' Goods.
Fitch, C. M. Dr.....	Sheldon.....	645 Monroe st.....	Physician.
Fitch, John A.....	Montpelier.....	2 River st.....	Dep. Col. of Customs.
Fleming, R. H.....	Burlington.....	6 Sherman st.....	Commission Merchant.
Fox, Orvin L.....	So. Hardwick.....	70 Laflin st.....	Manager "Indicator."
Freeman, A. W.....	Brookfield.....	920 Opera H. Bldg.	Dentist.
Freeman, D. B.....	Brookfield.....	16 Aberdeen st.....	Dentist.
Freeman, N. O.....	Wolcott.....	Wheaton, Ill.....	Clergyman.
Freeman, L. N.....	Essex.....	25 S. Ashland ave.	Clergyman.
Gates, Jay S.....	Manchester.....	Freeport, Ill.....	Hotel Keeper.
Gates, H. S.....	Bennington.....	212 Monroe st.....	Salesman.
Gleason, Wm. H.....	Wardsboro.....	Sheriff's Office.....	Deputy Sheriff.
Grout, L. S.....	Chelsea.....	21 Hamilton ave.....	Painter.
Guernsey, F. T.....	Montpelier.....	69 Dearborn st....	Book-keeper.
Hager, Albert D.....	Chester.....	463 S. Leavitt st....	Sec'y Chi. Hist. Society.
Hall, Norman.....	Tunbridge.....	69 Bd. of Td. Bldg.	Book-keeper.
Hapgood, Seth C.....	Swanton Falls.....	692 W. Polk st.....	Grocer.
Hartigan, John G.....	Reading.....	Denison, Tex.....	Supt. Mo. Pacific R'y.
Hawkins, H. B.....	Shoreham.....	6 Washington st.....	Book-keeper.
Hemenway, L. E.....	Bethel.....	Moline, Ill.....	Postmaster.
Hibbard, H. N.....	Colchester.....	Custom House.....	Register in Bankruptcy.
Hicks, David F.....	Barton.....	1034 W. Monroe st.....	Teacher.
Higgins, G. W., Dr.	Sandgate.....	Aurora, Ill.....	Physician.
Hill, Thomas E.....	Albion, N. Y.....	103 State st.....	Standard Book Co.
Hill, Edward J.....	Arlington.....	87 Metropol. Bldg.	Attorney.
Hills, John N.....	Shelburn.....	410 Op. Ho. Bldg.	Agt. Nat. Life of Vt.
Holabird, W. H.....	Pittsfield.....	Valparaiso, Ind.....	Merchant.
Hopkins, A. S.....	Springfield.....	268 Wabash ave.....	Merchant.
Holmes, C. B.....	New Haven.....	2970 Prairie ave.....	Pres't Chi. City R. R.
Hoyt, Wm. M.....	Bristol.....	370 Dearborn ave.....	Wholesale Grocer.
Huntley, A. R.....	Chelsea.....	Milburn, Ill.....	Farmer.
Huntley, L. J., Rev.	Randolph.....	766 Sedgwick st.....	Retired.
Hutchinson, John.....	Waltham.....	Borden Block.....	Attorney.
Husted, Edw. M.....	Fairfax.....	Roodhouse, Ill.....	Banker.
Hubbell, H. B.....	Saxton's River.....	Princeton, Ill.....	Circuit Clerk.
Hubbard, John M.....	Bennington.....	Sheriff's Office.....	Deputy Sheriff.
Isham, Henry P.....	Bennington.....	55 Dearborn st....	Real Estate.
Isham, Ed. S.....	Irasburgh.....	554 Wabash ave.....	Lawyer.
Jameson, L. B.....	St. Johnsbury.....	104 Clark st.....	Printer.
Jewett, E. A.....	Williamstown.....	309 Pullman Bldg.	Supt. P. P. Car Co.
Jilson, James F.....	St. Albans.....	10 Madison st.....	Undertaker.
Keeler, C. F.....	Barre.....	233 Fifth ave.....	Prop. of Medicines.
Keith, Abijah.....	Montpelier.....	108 Pine st.....	Merchant.
Keith, D. W.....	Barre.....	2100 Michigan ave.	Merchant.
Keith, Edson.....	Barre.....	108 Wabash ave.....	Merchant.
Keith, E. G.....	Benson.....	Metropol. Nat. Bk.	Banker.
Kellogg, H. P.....	Coventry.....	108 Randolph st.....	Hardware.
Kendall, N. T.....	Chelsea.....	148 Market st.....	Book-keeper.
Kilbourne, E. A., Dr.	Brookfield, Ill.....	Elgin, Ill.....	Physician.
Kimball, F. Q.....	Somerset.....	Libertyville, Ill.....	Druggist.
Knights, C. H.....	North Hero.....	125 State st....	Wholesale Jeweler.
Knight, Oscar B.....	Brunswick.....	Sheriff's Office.....	Clerk.
Lamkin, J. B.....	Dover.....	90 State st....	Boots and Shoes.
Leonard, Frank P.....	Chelsea.....	185 Dearborn st....	Man'gr Vt. Lf. Ins. Co.
Little, Dudley.....	Brandon.....	Genoa, Ill.....	Clerk.
Long, Eugene C.....		161 La Salle st....	Real Estate.

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	P. O. ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Loomis, N. B.	Bennington	3441 Vernon ave.	Clerk I. C. R. R.
Lull, A. G.	Windsor	555 W. Jackson st.	Sec'y O. F. Ben. Soc.
Lyman, Gad.	Weybridge	63 Seeley ave.	Teacher.
Marsh, John W.	Woodstock	115 Monroe st.	Lawyer.
Mattocks, John	Keesville, N. Y.	115 Monroe st.	Attorney.
McClay, A. L.	Albany	85 S. Water st.	Commission Merchant.
Meacham, H.	Benson	242 S. Water st.	Lumber.
Merriam, C. W.	Johnson	52 River st.	Wholesale Grocer.
Merriam, John C.	Brandon	Logansport, Ind.	Retired.
Miner, Ed. G.	Bridgeport	Winchester, Ill.	Banker.
Morris, Joseph	Bethel	808 W. Monroe st.	Safes.
Morse, B. F.	Barre	164 Clark st.	Printer.
Moulton, Geo. M.	Readsboro	359 Indiana st.	Pres. Fire Pr'f Con. Co.
Nash, H. H.	Benson	1 S. w. cor. Dear born&Monroe sts.	Banker.
Newcomb, Geo. W.	Putney	771 W. Madison st.	Lawyer.
Nichols, J. P.	Rutland	Waukegan, Ill.	Tinware.
Nutt, Henry C.	Montpelier	87 Milk st., Boston	Pres. A. & P. R. R.
Orvis, C. A.	Manchester	133 La Salle st.	Commission Merchant.
Osgood, H. H.	Royalton	220 Monroe st.	Commercial Traveller.
Parker, I. A.	So. Woodstock	Galesburg	Prof. Ancient Lang.
Pearsons, D. K.	Bradford	21 Tribune Bldg.	Real Estate.
Perkins, H. S.	Stockbridge	162 State st.	Music Teacher.
Perkins, N. C.	Pomfret	Detroit	Editor.
Putnam, D. S.	Bethel	Ivanhoe, Ill.	Farmer.
Ransom, Dick	So. Woodstock	Longmont, Colo.	Stock Breeder.
Raymond, S. W.	Woodstock	Ottawa, Ill.	County Treasurer.
Redington, Ed. D.	Chelsea	Evanston, Ill.	Lumber Merchant.
Riker, D. W. C.	Montpelier	Momence, Ill.	Clothing.
Risdon, Ambrose		Puliman Building	Attorney.
Roberts, Everel P.	Manchester	92 La Salle st.	Gen. Agt. Mass. M. L.
Roberts, Robert	Manchester	Burlington, Vt.	Lawyer.
Robinson, Norman	Chelsea	254 Walnut st.	Florist.
Roys, Cyrus D.	Waterville	189 LaSalle st.	{ V. Pres. U. S. Roll- ing Stock Co.
Russ, A. B.	Hartford	161 22d st.	Undertaker.
Russell, H. D.	North Hero	2729 Prairie ave.	Com. Merchant.
Sabin, R. Albert	Saxton's River	337 Mohawk st.	Prin. Franklin School.
Sampson, G. H.	Woodstock	Princeton, Ill.	Sec. Ill. Ma. B. Asso.
Sattley, W. N.	Ferrisburg	92 La Salle st.	Gen. Agt. Mass. M. L.
Sawyer, H. E.	Bradford	284 Ohio st.	
Scott, Joel E. G.	Vernon	174 Madison st.	Merchant.
Sears, A. G.	Dover	48 S. Clark st.	Real Estate.
Sheridan, M. J.	Pawlet	Momence, Ill.	Grain Dealer.
Sherman, E. B.	Fairfield	103 Adams st.	Lawyer.
Skeele, John H.	Peacham	3014 S. Park ave.	Lumberman.
Skinner, Mark	Manchester	154 Lake st.	Attorney.
Smith, Daniel H.	Orwell	Princeton, Ill.	Banker.
Smith, Wm. H.	Wilmington	So Dearborn st.	Lawyer.
Smith, A. B.	Hartland	220 E. Madison st.	Com. Traveller.
Snow, Alonzo J.	East Montpelier	96 Randolph st.	Tobacconist.
Snow, W. B.	Bellows Falls	2551 S. Park ave.	Mas. Mec. I. C. R. R.
Southworth, J. M.	Bradford	Woodstock, Ill.	Attorney.
Spaulding, Stewart	Middlebury	128 La Salle st.	Book keeper.
Spaulding, D. A.	Castleton	Alton, Ill.	Surveyor.
Sprague, O. S. A.	E. Randolph	7 Randolph st.	Wholesale Grocer.
Stone, Edward	Charlotte	169 Jackson st.	Commission Merchant.
Stuart, Chas.	W. Barnet	Neponset, Ill.	Merchant and Farmer.
Sutherland, T. J.	Wallingford	184 Dearborn st.	Attorney.
Taylor, Woodbury M	Weathersfield	108 Dearborn st.	Real Estate and Att'y.
Thacher, John M.	Barre	52 Ashland Block	Attorney.
Thorndike, J. E.	Windsor	119 Monroe st.	Salesman.
Tinker, Charles A.	Chelsea	New York	W. U. Tel. Co.
Thomas, H. H.	Brandon	126 Dearborn	Attorney.

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	P. O. ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Towne, Henry.....	Georgia	528 W. Monroe st.....	Commission Merchant.
Townsend, Geo. B.....	Norwich.....	148 Madison st.....	Fin. Sec. Y. M. C. A.
Tucker, Alba M.....	W. Hartford.....	Galion, O.....	Supt. N. Y. P. & O. R. R.
Tuttle, F. B.....	Bennington.....	57 Washington st.....	Book-keeper.
Tyler, W. O.....	Essex Center.....	169 Adams st.....	Paper Dealer.
Upton, Clark W.....	Montpelier.....	Waukegan, Ill.....	Law. & Cir. Ct. Judge.
Walbridge, M. M.....	Cambridge.....	394 Park ave.....	Engineer.
Waldo, Abner W.....	East Randolph.....	235 Webster ave.....	Lumber Merchant.
Walker, B. F.....	Irasburgh.....	140 S. Morgan st.....	Builder.
Walker, L. W.....	Whiting.....	Champaign, Ill.....	Manufacturer.
Walker, S. B.....	Whiting.....	774 W. Lake st.....	Baker.
Warner, Ezra J.....	Middlebury.....	7 Randolph st.....	Wholesale Grocer
Waternman, A. N.....	Greensboro.....	33 Portland Block.....	Lawyer.
Wheeler, F. P.....	Brattleboro.....	63 Washington st.....	Salesman.
Wheeler, Tolman.....	New Haven.....	259 Ontario st.....	Retired.
Wheeler, Wm. E.....	New Haven.....	1411 43d st.....	Contractor.
Whipple, R. M.....	Hubbardtown.....	1523 Michigan ave.....	Mining.
Willard, Samuel.....	Lunenburg.....	15 S. Sheldon st.....	Prin. Willard School.
Willard, S. G.....	Fairfield.....	854 Wash'ton Boul.....	Merchant.
Williams, F. B.....	Chelsea.....	Marquette School.....	Principal.
Williams, Norman.....	Woodstock.....	29 Reaper Block.....	Attorney.
Williamson, Rollin S.....	Cornwall.....	Palatine, Ill.....	(Judge Superior Court of Cook County.
Wood, Willard.....	Randolph.....	Crete, Ill.....	Farmer and Lawyer.
Wood, Wm. G.....	Fort Plain, N. Y.....	161 La Salle st.....	Insurance Agent.
Woodward, J. L.....	Bradford.....	168 Wabash ave.....	Hats and Caps.
Worcester, L. E.....	Windsor.....	White Hall, Ill.....	Judge Co. Court.
Worthen, A. H.....	Bradford.....	Springfield, Ill.....	State Geologist.
Worthington, Jas. M.....	Bakersfield.....	43 N. Sheldon st.....	Man. Show Cases.
Wright, A. M.....	Waterford.....	701 Jackson st.....	Commission Merchant.
Wright, Wm. C.....	Thetford.....	170 Randolph st.....	Traveling Agent.
Young, N. S.....	Stratford.....	Batavia, Ill.....	Bank Cashier.

